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HOMER'S ODYSSEY

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The Translator feels great pleasure in publishing the annexed Letters and Extracts, inasmuch as they are records of amiable and liberal traits in the characters of our Statesmen, who, eminent themselves as men of letters, hold out the hand of encouragement to others.

Extracts from Lord Derby's Letters.

"LORD DERBY requests Mr. EDGINTON to accept his thanks for his obliging letter received this morning. He has looked over, and returned the numerous enclosures which it contained, and can only express his regret that circumstances should have so long and apparently definitively prevented the publication of his work. Lord Derby may add that he has no idea of undertaking a Translation of the *Odyssey*: it appears to him, not so well adapted to Blank Verse as the *Iliad*."

KNOWSLEY, December 12th, 1864.

"I have to acknowledge your letters of the 12th and of yesterday. If you think it can be of service to you, I shall be happy to accept the dedication of your proposed Translation of the *Odyssey*."

Your obedient Servant,
DERBY.
ST. JAMES SQUARE,
June 17th, 1868.

KNOWSLEY, PRESCOT,
November 12th, 1868.

"SIR,

"I am directed by Lord Derby to acknowledge your last communication respecting the publication of your Translation of the *Odyssey*, and to inform you his Lordship will become a subscriber for three copies."

JAMES LATTER.

BROADLANDS, June 7th, 1864.

"SIR,

"I am desired by LORD PALMERSTON, in reply to your communication of last month, to say that he will subscribe to one copy of your *Homer*."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
G. W. EDGINTON, Esq. EVELYN ASHLEY.

CANNES, CHATEAU IL LOUISE,
16th January, 1864.

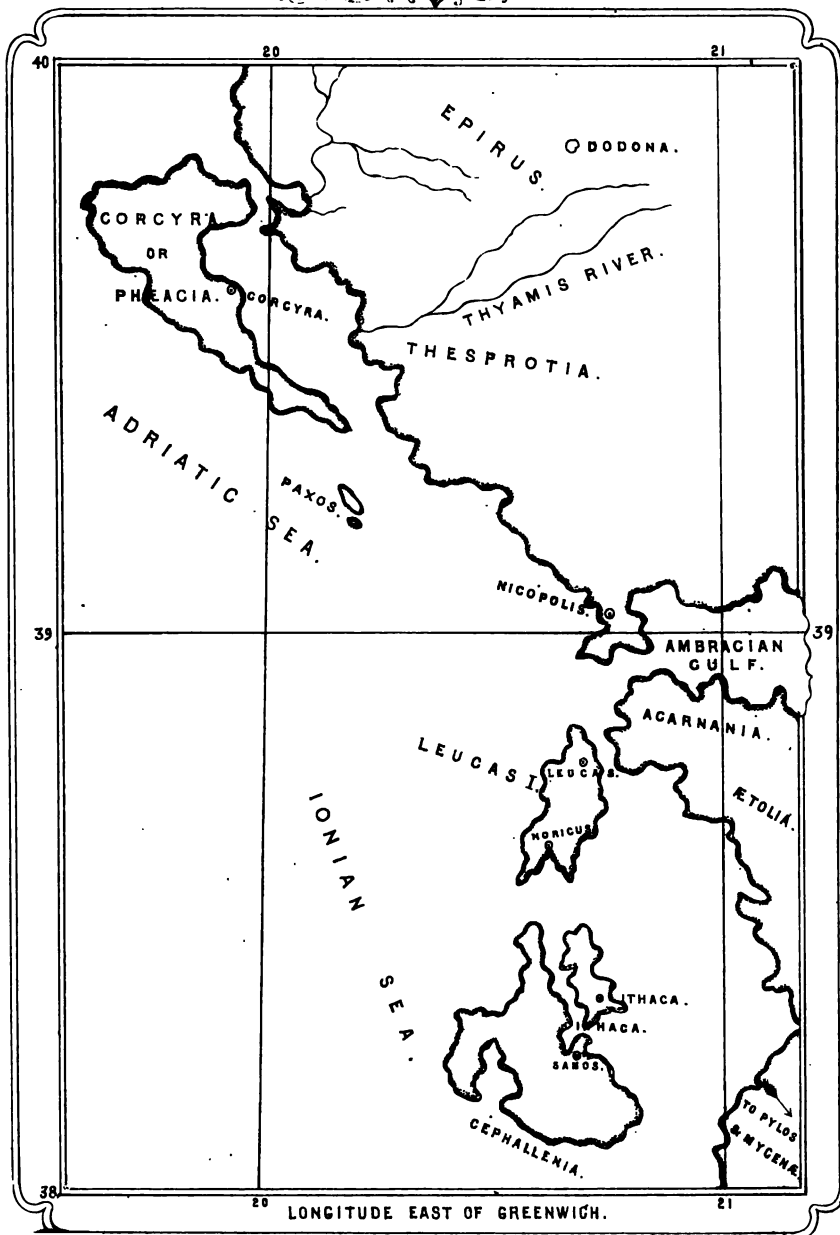
"LORD BROUGHAM presents his compliments to Mr. EDGINTON and returns his best thanks for his letter, and begs to have the honour of being placed among the subscribers to Mr. E's work.

The last two Letters refer to the Iliad which was laid aside in deference to Lord Derby's translation.



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MAP OF THE ISLANDS OF PHEACIA & THACA



J. STEPHENS, LITH. READING.

TWO MAPS WILL BE GIVEN WITH THE 2ND VOLUME.

THE
ODYSSEY OF HOMER:

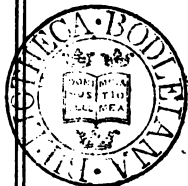
TRANSLATED INTO BLANK VERSE, BY

GEORGE WILLIAM EDGINTON,

LICENTIATE IN MEDICINE:

With Illustrative Notes and Three Maps.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY.



In Two Volumes—Vol. i.

"The Odyssey, of all poems, is the poem of the Sea, all the fine moderns who have sung of 'the sea, the sea,' have never in one point equalled the grandeur and freshness of the old bard. Vandevelde and Claude have approached the nearest. Look at the glorious sun reflected in the twinkling waves; in fragments thickening and lessening as you follow them further off, till they blend and become a pillar of golden light. But what is all this to Homer? Reader! this is the greatest work of human genius."

DEAN ALFORD on the Poets of Ancient Greece.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, READER, & DYER.
READING:—BARCHAM & BEECROFT.
1869.

293. e. 47.

"Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, et audes
Personam formare novam; servetur ad inum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Difficile est proprie communia dicere; tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

* * * * *

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:
"Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum."
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus:
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte;
"Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captae post tempora Troiae
"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten Scyllamque et cum Cyclope Charybden;
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Troianum orditur ab ovo;
Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit, et quae
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit,
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum."

Q. Horatii Flacci, de Arte Poetica.

TO THE
Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, &C., &C.

My Lord,

I dedicate my Translation to you, because your distinguished patronage is of sterling value to its recipient : inasmuch as having yourself consumed the midnight oil in the severe study of the prototype of poets, you are able to appreciate my merits and to mark my faults.

Your Lordship's elevated station and brilliant talents shed a lustre on the literary profession. The aspirant to literary fame feels proud of your Lordship's name in the roll of noble Authors.

This dedication affords me an opportunity for acknowledging your kindness and courtesy towards myself ; and for thanking you for the interest you have taken in the success of my book.

I subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's humble and devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

READING, 1868.

PREFACE.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR, FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL, IN HIS LECTURES ON THE 'PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY;' DELIVERS THE FOLLOWING SENTIMENTS :—

"THE marvellous and living Mythology in the glorious old poetry of Greece, justly occupies * here the first place, for all the arts, even the plastic arts, had their origin in this first Homeric source. And this fresh living stream of mythic fictions and heroic traditions, which has flowed, and continues to flow, through all ages and nations in the West, proves to us, by a mighty historical experience which determines even the most difficult problems, (and this has been universally acknowledged in Christian Europe) that all classical education,—all high intellectual refinement, is and should be grounded on poetry,—that is to say a poetry, which, like the Homeric, springs out of natural feelings, and embraces the world with a clear intuitive glance. For there can be no comprehensive culture of the human mind—no high and harmonious development of its powers, and the various faculties of the soul,—unless all those deep feelings of life, that mighty productive energy of human nature, the marvellous imagination,—be awakened and excited, and by that excitement and exertion, attain an expansive, noble, and beautiful form. This the experience of all ages has proved, and hence the glory of the Homeric poems, and of the whole intellectual refinement of the Greeks, which has thence sprung, has remained imperishable. Were the mental culture of any people founded solely on a dead, cold, abstract science, to the exclusion of all poetry, such a mere mathematical people,—with minds thus sharpened and pointed by mathematical discipline, would

* Referring to what is most interesting in the character, life, and intellect of the Greeks.

and could never possess a rich and various intellectual existence ; nor even ever attain to a living science, or a true science of life. The characteristic excellence of this Homeric, and in general of all the Greek poetry, is, that it observes a wise medium between the gigantic fictions of oriental imagination, even as the purer creations of Indian fancy display ; and that distinctness of view, that broad knowledge and observation of the world, which distinguish the ages of prosaic narrative, when the relations of society become at once more refined and more complicated. In this poetry, these two opposite, and almost incompatible qualities are blended and united,—the fresh enthusiasm of the most living feelings of nature,—a blooming, fertile, and captivating fancy,—and a clear intuitive perception of life,—are joined with a delicacy of tact, a purity and harmony of taste, excluding all exaggeration,—all false ornament,—and which few nations since the Greeks, none perhaps in an equal degree, certainly none before them, have ever possessed to a like extent.

This poetry was interwoven with the whole public life of the Greeks, the public spectacles, games, and popular festivals were so many theatres for poetry.

No nation has ever yet been able to equal the charm and amenity of Homer, the elevation of *Æschylus*, and the noble beauty of *Sophocles*, and perhaps it is wrong even to aspire to their excellence, for true beauty and sublimity can never be acquired in the path of imitation."—p.p. 238, 240.

Schlegel shows, by a long process of inductive evidence, how the Homeric poetry was the crown and perfection of a long series of Bardic poems. In pointing out the characteristic features of these poems ; he inquires what is understood by the poetry of nature, shows that it is perfectly compatible with art, that there is a wide difference between the natural and the rude, that Homer is distinguished as much for delicacy of perception, accuracy of delineation, and sagacity of judgment ; as for fertility of fancy, and energy of passion.—p. 6.

THE ODYSSEY.

Book i.

The Council of the gods. Minerva exhorts Telemachus.

Sing, Muse, of that deep man, who wander'd much,
When he had raz'd the walls of sacred Troy,
And many towns saw, many customs learnt,
And many griefs endur'd upon the sea ;
Anxious to save his comrades and himself : 5
But them he sav'd not, though desiring it :
For through their rash deeds perish'd of that band
Those foolish men, who¹ ate Apollo's kine :
That god depriv'd them of return's glad day.
Of these men, goddess, tell us² too in part ! 10
 ³“ The rest now, who destruction had escap'd,
Had landed safe from warfare and the sea,
But *him*, who long'd so much for wife and home,
Calypso, nymph divinely born, detain'd
In hollow cavern, anxious him to wed : 15
But when revolving round, that year arriv'd,
Wherein the gods design'd for him return
To Ithaca, where toils await him too,
'Midst friends *so call'd* : the gods all pitied him ;
Neptune except, who never ceas'd to rage : 20

¹ The circumstance of their eating the oxen of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Island of Trinacria, is described in Book 12.

² Or “from any part you choose.”

³ The Muse here commences her reply to the poet, and is to be understood as speaking through the poem, as in the “*Iliad*.”

Towards Ulysses, ere he reach'd his home.
 But he was gone to distant Æthiop men,
 Th' extreme of all men sever'd in two parts,
 (Some tow'rd the setting, some the rising sun ;)
 Who roast a hecatomb of bulls and lambs : 25
 There at this feast regal'd he : while the rest
 Collected were in Jove's Olympic halls :
 The sire of gods and men discours'd to them,
 Of 'faultless shap'd Ægysthus' thought he, whom
 Orestes, Agamemnon's son, had slain, 30
 Him mindful of, he to the gods then spake,
 " How much, alas ! do mortals blame the gods !
 Their ills from *us* spring, say they ; but mankind
 Endure griefs for their own deeds, not of fate :
 As 'gainst all right, Ægysthus hath join'd with 35
 Atreides' wife, and slain that chief at home,
 Conscious of ruin ; we foretold it him,
 For Hermes sent we, 'Argiphontes call'd,
 To bid him not to slay him, nor to wed :
 For vengeance from Orestes sure would come, 40
 When, reaching puberty,⁴ he sought his home :
 Thus Hermes told him, but persuaded not,
 Advising good ;—full penalty he pays."
 Minerva then made answer unto him,
 " Highest of Kings ! O Father ! Saturn's son ! 45
 He truly bears a doom that 's well deserv'd,
 So perish others who may do such things !
 But now for brave Ulysses burns my heart,
 Who long time suffers griefs far off from friends ;
 On sea-girt isle, where ocean's centre is ; 50

⁴ With the epithet, " faultless," in the text ; this must mean as to beauty of form : he was morally bad.

⁵ From slaying the giant Argus.

⁶ He was hidden many years at the Court of Strophilus, King of Phocis.

A wooded island, where a goddess dwells,
 Daughter of Atlas, he who hath well known
 The depth of all seas, and long columns hath,
 Which rear their heads thro' space 'twixt earth and heav'n ;
 His daughter keeps the sad chief plung'd in grief : 55
 And coaxes him with soft and cunning words,
 To seek not Ithaca. But still that chief
 Wishing to see but smoke ascending from
 His native isle, would die then : art thou not
 Turn'd towards him now, great Jove ? Did he not please 60
 Thee, sacrificing by the Grecian ships
 In Troy ? Why art thou so wroth with him, Jove ?"

The Cloud-compeller answ'ring, said to her :
 "What words, my daughter, have escap'd thy lips?
 Divine Ulysses how can I forget : 65
 Wisest of men, and freer sacrifice
 Than all, hath offer'd to th' immortal gods :
 But Neptune was, and still is very wroth
 That he that Cyclops blinded of his eye,
 Ev'n Polyphemus, strongest far of all 70
 The Cyclopes ; Thoosa brought him forth,
 A child of Phorcys, living in sea-depths ;
 In hollow cave with Neptune join'd in love.
 Neptune from that time trieth not to slay
 Ulysses ; but makes him roam far from home : 75
 But let all of us gods plan his return,
 That he may go, then Neptune will relent ;
 For nothing can he do against us all,
 Battling with him, against th' immortal's will."

The goddess Pallas answered him again : 80
 "Highest of kings ! O Father ! Saturn's son !
 If this thing pleases now th' immortal gods,
 That to his home that chief should back return,
 The herald Hermes then will we dispatch,

To Ogygia's isle, that with the swiftest speed 85
 Our true resolve to the Nymph he may tell,
 To wit, the chief's return : departing straight
 Myself will visit Ithaca meanwhile,
 To stir his son and courage breathe in him.
 That all the Greeks to council having call'd, 90
 He may forbid the suitors his sire's house,
 Who slaughter still his oxen and his flocks.
 Pylos and Sparta will I send him to,
 To seek if he can hear of his dear sire,
 And that good fame may follow his own steps." 95
 Bright sandals had she bound now b'neath her feet,
 Ambrosial, golden, bearing her o'er sea,
 Or boundless earth, swift as the breath of winds :
 Then took she up her spear with brazen point,
 Vast, stubborn, pondrous, which she slays men with ; 100
 Heroes with whom the child of Jove is wroth :
 From heaven's high hill she having gone with speed,
 Stood by Ulysses' porch in Ithaca ;
 With spear in hand, before the forecourt gate,
 Assuming Mentès' form, the Taphian chief ; 105
 She found the daring suitors in that place,
 Pleasing their minds with dice before the gates,
 Sitting on hides of oxen, slain by them.
 'Heralds and servants likewise for these men,
 Were mingling wine with water in their cups ; 110
 Others with porous sponges tables wash'd,
 And stood, and serv'd abundant meats to them.
 Telemachus beheld her first of them,
 For griev'd in heart, he 'midst the suitors sat,
 In mind's eye looking to his sire, if e'er 115

'It was a relic of the heroic manners for the heralds to wait at the public tables.

Returning, he the suitors should disperse,
 And honour have, and his possessions rule.
 Thus midst them pondering, Pallas he beheld,
 And went forth of the porch, enrag'd in mind,
 The stranger had stood at the gate so long : 120
 He stood and took the spear from her right hand,
 And spake these swift-wing'd words, addressing her :
 " Hail stranger ! right good welcome shalt thou have !
 And after supper tell thy business.
 He then led on : Minerva followed him. 125
 When he and his high guest were in the house,
 He 'gainst a lofty pillar rests her spear,
 Where stood within the polish'd armoury
 So many others which Ulysses own'd.
 He led her then to seat of cunning work, 130
 Spreading fine linen, and a footstool set.
 He near her plac'd a couch too for himself,
 Apart from all, lest troubled by the noise
 She might, midst these bold men her supper loathe :
 And for to ask her of his absent sire. 135
 A servant water bore in golden ewer,
 Beauteous, and into silver basin pour'd,
 To wash her hands, and polished table spread :
 The housekeeper spread bread upon the board,
 And other dainties from her stores supplied : 140
 The cook set dishes of all sorts of meat,
 And golden goblets by the side of them :
 The herald came in oft to pour out wine,
 The daring suitors enter'd then and sat
 In order upon couches and rich seats, 145
 The 'heralds pour'd out water on their hands,

*These heralds, by their sacred character, served to check the tumult of the suitors.

And maids heap'd on the bread in canisters ;
 The guests their hands put to the ready feast ;
 The young men crown'd the goblets with the wine.
 When they had satisfied their appetites 150
 For meat and drink, they car'd for other things ;
 The song, the dance, adornments of the feast :
 A beauteous harp the herald then did place
 In Phemius' hands, who sung then by constraint ;
 The strings light fing'ring, a sweet song he sung ; 155
 Telemachus meanwhile unto Minerva speaks.
 His head close to her that none else might hear,
 " Tell me, dear stranger, if my words offend :
 The harp and minstrel song are these men's care ;
 At ease, unharm'd they eat meats not their own, 160
 But one's, whose bleach'd bones moulder under heav'n
 Lying on main land, or where ocean rolls.
 If they should see him back returning home,
 They all would pray to be more swift of foot,
 Rather than rich in vestments and fine gold : 165
 But he hath perish'd through sad evil fate :
 For is there hope though one of native men
 Say that he'll come ? return's blest day is lost !
 Come tell me this ! relate it with plain truth !
 Who ? from what land art thou ? thy parents where ? 170
 On board what ship, and how the sailors have
 Brought thee to Ithaca ? and who they are ?
 For I don't think thou camest here on foot.—
 And this thing tell me, that I well may know,
 If newly come, or art my father's guest ? 175
 Since many strangers came unto his halls,
 For he was one sought after much by men."
 Minerva then replied to him again ;
 " These things most truly will I tell to thee ;
 I boast to be Anchialus's son, 180

Mentos : I rule the Taphian mariners ;
 And with my ship and comrades now have come,
 On purple sea, to land of foreign men,
 For brass, to Temesa ; iron, my freight :
 My ship hath anchor'd far off from this town, 185
 In Rheithrum port, b'neath wooded Neïus :
 We boast t' have known each other's fathers from
 Our youth, as you him meeting, may learn from
 Th' old chief Laërtes, who no more comes to
 The town, say they, but grieves in fields far off, 190
 With one old woman who sets meats for him,
 Oft as fatigue takes hold upon his limbs,
 Crawling o'er surface of his vine clad land ;
 I've come now, for they say your sire 's among
 His people ; but the gods thwart his return : 195
 For not yet hath he died upon the earth,
 But somewhere is detain'd still living on
 In seagirt island : cruel men him hold,
 Some savage men him keeping 'gainst his will :
 But I'll now prophecy, as mine own mind 200
 The gods inspire, and as I think may be,
 Although no seer, or skilled in auguries :
 Not for long while now from his native land,
 He 'll absent be, though bound in iron chains ;
 For being most cunning, he will plan return. 205
 But come tell this with simple truth to me,
 If 'such a son thou art, sprung from himself,
 For thou possessest his fine eyes and head,
 For oft' we one another visited,
 Ere he to Troy went up, where many more 210
 Of Argive chieftains sail'd in hollow ships :

⁹ "Such and so great," "so excelling ;" or perhaps meaning only his stature.

Since then I've ne'er seen him, nor hath he me."

Telemachus spake to the goddess thus :

"Most truthful, stranger, I'll relate to thee ;

My mother tells me so, I know it not ; 215

For no one ¹⁰hath his father known himself ;

O that I were of happier man the son ;

Whom old age midst of his possessions found !

But now of him, unhappiest of men,

They say I'm born, since thou ask'd this of me." 220

The blue-eyed goddess answer'd him again :

"No race ignoble, will in after times

Be thine, when such son hath Penelope :

But come tell this to me likewise with truth,

What noise ? what feast is this ? what need thereof ? 225

Banquet, or marriage ? there no ¹¹symbols are :

How insolent these men seem now, to me,

To revel here ! one would indignant feel

At such base deeds, who came with prudent thoughts."

Telemachus again replied to her :

230

"Since thou dost ask and question me of this,

This house entire and rich bade fair to be,

While midst his people that man still remain'd :

But now the gods have otherwise decreed

Rend'ring him hidden and obscure to all ; 235

I should not grieve so much for him being dead,

If with his comrades he had fall'n at Troy ;

Or at war's close had died in some friends arms :

Then all the Greeks had built a mound for him :

¹⁰ So the vulgar say, "He is a wise son that knows his own Father."

¹¹ The "*eranos*" was a club dinner where every man paid his portion, except poets, singers, &c. ; hence called "*asumboloi*" without symbols : for to secure the money, every one paid beforehand, or gave his symbol, or pawn, commonly a ring, the guests and collectors were called by the common term, "*eranistai*" : the "*gamos*," the marriage feasts, and "*eilapinai*" were feasts provided by a single person ; we may read in the text "for this no club feast is."

And to his son he had great glory won, 240
 But ¹²Harpyes now have basely borne him off :
 He hath ignobly died ; and left to me
 But grief and tears : these not alone for him,
 Since other cares the gods have wrought for me !
 For all the chiefs who in these isles bear sway, 245
 Zacynthus, Samus, and Doulichium,
 And those who rule in rugged Ithaca,
 Woo now my mother and destroy our house.
 But she neither denies those hateful men, nor can
 She make an end : but they with feastings still 250
 Consume mine house, and soon myself will kill."
 Minerva pitying spake these words to him :—
 " Good gods ! thou much must want thy absent sire,
 Who quickly would his hands on these men lay ;
 For should he stand with helmet, lance and shield, 255
 Within the first gates which approach his house,
 Still such a man, as first mine eyes saw him,
 Drinking within our house, and feasting too ;
 From Ilus just return'd, in Ephyra,
 For thither had he gone aboard swift ship, 260
 For deadly poison, to possess the same,
 To smear his arrows with ; but unto him
 The man refus'd it, reverencing the gods.
Not so my sire, who lov'd him ardently :
 If such now still he should engage with them, 265
 Short fated, all would bitter nuptials taste,
 But these things in the lap of gods are plac'd,
 Whether he shall revenge them, whether not,
 Within his house : but now consider this,
 Your way t' expel the suitors from the house, 270
 And weigh my words attentive in your mind :

¹² Meaning that Ulysses had not enjoyed the rites of sepulture.

To-morrow call to council all the chiefs,
 Harangue them all, the gods being witnesses :
 Bid them depart, each one unto his own,
 But for thy mother, if she wills to wed, 275
 Let her return to her rich ¹³father's house,
 Her nuptials they'll with dowried gifts prepare,
 Ample as meet with child much lov'd to go :
 Thyself will I advise, if thou 'lt obey,
 To launch the best ship, twenty oar'd, thou hast, 280
 And go in search of tidings of thy sire;
 If men can tell, or thou can'st rumour hear
 From Jupiter, chief oracle to men :
 To Pylos first, to Nestor the divine,
 To Sparta thence, where Menelaüs dwells ; 285
 For he return'd the last of brass-mail'd Greeks :
 Shouldst thou hear that he lives and may return,
 Then bear with them, though harass'd, one year more !
 But should'st thou hear that he survives not still,
 Return forthwith unto thy native land, 290
 A high tomb raise to him with all due rites,
 Most fit, and give thy mother to a man ;
 And when thou shalt have well done all these things,
 I bid thee next consider in thy mind
 How these bold suitors, tarrying in thy house, 295
 Thou mayst by craft or boldness kill ; ceasing
 To follow childish things, no more a child.
 Hast thou not heard what fame Orestes won,
 When he had slain the murder'r of his sire,
 Crafty Ægisthus, who his father slew ? 300
 And now, dear friend, for thou'rt of stature good,
 Be strong ! that thou earn fame in after times :
 But I will now descend unto my ship,

¹³ Her father Icarius.

And sailors, who may grieve expecting me.
 Care thou for that too, reverencing my words." 305
 Telemachus unto the goddess said,
 "Thou speak'st thus, stranger, with a friendly mind,
 As sire to son : I never will forget :
 But tarry now, though eager to depart,
 Till having wash'd, with new joys in thy heart, 310
 Thou mayst return on board with gift in hand,
 A precious gift, which shall an heirloom be
 From me, such one as kind hosts give to guests."
 Azure-ey'd Pallas answer'd him again :
 "Eager to go, no longer keep me now ! 315
 As for the gift which thou wouldst give to me,
 Give it when I return, to carry home !
 A bright one : I'll make thee a fit return !"
 Minerva, speaking thus, was gone from him :
 Bird-like she flew ¹⁴from sight : then in his heart 320
 She boldness put, his sire too brought to mind :
 He pond'ring inwardly, yet more and more
 Was strick'n with awe, suspecting 'twas a god !
 Straight to the suitors then the youth departs :
 The minstrel was then singing ; silent they 325
 Sat listening : 'twas the Greeks sad voyage home
 From Troy, he sung ; which Pallas had fulfilled :
 His song that prudent queen Penelope
 In lofty chamber sat then listening¹⁵ to :
 She then descends the staircase of her house, 330
 Domestic twain attended on her steps ;
 But when the chaste queen to the suitors came,
 Beside the door-post of her house she stood :
 With modest handmaid on each side of her ;

¹⁴ *Anopaia*, here translated in the sense of *aphanes*, out of sight ; some make it the name of a bird (eagle) ; some *an' opes*, 'through the chimney.'

¹⁵ Put together in her mind the words of his song.

A graceful fillet much concealed her cheeks ; 335
 Shedding big tears, she to the minstrel said ;
 "Thou knowest other lays which soothe mine ears,
 The deeds of men and gods which minstrels sing ;
 Sing one of those now, while in silence they
 Are drinking, but O cease this mournful song, 340
 Which harrows so the poor heart in my breast.
 Since such deep grief seiz'd on me from the first,
 So dear a head I long for, thinking much
 Of him, so fam'd in Hellas, Argos too."
 Telemachus replied thus unto her ; 345
 " My mother, why this minstrel to delight
 Men's ears as mind impelleth him dislike ?
 Blame not the song, but Jove who gives unto
 Ingenious men his gifts, each, what he lists :
 Don't blame him, though he sings the Greeks' sad lot ; 350
 For men choose that for subject of their song,
 Which is ¹⁶most novel to their listening ears :—
 But let thy heart prompt thee to hear that song,
 For not alone Ulysses lost return
 From Troy : but other chieftains perish'd there ; 355
 Go to thy chamber ; to thy works attend,
 The loom and distaff, and command thy maids,
 Their duties ; but debate shall be the care
 Of men ; of me the most ; who rule this house.
 The queen astonish'd, to her chamber went, 360
 Her mind reflected on her son's wise words :
 But having reach'd it with her waiting maids ;
 She wept then for her dear Ulysses, till
 Her eyelids Pallas clos'd in gentle sleep.
 The suitors meanwhile riot through the house, 365
 All wish'd to lie on couches near to her ;

¹⁶ So Ovid, "Est quoque cunctarum novitas novissima rerum."

But her wise son began discourse to them ;
 " Ye suitors of my mother, fill'd with pride,
 Let's now enjoy our feast, but let loud noise
 Be absent, for 'tis meet we listen to 370
 A Minstrel such as this, with voice divine :
 But morning come, let us to council go,
 Where I may boldly give commands to you,
 To leave this house : prepare then other feasts,
 Eating your own, in turn from house to house : 375
 But if this thing more fitting seem to you,
 To waste unpunish'd only one man's stores,
 If Jove at length will grant t' avenge these deeds,
 You, unrevenged, may perish in this house."
 The suitors all then biting close their lips, 380
 Wonder'd Telemachus so boldly spake :
 Antinöus made answer unto him :
 " The Gods themselves sure teach thee very much,
 To vainly boast, and boldly to harangue ;
 O may not Jove thee King in Ithaca 385
 Appoint, though by descent thy heritage !"
 Telemachus made answer unto him ;
 " Art ¹⁷ thou then wroth Antinöus, at my words ?
 This I could wish too, Jove permitting it !
 Or thinkest thou this thing the worst for men ? 390
¹⁸ To be a King's no harm, for soon his house
 Becometh rich, and he more honoured.
 But other chiefs ¹⁹ Achæans born there are
 And not a few in sea girt Ithaca.
 Let one of them be King, my sire now dead, 395

¹⁷ Or "although you may be angry by my saying so, yet, &c., &c.," *eiper moi kai agaseoi oti ken eipo* : The reading adopted in this text is *ekai moi nemeseseai otti ken eipo* :

¹⁸ Before this line we may understand, "I wonder you say so : I do not agree with you."

¹⁹ "Besides you suitors."

Of Ops, did bear bright torches lighting him :
 Laërtes' wealth the purchase made of her :
 For twenty oxen while she was a girl : 430
 And honor'd her alike with his chaste wife ;
 But shunn'd his wife's wrath keeping from her bed :
 She bare the torches loving him far most
 Of all the maids there, nurturing him a child :
 He opened then his strong bed chamber doors. 435
 And sat on couch, and pull'd his tunic off :
 And plac'd in careful hands of aged crone :
 She smoothly folding it, and on a peg
 Then hanging it beside his ²¹ airy bed,
 Went from his chamber closing then the door 440
 With silver ring, and fix'd the bolt with thong ;
 He cover'd over with the fine sheep's down
 Thought on the journey Pallas pointed out.

²¹ *Tretois* may signify that the bedstead is formed with planks at intervals, that the air may preserve it from rotting, as opposed to a solid bedstead.

Book ii.

The Council of the Ithacans : the journeying of Telemachus.

But when Aurora, twilight bringing, came,
 Ulysses' son rose up from off his couch,
 And dress'd, and from his shoulder hung his sword,
 And bound his beauteous sandals on his feet ;
 And went then forth in presence like a god : 5
 He gave command unto the heralds straight,
 To call to council all the long-hair'd Greeks :
 These them conven'd, and they were gather'd soon :
 When all being gather'd had assembled now,
 He went to council with his sword in hand ; 10
 There followed him his dogs most swift of foot ;
 Then Pallas pour'd out grace upon the youth,
 Him all of them admir'd as he drew near ;
 He takes his father's seat : the elders yield :
 Ægyptus then began haranguing them ; 15
 By age bent down ; but knew ten thousand things ;
 For his belov'd son with Ulysses went,
 To Ilion renown'd for generous steeds ;
 Ee'n Antiphus, whom savage Cyclops slew,
 In cave ; and his last supper cook'd for him. 20
 He had three more sons : with the suitors one,
 Eurynomus : two manag'd for their sire :
 That other he forgot not, griev'd for him :
 He now harangued them, freely shedding tears ;
 " Hear now my words, ye men of Ithaca ! 25
 Nor hath a council e'er been held by us,
 From that time when Ulysses sail'd in ships ;
 Who calls it now ? to whom hath come such need ?

Of younger men, or those who elders are ?
 Of foes approaching hath he tidings which 30
 He would to us tell, when he first heard news ?
 Or speaks he of some other public thing ?
 Useful and good he seems ! O that to him
 Jove may make prosper what his mind doth think !"
 Ulysses' son rejoic'd in these good words : 35
 Nor sat long feeling strong desire to speak :
 He rose ; a sceptre then Pisenor plac'd
 Within his hand, a herald truly wise :
 Then first of all that old man he address'd ;
 " He's not far off, him quickly you may know, 40
 Who gather'd these : much sorrow comes to him :
 I've not heard news of army coming here,
 To tell to you, when hearing first thereof !
 Nor other public thing do I proclaim ;
 But what befalls adverse to me at home ; 45
 Twofold ; the one that a brave sire I've lost,
 Your chief, who was as father kind to you :
 And one far greater ; that soon all the house
 Will o'erthrow, and destroy our sustenance ;
 For suitors press my mother 'gainst her will, 50
 Sons of those men, who are the princes here,
 And who sore fear to visit her sires house,
 Icarius ; that he may endower her,
 And give at will, to one acceptable ;
 But all, day after day, collecting here 55
 And slaught'ring oxen, white sheep, fatted goats,
 Do gaily feast, and drink the purple wine ;
 Most rashly, wasting much ! that man's not here
 Such as Ulysses was, to drive them off.
 But we're not such as shall achieve this thing, 60
 [And truly we most feeble shall be found,]
 I would repell the pest if I were strong ;

For deeds no longer bearable are done ;
 Dishonorably my house decays ; yourselves
 Wroth should be, and respect the neighbouring chiefs 65
 Who dwell around : and fear Jove's anger too,
 Lest he avenge, much anger'd for such deeds ;
 By Jove I supplicate, and Themis too,
 Who calls and ends the councils of mankind.
 Abstain my friends, and leave me to be worn 70
 With sad grief down, unless my father hath
 At all done mischief to the well greav'd Greeks ;
 Which they requiting, inflict ills on me,
 Inciting these ; 'twould better be for me
 That you devour my goods and treasures too ; 75
 A recompence for those consum'd might come,
 Nor we with words might you pursue so long,
 Seeking our goods till all should be return'd ;
 But now ye cause griefs quite incurable !"
 In anger thus he spoke ; and on the ground 80
 His sceptre cast, tears freely pouring forth ;
 Then pity seiz'd on all assembled there.
 And all were silent, and none other dar'd
 To answer him with harsh and bitter words :
 Only Antinous then spake to him : 85
 " Telemachus ! vain boaster ! most rash youth !
 What hast thou said ? disgracing us ? forsooth
 Thou would'st a black stain cast on us ! but we
 Th' Achæan suitors are not blamable,
 But thy dear mother who in cunning is 90
 Much skilled indeed ; for now the third year 's past
 And swiftly wears the fourth, from that time when
 She first deceiv'd the mind in Grecian breasts :
 She makes all hope and promises to all,
 Sending to us, while deep in other thoughts. 95
 This other trick hath she invented too ;

Fixing the weft a large web she inwove,
 Immense and fine : and thus she spoke to us ;
 Young men, my suitors, since my lord is dead,
 Urging your suit remain, till I have wrought, 100
 Unless false threads be dropt, this funeral robe ;
 For old Laërtes, 'gainst the time whereat,
 Fell death which brings long sleep shall take him off :
 Lest some Greek woman blame me in this place,
 If he, once rich, should lie without a shroud : 105
 Our generous minds then listened to her words.
 In day time weav'd she that large web indeed
 But by the torches' light unravell'd them ;
 This fraud for three years hid she, flattering still,
 But when the fourth came, with revolving hours, 110
 One of her maids who knew it told it us ;
 We then found her unravelling the robe,
 And much against her will she finish'd it.
 But thus the suitors answer thee, that thou
 May know thyself, and all these men may know ; 115
 Thy mother send away and bid her wed,
 Him that her father chooses, and she likes ;
 But should she still put off the sons of Greece,
 Wrapt in deep thoughts which Pallas freely gives ;
 Both skill in arts, a very clever mind, 120
 And cunning, such as none in old times had,
 Of those the bright hair'd Grecian dames of yore,
 Tyro, Alcmêne, and Mycênê fair,
 None skill'd in arts like to Penelope ;
 But this thing hath she plann'd now for no good, 125
 These therefore must so long consume your wealth,
 As she still holds the self-same mind which now,
 The Gods place in her breast ; she for herself
 Prepares a great renown ; but unto thee
 Begets a craving for much wealth ; but we 130

Wont seek our own affairs, nor go elsewhere ;
 Until she wed the object of her choice." •

Telemachus replied again to him ;

" 'Tis not for me to drive unwilling hence,
 Her that brought forth and nourish'd me ; my sire, 135

Lives still in some land, or hath died : 'tis hard,

I should t' Icarius much give back, if now

I willingly should send my mother there ;

Ills shall I suffer from my sire, and more

Besides the God will give too ; since she will 140

Invoke the furies, going from her house ;

But men will throw the blame on me ; therefore

I'll ne'er permit this speech to pass my lips :

But if you're wroth for what befalls yourselves,

Depart ye from my house, cook other feasts, 145

Spending your own wealth, giving feasts in turns :

But if to you this thing more fitting seems,

That you the stores waste freely of one man

Devour them ! but I will the Gods invoke,

If Jove will retribution grant at length ; 150

You then perchance may die there unreveng'd ?"

Wide-seeing Jove two eagles then to him

Sent forth to fly from lofty mountain top ;

In the winds breezes these flew round some time

With outstretch'd wings, by one anothers side ; 155

But when they o'er that clamorous council came,

They round in circles flapp'd their pow'rful wings ;

And look'd on all their heads, presaging death ;

With their claws, mangling their own cheeks and necks ;

They then flew off both through the house, and town. 160

All wonder'd at the birds, beholding them,

And ponder'd what deeds were to come to pass.

Then aged Halitherses spoke to them ;

E'en Mestor's son ; for he surpass'd them all

In judging auguries and fate's decrees ; 165
 He then with kindly thought thus spoke to them ;
 " Hear now my words, ye men of Ithaca,
 But to you suitors most of all I speak ;
 For dangers great hang o'er you : not long now
 Ulysses will be absent : but somewhere 170
 At hand, devises death to all of you !
 And many others too will ills befall,
 Of us who dwell in westward Ithaca,
 Let us much ponder, how to curb these men,
 But, *far best*, let them cease of their own selves : 175
 Not blind, but knowing well, I prophesy,
 For I declare that all has been fulfill'd
 To him, as I foretold him when the Greeks
 Went up to Troy, Ulysses too with them ;
 I said he having borne much ills, and all 180
 His comrades lost, would in the twentieth year
 Return home, quite unknown to all his friends,
 And now these things have surely come to pass !"
 Polybus' son, Eurymachus, replied ;
 " Hey day, old man ! come prophesy unto 185
 Thy children now, returning home, lest they
 Endure hereafter griefs ; but in these things
 I am a prophet better far than thou !
 Sooth many birds do fly beneath the sun,
 But not all ominous ! Ulysses hath 190
 Afar off perish'd ! had'st thou died with him,
 Thou had'st not told so much of prophesy,
 Not fir'd so much the enrag'd Telemachus
 A gift expecting, should he give you one :
 But I now tell thee what shall come to pass, 195
 If thou so skill'd in much and olden lore,
 A younger man trick'd by thy words, should'st now
 To such indignant rage excite ! it will

In first place be more grievous to himself ;
 [Nor the least thing for their sakes can you do :] 200
 And on thyself we shall, old man, inflict
 A punishment which thou may'st sorely bear ;
 Severe will be thy grief ! but I myself
 In all things will persuade Telemachus ;
 Let him command his mother to return 205
 To her sires home : there shall they nuptials frame
 And dowry shall prepare for her ; so large
 As doth beseem to give a child, belov'd :
 For not before do I believe these Greeks
 Will rest from importuning suitorship ; 210
 Since we fear none, not ev'n Telemachus,
 Although so talkative he be, neither
 Do we regard that empty prophesy,
 Which thou now tellest unto us, old man ;
 More hated will you be ! and sadly shall 215
 His wealth again be wasted ; nor e'er shall
 Return thereof be, while from nuptial rites
 She still puts off the Greeks ; but we again
 Expecting every day, her most for her
 Great virtues' woo, nor unto others go 220
 Whom its beseeming each of us to wed !"
 Telemachus again replied to him ;
 " Eurymachus ! and all you other chiefs !
 Of these things I no further ask, or speak ;
 The Gods and all the Greeks now know them well ! 225
 But give to me a ship and twenty men,
 Who thro' the deep seas track may sail with me ;
 I must to Sparta and to Pylos go,
 To learn news of my long lost sires return ;
 If one can tell me or that I shall hear 230
 Report from Jove, who most brings fame to men ;
 If I shall hear of his life and return,

Then, though fatigued, I shall remain a year ;
 But should I hear that he survives no more,
 Returning straight back to my native land, 235
 I shall a tomb unto my father raise,
 And due rites celebrate, as many as
 'Tis meet ; and bid my mother choose a spouse !"
 He having spoken thus sat down : and then
 Old Mentor rose, once brave Ulysses' friend, 240
 Who sailing trusted all his house to him,
 For all t'obey him ; guardian left of all ;
 Who now harangued them breathing kindly thoughts ;
 " Hear, what I speak, ye men of Ithaca !
 Let sceptred King be courteous no more, 245
 Kind, good, nor knowing justice in his mind ;
 But be morose, e'er doing what's unjust !
 For none kind memory of Ulysees hath
 Of those he rul'd, to gentle father like :
 But truly I those proud men envy not, 250
 Thro' their base craft performing violent deeds ;
 They lay their heads together, and devour
 So recklessly Ulysses' house, whom they
 Suppose will never come back home again ;
 And now I'm wroth with others, that ye all 255
 So silent sit, and not at all restrain
 With speech these suitors, fewer much than you !"

Leocritus then spoke to him in turn ;
 " Thou stupid and abusive Mentor, what
 Word hast thou spoken, stirring up these men 260
 To curb us ! but 'twill be a hard task troth,
 Should there be more to combat for our feast !
 For if the chief Ulysses his own self,
 Arriving now should think to drive out doors,
 The noble suitors revelling through his halls, 265
 His wife would not rejoice in him though much

Desiring him ; but here would he meet with
 A grievous death, so many combating :
 Thou hast not spoken well ! but come now all
 Ye citizens, disperse each to his work ! 270
 Mentor and Halithernes will for him
 The journey hasten who are unto him
 Old friends as to his father once they were.
 But he, I think, will although sitting long,
 Give ear unto the messengers at home, 275
 In Ithaca, but ne'er his voyage make.

Then forthwith swift the council was dissolv'd :
 These were dispers'd each to his own abode :
 And to Ulysses' house the suitors went.
 Telemachus to seashore going down, 280
 His hands first wash'd in that white sea and pray'd
 To Pallas. " O thou ! hear me, who did'st come
 Unto our house yestre'en, in godlike shape,
 And bid'st me sail in ship o'er troubled sea ;
 To seek for news of my long-absent sire ; 285
 But those Greeks truly hinder much all things,
 The suitors most, whose pride is very great."
 In prayer he spoke thus. Pallas then came near
 Like unto Mentor, both in form and voice ;
 She spoke these swift wing'd words addressing him : 290

" Telemachus, thou shalt in after times
 No dastard be, nor yet unwise ; if that
 Thy sire's brave soul is instill'd into thee,
 Such as he was in exploits and in speech,
 Then will the journey not be vain to thee ! 295
 But if thou 'rt not the son of him, and of
 Penelope, then I've no hopes that thou
 Wilt carry out the things that thou design'st ;
 Few sons there are their father's counterpart !
 The most are worse ; but still a few there are 300

Ev'n better than their sires ; but since thou 'lt no
 In after times be dastard or unwise,
 Nor hath thy father's wisdom fail'd thee quite,
 There's hope that thou wilt prosper in this work !
 These rash chiefs' counsel therefore disregard, 305
 Since those bad men, nor just, nor prudent are :
 Nor conscious are of that death and black fate,
 So near : they all will perish in one day !
 Thy purpos'd journey won't be long delay'd,
 For such companion am I unto thee, 310
 Thy father's friend of old, who will equip
 Swift ship for thee, and go with thee myself !
 But do thou with the suitors mingle now,
 Returning to the house ; then furnish stores
 For voyaging ; in vessels packing each ; 315
 The wine in 'flasks, and meat that is to men
 As marrow, in stout leathern bags ; whilst I
 Amongst the townsmen gather volunteers :
 Within the ports of sea girt Ithaca
 Are many ships both old and new ; from these 320
 I will provide thee one which is the best,
 And having man'd it, launch into the sea."
 Thus spoke Minerva, nor much longer time,
 Telemachus did tarry, having heard :
 Much vex'd in mind he went then to his house ; 325
 He found the suitors all assembled there,
 Skinning of goats, and roasting fatted pigs ;
 Antinous then laughing straight approach'd
 Telemachus, and grasp'd his hand and spoke ;
 " Vain boaster and rash youth, Telemachus ! 330
 Let none ill else be troublous in thy breast,

¹ The amphora was a flask with two handles for holding wine.

Or deed, or word, but do thou eat and drink,
 With me, as thou were wont ; and all those things
 Th' Achæans will in haste prepare for thee ;
 Both ship and rowers, that thou sail with speed 335
 To Pylos, to learn tidings of thy sire ;"
 Telemachus made answer unto him ;

" With you, proud suitors, 'tis by no means fit,
 That I should feast against my will, and should
 Quietly rejoice ; is't not enough that you 340
 Consum'd my wealth both much and good before,
 Ye suitors, while I yet was but a child ?
 But now when I'm grown up, and hearing men's
 Discourse, do understand ; and mind in me
 Grows strong, I'll do my best that I may send 345
 The direful fates to you, whether I go
 To Pylos, or amongst this people stay.
 I'll go indeed, (nor is my journey vain)
 A passenger ; not mastering ship and rowers ;
 As now it seems to you to be the best !" 350

Then straight out of Antinous's hand
 He drew his own : the suitors feasted still.
 They then did banter and revile him with
 Their scornful speeches, and in this strain one
 Of those o'erbearing youngsters spoke to him ; 355

" How terribly Telemachus for us
 Concocteth death ! He'll out of Pylos' home
 Bring some allies ; or e'en from Sparta since
 He now desires them so ! or else, perhaps,
 To Ephyra, that fertile spot of land, 360
 He wills to go, for deadly poison thence,
 To throw in our cups, and destroy us all !"
 Another of those youngsters said again :

" But who knows whether sailing hence himself,
 May perish roaming far, as did his sire ? 365

And thus our labours would increase the more,
 For we should share his wealth 'mongst us : then give
 The house unto his mother and her spouse !"
 The prince descended to his father's room,
 Where gold and brass lay heap'd in glitt'ring piles ; 370
 With robes in chests, and jars of olive oil ;
 There too, large casks of richly flavor'd wine
 Were stor'd, with liquor of pure wine in them ;
 All rang'd in order, if Ulysses should
 Come back to cheer him, having borne such toils. 375
 Doors fitted skilfully were plac'd in front,
 With ²double locks : a stewardess dwelt there,
 Who guarded all these stores with prudent care,
 Dame Euryclæa, Ops's daughter ; her
 Telemachus call'd to him, and thus spake : 380
 " Old nurse, draw forth sweet wine in flasks for me,
 E'en that most sweet, save that which thou dost keep,
 (Expecting him ill fated ; should he come,
 That god-like chief Ulysses, shunning death ;)
 And fill me twelve with covers to them all, 385
 Then pour fine meal in skins that are well seal'd
 E'en twenty measures of fine barley meal,
 And keep it secret, all of them collect ;
 At even-fall I will receive them, when
 My mother's to her chamber gone, for sleep. 390
 For I to Pylos and to Sparta go,
 To gather news of my lov'd sire's return ! "
 His dear nurse, Euryclæa, shriek'd out loud,
 And much bewailing spoke these words to him :
 " Wherefore, dear child, enters this thought thy mind ? 395
 Why wish to go such a long weary way,

² *Diklides*, may also be translated "double or folding doors."

Being all alone, my darling child ? He far
 From home hath perish'd in some foreign land !
 These men will straight plot mischief when thou'rt gone,
 Against thee, child, that thou may'st die by craft ; 400
 They will divide thy goods then ; stay thou here,
 And guard thine own ; nor is there any need
 For thee to wander o'er the boisterous sea !"
 Telemachus made answer unto her :
 " Take courage, nurse ! a god doth counsel this ! 405
 But swear, thou'lt to my mother nought reveal,
 Before th' eleventh or twelfth day from hence ;
 Or till she feels my loss, and hears I'm gone ;
 So that she soil not her fair skin with tears !"
 The old nurse swore a great oath by the gods ; 410
 And having sworn and ratified her oath,
 She drew the wine off into flasks for him,
 And pour'd the meal into the well-sew'd skins ;
 Telemachus join'd with the suitors then :
 Again Minerva thought of other things : 415
 She went thro' all parts of the town guis'd as
 Telemachus, and spoke to every man ;
 And bade them gather by the ship at ev'n :
 She begg'd of Phronius too, Noemon's son,
 A swift going ship : he promised readily : 420
 The sun set ; sombre hues veil'd all the streets :
 He haul'd the swift ship down, and plac'd therein
 All proper tackling that a ship should bear ;
 He moor'd it at th' extreme point of the port,
 Bold comrades gather'd : Pallas cheering them. 425
 Minerva then thought of another thing :
 She swift departs unto Ulysses' house,
 There on the suitors eyes she pour'd sweet sleep,
 And made them heavy while they drank ; the cups
 Fell from their hands : they hasten'd to the town 430

To bed, nor longer sat ; sleep taking them.

Minerva next spoke to Telemachus,

Him from the palace having summon'd forth,

In Mentors form as well as with his voice ;

“Telemachus, thy well greav'd comrades sit 435

Beside their oars, waiting command to sail ;

Let us be going, nor tarry longer now !”

When she had spoken thus, she led the way,

With quick light step : he followed at her heels :

And when they came down to the shore and ship, 440

They found their comrades waiting there for them :

The voice divine in that young chief then spoke :

“Come with me, friends, to fetch the victuals down,

For now they 're all collected in the house,

But nothing of it hath my mother heard, 445

Nor of her maids, excepting one alone.”

He led the way : they follow'd then with him ;

They carrying all on board the well oar'd ship,

Did store them as the young chief order'd them :

Telemachus embark'd : Minerva went 450

Before him, and sat on the vessels prow ;

Near unto her the prince did sit : now did

The sailors loose the cables straight ; then they

The ship ascending, on the benches sat,

Minerva sends a favorable wind ; 455

Zephyr shrill murn'ring oe'r the purple sea,

Telemachus his comrades cheering, bade

To raise the tackling ; they attend to him,

Within its hollow fix'd they the fir mast,

And bound it firmly down with hempen ropes ; 460

And stretch'd the sails drawn by the bulls' hide thongs ;

The wind the belly of the mainsail swell'd,

The splashy wave resounds loud round the keel,

The vessel coursing on : she swiftly ran

Through the blue waves, straight hast'ning on her way : 465
When they had made the swift ships tackling fast,
They set the goblets, crowning them with wine ;
And to the gods they pour'd libations forth :
But to the blue ey'd daughter *most* of Jove :
All night that goddess led the vessel on ; 470
And they did end their voyage with the dawn.

Book iii.

"What things are done in Pylos."

The sun then rose, 'emerging from his bed ;
 And mounts the sky to give light unto gods ;
 And unto men upon the fertile ground :
 'Twas then they reached Pylos, Neleus' town ;
 The Pylians were roasting on the shore, 5
 Oxen jet black, to Neptune the sea god :
 Nine sets there were ; five hundred sat in each ;
 Nine oxen they present in each of them :
 The entrails tasting, burning thighs to gods ;
 Those landed straight, and furl'd the ship's trim sails ; 10
 Uplifted : moor'd the ship ; and disembark'd :
 Telemachus then lands : him Pallas led ;
 And first to him she then address'd herself :
 " All bashfulness must now be set aside ;
 For this thou'st crossed the sea, that thou may'st hear 15
 News of thy sire, where hid, and what his fate :
 But now straight to horse-taming Nestor go ;
 Let's see what counsel lies hid in his breast,
 Take care to beg of him to tell the truth ;
 But he will not speak false ; he's very wise ! " 20
 Telemachus spake these words unto her :
 " O Mentor, how shall I draw near ; and how
 Salute them ? I'm not vers'd in prudent speech :
 And shame prevails, when youth of elder asks : "
 Azure eyed Pallas answered him again : 25
 " Both thou thyself shall think of other things,

And heav'n breathe other thoughts ; for I don't think
That thou wert nurtur'd 'gainst th' Immortals will."

Thus Pallas having spoken led the way,
Right swift the prince after her footsteps went ; 30

The Pylian concourse soon they came unto ;
There Nestor sat then with his sons : around

His followers meat spitted for the roast ;
But in a body came, the strangers seen :
And took their hands, and bade them all sit down : 35

First Nestor's son Pisistratus came near,
And to the banquet led them by the hand ;
To sit on soft skins, spread upon the shore,
By 'Thrasymedes, and his aged sire.

He gave them parts of entrails then, and pour'd 40
Forth wine in golden cups, and spake unto
Minerva, child of Ægis, bearing Jove :

" Make vows, O Stranger, to King Neptune now ;
For with a feast you fall in, made to him ;
And when you've made libations, and have pray'd, 45

Present the cup of sweet wine to this man,
To pour it forth ; I think he prays to gods ;
For all man's race do stand in need of them ;
But he is younger, near to mine own age ;
Therefore I give the 'cup to thee the first." 50

This said, he plac'd the cup in Pallas' hand ;
She in the just and prudent man rejoic'd,
Because to her he handed first the cup :

¹ Brother to Pisistratus.

² *Aleison* is either *poculum* (cup) simply, or *poculum cælatum*; the chased or embossed cup; but it was in later times that the term came to be applied to the art of casting figures in metal, and of bas relief work in gold and silver; originally it was applied to the art of working basrelievo or flat sculpture on wood, marble, &c., with the chisel: the term, in this sense, is therefore not applicable in the present instance.

She straight to Neptune prayed for many things ;

“ O Neptune ! hear my prayer, and don't refuse 55

To grant these things to us thy suppliants ;

Great glory give to Nestor and his sons,

And to the rest a grateful recompense,

All Pylos' men, for this great hecatomb :

And let Telemachus and me depart, 60

That being done, for which we voyag'd here.”

She praying, then perform'd th' accustom'd rites :

And gave the cup unto Telemachus :

Then pray'd in manner like Ulysses' son ;

When the top joints were dress'd and taken up, 65

The parts shar'd out, they made a glorious feast ;

And when desire for meat and drink was gone,

Gerenian Nestor then spake unto them :

“ Now troth it is more decent to enquire

Who these our guests are, now they've taken food : 70

Who are ye, strangers ? Whence traverse the seas ?

On business come, or idly do ye roam ;

Like lawless pirates, wandering far o'er seas,

Their own lives risking, bringing woes to men ?”

Prudent Telemachus spake unto him, 75

Embolden'd : Pallas made him confident ;

To question Nestor of his absent sire ;

(And to gain glory for himself 'midst men :)

“ O Nestor, glory of th' Achæan race,

Inquir'st thou whence we come ? I'll tell it thee ; 80

Nereia crown'd Ithaca's our home,

No state affair, but private business ;

I trace my sire's wide fame, to hear of him,

The brave Ulysses, who as fame reports,

Beside of thee o'erthrew Troy's lofty walls ; 85

The rest we've heard of, who with Trojans fought,

On what sad spot each fell, by wretched death ;

But *his* destruction Jove obscures to fame ;
For where he perish'd none distinctly know,
Whether on land he was subdued by foes, 90
Or on the sea, by Amphitrite's waves :
And for this cause I come before thy knees,
If thou will tell of his sad death, if thou
Hath chanc'd to see it, or from other heard,
Some wanderer, for to much grief was he born ; 95
From pity do not flatter me at all,
But truly tell whate'er thine eyes have seen ;
I pray thee now, if e'er my father did
Aught promising, perform the same to thee ;
At Troy, where you Greeks very much endur'd ; 100
That you'll now think of such, and truly speak."
Gerenian Nestor thus replied to him ;
" Dear friend, since thou recall'st the sad mishaps,
We Grecia's sons amidst that people bore,
As many fights, as sailing on the sea, 105
For plunder roaming, where Achilles led ;
As many as we fought round Priam's walls,
For there all who the bravest were, were slain ;
There Ajax lies in death, Achilles too ;
Patroclus too, to gods like skill'd in war : 110
There too mine own dear son both good and brave,
Antilochus, most swift, a warrior fam'd :
Other great griefs beside these we've endur'd,
What man could tell the story of them all ?
Not if for five or six years tarrying here, 115
Thou should'st of all, which Greeks there suffered, ask :
Tir'd out, before thou reach'd thy native land :
Nine years we plann'd there mischief circling them,
With wiles ; great Jove seem'd loath to make an end :
But much Ulysses did excel them all : 120
No man in cunning wished to vie with him,

Skill'd in all arts ; thy sire ; if troth thou art
 His son, I wonder while I gaze on thee ;
 Thy speeches are like his : one scarce could think,
 One so much younger could so like him talk : 125
 Always while there Ulysses and myself
 Were quite agreed in council or in plans,
 And one in mind, with wise designs and thoughts,
 Did we consult that things might prosperous be :
 But after we had raz'd Troy's lofty walls, 130
 And sail'd away and Heav'n dispers'd the Greeks
 Then Jupiter design'd a sad return ;
 To Greeks, since all of them by no means were
 Nor wise nor just, so numbers met sad fate ;
 Through Pallas' wrath, the child of mighty Jove : 135
 Who then between th' Atreidæ stir'd up strife ;
 For these to council calling all the chiefs,
 Against all order, rashly at 'sunset,
 (And these came then, oppress'd and drunk with wine :)
 Explain'd to them wherefore they call'd them there ; 140
 For there had Menelaüs bade the Greeks
 To plan return across the sea's wide back :
 But Agamemnon this pleas'd not who wish'd
 Detaining them to offer hecatombs ;
 And try to pacify Minerva's wrath : 145
 Not being aware she was not to be won :
 The mind of gods not easily is turn'd :
 These two disputing with harsh bitter words,
 There stood : at length the Greeks uprose as one,
 With clamour loud ; two plans divided them : 150
 We slept all night conceiving bitter things,
 Against each other : Jove plann'd punishment :

That is after supper.

At noon we haul'd our ships into the sea,
 And plac'd our spoil and captive women there :
 But half refrain'd themselves, remaining there, 155
 By Agamemnon, captain of the host :
 Half then made sail embarking ; these quite fast
 Did sail : the god had calm'd the boundless sea :
 At Tenedos we sacrific'd to gods ;
 Yearning for home : Jove car'd not for us yet ; 160
 Hard hearted : who sad strife stirr'd up again :
 Some turning back sail'd in their equal ships,
 Around Ulysses, brave and cunning chief ;
 King Agamemnon gratifying much :
 I with the ships which follow'd in my train, 165
 Fled when I knew that Jove was planning harm ;
 Tydides fled too ; with his comrades join'd :
 But Menelaüs latest came to us,
 At Lesbos, while debating of our route ;
 Whether to sail above rough Chios' isle, 170
 It keeping on our left, t'wards Psyria's isle ;
 Or under it, by Mima's stormy shore ;
 We pray'd the god to show us then a sign,
 He shew'd us one and bade us cut mid sea ;
 Towards Eubæa ; danger quick to shun ; 175
 A gale sprung up : the ships then very fast
 Cours'd o'er the fish fraught waves, and came at night
 Unto Gerastus, where we oxen burnt,
 To Neptune ; a long sea line now work'd out.
 'Twas the fourth day when Tydeus' son's seamen 180
 E'en Diomed's, to anchor brought their ships ;
 At Argos : while to Pylos I went on ;
 The wind ne'er dropt, since first sent forth to blow :
 Unknown I landed, nor have heard at all
 What Greeks were sav'd, nor who have been destroy'd : 185
 But whatsoe'er I sitting in my house,

Have heard I'll tell thee, nor conceal from thee ;
 They say the myrmidons return'd safe home
 Under the great Achilles' noble son ;
 And Philocletes, whose sire Pœas was : 190
 Idomeneus led all his men to Crete,
 Escap'd from war, the sea drown'd none of them.
 You've heard of Agamemnon, though far off,
 How, coming back, Ægysthus schem'd his death
 Which death he expiates most wretchedly, 195
 So good 's a son left for a slaughter'd man,
 Since he aveng'd the murderer of his sire,
 Wily Ægysthus, who his father slew.
 And thou, my friend, blest with a comely form,
 Be brave that aftertimes may praise thy name ! " 200
 Telemachus replied to him again :
 " O Nestor, thou great glory of the Greeks,
 Amply hath he reveng'd his sire ; to him
 The Greeks will give fame lasting to all time :
 O that to me, Jove would such pow'r vouchsafe, 205
 To punish those men for their troublous pride ;
 Who still plot wicked deeds disdaining me :
 But not for me such bliss hath he design'd !
 My sire and me : we patiently must bear ! " 210
 Gerenian Nestor answered thus to him ;
 " My friend : since thou remind'st me of these things ;
 Report proclaims that for thy mother's hand
 Against thy will, are many wicked plots :
 Tell me, if willing thou 'rt subdued, or if
 The people hate you there, led by the gods : 215
 But who doth know, if he returning shall
 Them punish being alone, or Greeks with him ?
 For if Minerva wills to love thee so,
 As of Ulysses she regardful was,
 At Troy, where we the Greeks endur'd such griefs : 220

For I ne'er saw the gods so truly kind,
 As when beside him, Pallas plainly stood :
 If she to love thee in this way desires,
 Then each of them all nuptials would forget !"
 Telemachus made answer unto him ; 225

" This word, I think, will never come to pass ;
 It is too great ; and wonder holdeth me ;
 This would not happen though the gods desir'd,"
 Minerva then replied thus unto him ;

" What word, Telemachus, hath passed thy lips ? 230

A god who will'd could save a man far off ;
 But I could wish, though suffering many griefs,
 To sail back home, and see a safe return !
 Not by my hearth to fall, as now hath died,
 King Agamemnon, thro' Ægysthus' wiles : 235
 But not the gods e'en from a man belov'd
 Can drive away grim death, who all destroys,
 When that king's direful fate takes hold of him !"
 The prudent prince then said to her again ;

" Mentor, lets talk no more of this, though sad ; 240

To him alas ! return no more is true,
 But death and black fate are for him designed.
 And now I wish to ask another word
 Of Nestor ; since he knows right more than all ;
 He has, 'tis said, three ages rul'd of men, 245
 So that he seems immortal like to me :

Do thou, O Nestor, speak the truth to me,
 How died King Agamemnon, Atreus' son ?
 Where was his brother ? and what death for him
 Contrived Ægysthus ? slaying one so brave ? 250

Was he in Argos or elsewhere 'midst men
 Wandering ? did he slay him valiantly ?"

Then Nestor made this answer unto him ;

" I will, dear youth, relate the truth to thee ;

Yet thou hast nearly guess'd, how this was done ; 255
 If Menelaüs coming back from Troy,
 Had caught Ægysthus in the palace still,
 Then had they not heap'd earth thrown on his corpse,
 But greedy dogs and birds had mangled him ;
 Far off from Argos lying on the plain ; 260
 Unwept by one Greek dame, so vast his guilt !
 For we on Troy's plain with great toil sat down,
 While he in corner of rich Argos quiet,
 With soft words flatter'd Agamemnon's wife :
 At first she set her face against the deed ; 265
 Fair Clytemnestra, then of virtuous mind :
 The minstrel too was there, to whom the king
 Gave charge, when sailing, to protect his wife ;
 But when heaven's fate ensnared her in her bands,
 Bearing the minstrel off to desert isle, 270
 And left there prey to sanguinary birds ;
He willing led *her* willing then away
 To his own house, and burnt there many thighs
 On sacred altars, and hung native gifts,
 Both woven robes, and gold, he having done 275
 A great deed which exceeded all his hopes.
 Homeward we sail'd in company from Troy,
 Myself and Menelaüs, on good terms ;
 But when the Surian promontory
 We reached, bright Phœbus there the pilot slew, 280
 Of Menelaüs, with his gentle darts ;
 Still holding the ship's rudder in his hand ;
 Phrontes, Onetor's son, excelling all
 In governing a ship, when storms invade :
 So was he kept there, tho' fast hastening on, 285
 To bury and perform the funeral rites.
 But when proceeding o'er the purple sea,
 In hollow ships, he reach'd the lofty mount

Of Malia, then Jove design'd to him
 Disastrous course, and sent shrill whistling winds 290
 And swelling waves which high as mountains roll'd.
 The ships there parting, some he brought near Crete,
 Where dwelt Cydones, round Iardanus's floods ;
 There is a steep rock, which juts out to sea,
 Just at Gortyn's verge 'midst troubled floods : 295
 The south winds drove vast waves on its left point,
 By Phæstum : small stones can repel great waves ;
 These ships drove to that place ; the mariners
 Nigh perished ; waves against rocks broke the ship ;
 But five blue ships the wind and water then 300
 Brought swiftly to the far Ægyptus' coast.
 He gathering there provisions and fine gold,
 Roam'd with his ships amidst those foreign men ;
 Ægisthus meanwhile did sad deeds at home,
 Atreides slain ; the people too subdued ; 305
 For seven years he o'er Mycænæ reign'd,
 In th' eighth his evil star, Orestes, came,
 From Athens home, and his sire's murderer slew ;
 Ægisthus, wily man, who did the deed :
 He call'd the Argive men to funeral feast, 310
 For his bad mother, and Ægisthus vile :
 On selfsame day brave Menelaüs came,
 Much treasure bringing as his ships could bear ;
 And do not friend long wander far from home ;
 Both wealth left in thy house and men besides 315
 Who are so insolent, lest all thy wealth
 They should devour ; and void thy journey be !
 But I exhort thee to depart indeed
 To Menelaüs, for late from afar
 He's come ; from those he never could have hop'd 320
 One should return ; whom storms had driven to
 So vast a sea ; from which not e'en wing'd birds

Can come in one year, it so dangerous is :
 But with this ship and sailors now depart,
 Or choosing land, a chariot and steeds 325
 My sons, I offer too, to be your guides ;
 To Lacedæmon, Menelaüs court :
 And mind to ask him to speak truth to thee,
 But he'll not lie, for he most prudent is !"
 The sun then set, and darkness spread its shade, 330
 Amidst them did Minerva also speak :
 " O aged man, thou rightly hast discours'd
 But now cut out the tongues and mingle wine,
 That when to Neptune and the gods we've pour'd
 Libations forth, we may lie down to sleep : 335
 The light 's already sunk below the west,
 At feasts to gods long sittings don't beseem."
 Jove's daughter spoke, they hearkened to her voice.
 The heralds then pour'd water on their hands,
 And chosen youths the goblet crown'd with wine ; 340
 Then in due order pass'd it round in cups,
 The tongues cast in the fire ; libations made:
 When they had drunk unto their heart's content,
 Then Pallas and Telemachus desir'd
 Together both to go down to the ship. 345
 But Nestor kept them, thus reproving them ;
 " May Jove forbid this, and th' immortal gods,
 That you should seek, forth from my halls, your ship,
 As from one lacking vests, or very poor ;
 No coverlets or blankets in his house, 350
 On which himself or guests could take repose :
 But I've fine coverlets, and handsome rugs ;
 O never shall Ulysses' much lov'd son
 Sleep on ships' benches while myself shall live,
 As afterwards sons shall be left by me, 355
 To entertain guests coming to my house."

Minerva then replied to him again :

“ Well hast thou said : to hearken unto thee
It doth become Telemachus ; 'tis best
He now shall follow thee, to sleep within 360
The chamber, while I to the ship return,
To cheer our sailors and to give commands.

For I alone of them am ripe of years,
The rest, much younger, sail as friends with us,
In age all equal with Telemachus. 365

There would I lie within the hollow ship
To-night, at morn to the Caucones go,
Who owe to me a debt ; no recent one ;
Nor small ; but since he's come to thee, do thou
Send with thy chariot and thy son ; and give 370
The steeds most swift and excellent in strength.”

This having said, she was gone from his sight,
Like to an eagle : wonder seiz'd on all :
Old Nestor most, beholding with his eyes :
He grasp'd Telemachus' hand, and spoke : 375

“ Nor cowardly, nor weak, thou'lt be, I think,
If, yet so young, the gods are guides to thee ;
For this none other is of heavenly gods,
But chaste Tritogeneia, child of Jove !
Who honor'd thy brave sire most of the Greeks : 380

O be, great Queen ! propitious ! glory give
Both to myself, my children, and my wife !
I'll sacrifice a cow calf, one year old,
Broad fac'd, untam'd, ne'er brought beneath the yoke,
Her will I offer, with bright gilded horns.” 385

Thus spake he praying : Pallas heard his prayer :
Gerenian Nestor led them onwards then,
Towards his palace, sons and sons in law :
And when they had arriv'd at that chief's house,
They set them down on couches and on thrones ; 390

The aged king a goblet mix'd for them,
 Of sweetest wine, which in th' eleventh year,
 The housekeeper drew forth, breaking the seal ;
 The old king mix'd a cup, and pour'd forth much
 With vows to Pallas, daughter of great Jove. 395
 When after this, they drank to heart's content,
 They went to rest, each man to his own home ;
 But Nestor made to sleep within his walls,
 Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
 Beneath the portico, on airy bed ; 400
 And near to him, Pisistratus, young chief,
 Who of his sons was yet a bachelor :
 He slept himself within side a recess,
 The queen, his wife, prepar'd the bed for him :
 But when Aurora, child of Morn, arose, 405
 Old Nestor likewise rose from off his bed :
 And going forth, sat on the polished stones,
 Which for his use were laid before the doors,
 Pure white, bright too with oil, on which of yore
 Old Neleus sat, in wisdom like to gods : 410
 But he was now gone down to Hades' realms ;
 And Nestor now did sit down upon them,
 With sceptre in his hand, his sons around,
 (Forthcoming,) Echephron and Statius,
 Aretus, Perseus, Thrasymêdes brave, 415
 And sixth Pisistratus, amongst them came :
 Leading Telemachus, they plac'd him near,
 And Nestor then began discourse to them :
 " With readiness perform, dear sons, my will,
 That Pallas, first, I may propitiate, 420
 Who plainly came to me at Neptune's feast :
 Let one haste to the plain for young cow calf,
 Which, with all speed the herdsman may drive here ;
 And let one seek Telemachus's ship,

And all his sailors bring here, except two : 425
 Lærcæus too, the goldsmith, let one bring,
 To gild the 'beast's horns' with the ductile gold :
 But let the rest remain here in a groupe,
 And bid the maids prepare a feast within,
 And bring seats, limpid water, logs of wood." 430
 They all then hasten'd, and the calf arriv'd
 From off the verdant plain ; the sailors too
 From board ship of the young Telemachus :
 The goldsmith came with instruments of art,
 His anvil, hammer, tongs, most nicely wrought ; 435
 With which he work'd the gold : Minerva too
 Came to be witness of the rites : the gold
 Old Nestor gave, the workmen laid it on,
 When wrought, that Pallas seeing might rejoice :
 Echephron held, with Statius, the calf's horns, 440
 Arêtus, water in chas'd laver bare,
 And salt meal held within his other hand,
 In canister : brave Thrasymêdes stood
 With sharp axe in his hand to slay the calf :
 Then Perseus held the vessel for the blood : 445
 But Nestor first pour'd meal and water forth ;
 And offering first fruits, much to Pallas pray'd ;
 Hair plucking from his head into the fire :
 When he had pray'd and scatter'd votive meal,
 The noble Thrasymêdes standing near, 450
 Struck her : the axe divides the tendons of
 The calf's neck, and relax'd them soon ; shrill cries
 The daughters utter'd, sons' wives, and the wife
 Of Nestor, venerable Eurydice :
 Raising the calf from off the spacious ground, 455
 They held it, and Pisistratus then cut
 Her throat, but as the dark blood flow'd from her,
 They quick divided her, and all the joints

Cut duly off, and cover'd them with lard,
 A double layer, raw bits laid o'er them ; 460
 The king them on the cleft wood burnt, and pour'd
 The purple wine : youths held the five cusp'd spits ;
 The thighs being burnt, and entrails tasted too,
 They cut the rest up, piercing it with spits ;
 And roasted them ; the spits being held by hands : 465
 Fair Polycaste then had bath'd the guest,
 (Who of old Nestor youngest daughter was ;)
 When she had bath'd and rubb'd him o'er with oil,
 And o'er him threw a tunic and fine shirt,
 He left the bath, in body like to gods, 470
 And went to sit down by old Nestor's side.
 Those with the top bits dress'd, and drawn from fire,
 Sat down and feasted : good men 'midst them rose
 And pour'd forth sparkling wine from golden cups :
 When all were satisfied with meat and drink, 475
 Old Nestor then began discourse to them :
 " Come, sons belov'd, the steeds lead forth and yoke,
 Beneath the chariot for Telemachus !"

They heard him and obey'd him cheerily :
 And swift the steeds yok'd to the chariot : 480
 The housekeeper plac'd bread and wine inside,
 And meats to relish, fit for 'Jove-blest' kings :
 Telemachus ascends the chariot then,
 And by his side, the young Pisistratus,
 Did mount thereon, and took the reins in hand ; 485
 And lash'd the steeds : they not unwilling flew,
 Towards the plain, and Pylos left behind :
 They shook the yoke on either side of them.
 The sun now set : the roads were veil'd in gloom ;
 They Phæræ reach'd and Diocles's house, 490
 Son of Orcilochus, from ²Alpheus sprung :

The River god.

They slept there, getting hospitable cheer :
But when morn's rosy finger'd child arose,
They yoke the steeds and mount the chariot,
They lash'd them, and they not unwilling flew : 495
The corn fields soon they reach'd and finish'd then
Their journey : with such speed the steeds drew them :
The sun now set : the roads were veil'd in gloom.

Book II.

What things were done in Lacedæmon :

They now reach'd Lacedæmon crown'd by hills ;
 To Menelaüs palace drove their steeds ;
 They found him setting forth a marriage feast,
 In honour of his 'daughter and her spouse :
 She was betroth'd unto Achilles' son ; 5
 In wide Troy he at first had promise made,
 That he would give her : Jove confirm'd it now.
 He sent her with five chariots and steeds,
 To the fam'd city rul'd o'er by her spouse.
 A wife from Sparta came, Alector's child, 10
 For Megapenthes, his brave late-born son :
 Born of his 'hand maid : but the gods did not
 More offspring give to Helen since she first
 Brought forth that lovely child, Hermione,
 Who golden Venus' beauteous form did bear : 15
 And so they banqueted through that vast house,
 Of Menelaüs; friends and neighbours both :
 Themselves amusing : a sweet minstrel sung
 To harps soft music : while two tumblers danc'd
 Amidst, when he began his tuneful lay : 20
 The two within the porch now, with their steeds,

¹ Hermione, daughter of Menelaus by his wife Helen.

² '*Doule*' or female slave : according to the author of the '*nostoi*' (the returns) *Doule* does not signify a slave, but is a proper name: and they say that Homer never calls a female domestic a slave.

Cyclica Fragmenta 'Reditus.'

Telemachus and Nestor's famous son,
 Had stopt, and Etioneüs them beheld,
 Attendant who on Menelaüs was ;
 He went then to announce them to his chief, 25
 And standing near he spake these swift-wing'd words ;
 " O Menelaüs, certain guests are come,
 Two men much like the offspring of great Jove :
 But tell me if we shall unyoke the steeds,
 Or send them to one else to give them cheer ?" 30
 Much anger'd Menelaus said to him,
 " Such folly 's not thy wont, Boethus' son,
 Thou talk'st now silly things, like simple boy ;
 For truly we much cheer from other men,
 Receiving came here ; O that mighty Jove 35
 May cause our troubles from henceforth to cease !
 Unyoke their steeds ! themselves bring to the feast."
 He hasten'd from the house and others call'd ;
 Faithful attendants, with himself to go :
 The steeds these ungird, sweating b'neath the yoke, 40
 And in the stalls to mangers fastened them ;
 And cast down 'spelt' grain and white barley mixt ;
 And rest the chariot against the wall :
 The guests they led within the house, and they
 With wonder view'd the palace of the king : 45
 For as the brightness of the sun or moon,
 The splendour was of Menelaus' halls ;
 When this fair sight their eyes had seen enough,
 Descending to the baths they wash'd themselves ;
 When the maids had anointed them with oil, 50
 And threw round them fine woollen shirts and vests,
 By Menelaus sit they down on thrones :
 An hand-maid water bare in golden ewer ;
 And into silver basin pour'd it forth ;
 To wash their hands ; and polish'd table spread ; 55

The housekeeper brought bread to set thereon ;
 And viands added freely from her stores :
 The man-cook set pil'd dishes of rich meats,
 Of every sort, and golden cups for them.
 The king took their right hands then and thus spake ; 60
 " Now taste ye food, my friends, then afterwards,
 When ye have eaten, we will questions put ;
 What men ye are ; your race is not obscure ;
 But ye descend both from a line of kings,
 Of sceptred kings : no mean man begot you : " 65
 Then taking up the roasted fat ox chine,
 His own choice share ; before them he it set :
 They put their hands unto the dress'd meats spread,
 And when desire for meat and drink had pass'd,
 Telemachus then spoke to Nestor's son ; 70
 With head close to him that none else might hear ;
 " Observe thou well, O Nestor's son most dear,
 Throughout the house the splendour both of brass,
 Of gold, of amber, silver, ivory,
 Such is th' interior of the halls of Jove ! 75
 Profuse and costly : wond'rous to behold ! "
 But Menelaus understood his speech,
 And spake these swift-winged words addressing them :
 " Dear sons, none of men's race can vie with Jove,
 The halls and wealth of gods mine far transcend : 80
 But if mere mortals can contend with me,
 In wealth, I know not, for enduring much,
 And wandering much I brought these treasures home,
 After eight years in ships. To Cyprus, and
 Phœnicia wandering and far Egypt's shores, 85
 I reach'd th' Eresbi, th' Æthiopians, and
 Sidonians ; and the plains of Lybia, where
 The lambs have horns to sprout soon after birth,
 The pregnant ewes thrice in the year bring forth,

Nor prince nor herdsman ever wants at all 90
 For cheese, flesh, or sweet milk ; from their rich flocks,
 The swelling teats are milk'd thro' all the year :
 While largely gathering in these distant lands
 I wander'd : one meanwhile my brother slew,
 Sudden and secret thro' his bad wife's wiles : 95
 So that I reign—not happy in this wealth :
 But from your sires you should have heard these things,
 Whoe'er these be : how that I bore great toils,
 And lost my house containing stores of wealth :
 O that possessing but one third of it 100
 I might dwell here, those brave men still alive,
 Who fell at Troy, from fertile Argos far :
 But tho' lamenting all of those brave men ;
 Within my chamber sitting down oft' times ;
 One time I sooth myself with sorrow ; then 105
 I cease, for grief soon brings satiety :
 For all of them I don't lament so much
 As for one's sake, who bitter makes to me
 Both sleep and food, rememb'ring him, since none
 Of all the Greeks had toil'd so much as he, 110
 (Ulysses) toil'd and wrought : but fate design'd
 Cares unto him, and ceaseless grief to me ;
 For his sake, so long absent far away,
 Nor know we if he's living still or dead ;
 His aged sire and chaste Penelope, 115
 Now mourn him, with the son he left a babe.
 These words now mov'd Telemachus to weep,
 For his lost sire, at mention of his name :
 He shed warm tears upon the ground ; the folds
 Of purple robe upheld before his eyes, 120
 With both hands, which his host fail'd not to see ;
 And then he pondered much within his mind,
 If to permit the youth to name his sire,

Or first himself ask all concerning him.
 While he debated still within his breast, 125
 Fair Helen from her perfum'd chamber came,
 Shap'd like Diana 'graced with golden bow :'
 Adrasta plac'd a polish'd seat for her,
 And fair Alcippe coverlet of wool :
 A flower shap'd vase of silver Philo bare, 130
 Which unto her the fair Alcandra gave,
 The wife of Polybus, who dwelt in Thebes,
 Egyptian, where rich household treasures are ;
 He gave two silver lavers to the chief,
 With two large tripods ; talents ten of gold : 135
 His wife again to Helen gave fair gifts,
 A golden distaff ; vase round shap'd below,
 Silver, with golden margin'd calyces :
 This Philo bearing plac'd by side of her,
 Fill'd with fine textur'd threads, and over it 140
 Her distaff laid, with wool of violets' hue ;
 She sat on regal seat, with carv'd footstool ;
 And of her husband several things inquired :
 " Do we, O Menelaus, know what men
 These coming here profess themselves to be ? 145
 Shall I deceive, or speak true thoughts to thee ?
 These eyes I think, have ne'er seen one so like,
 Nor man or woman ; wonder holds me still ;
 As this young man to great Ulysses' son,
 Telemachus, whom that chief left a babe, 155
 New born ; when for the sake of me the Greeks
 Came round the walls of Troy exciting war."
 Yellow-hair'd Menelaüs answer'd her ;
 " I too compare him, as thou dost, dear wife ;
 For such his feet are, and such too his hands, 160
 Such too the cast of eyes ; the head ; curl'd hair ;
 Besides—Ulysses having call'd to mind,

I told what sufferings with great toil he bore,
 For me, when down his cheeks flow'd bitter tears,
 And his robe's folds he held before his eyes." 165
 Pisistratus next spoke thus unto him :

" O Menelaus, offspring of great Jove !
 This truly is that chief's son, thou dost guess,
 But he is modest and most diffident,
 To interrupt, first coming to this place ; 170
 Before one, whose voice cheers us, as a god's :
 But Nestor gave this mission unto me,
 To be a guide to him : 'twas his desire
 To ask you to suggest, or word, or deed ;
 For youth endures much grief, (his sire away,) 175
 To whom there are no friends to lend him aid ;
 As happens to Telemachus, who has
 Not one at home to keep ills off from him."
 Yellow-hair'd Menelaus answer'd thus :

" Ye gods ! the son of one most dear hath come, 180
 Unto my house, who hath dar'd much for me !
 I've said I should have welcom'd him o'er all
 The Greeks, if unto us wide-seeing Jove
 Had granted his return across the sea !
 A town I would have peopled, houses built 185
 In Argos, bringing him with his dear son,
 His people and his wealth, one town giv'n up,
 Of those of mine, inhabited round here :
 We should have done kind deeds in fellowship ;
 Nor had ought parted us amid'st our joys, 190
 Ere death's black cloud had cover'd us around :
 But Jove himself envied this happy state,
 Who to that hapless chief denied return !"
 His words arous'd desire to weep in all ;
 Then wept the Argive Helen, sprung from Jove, 195
 Then wept Telemachus, Atreides too,

And Nestor's son kept not a tearless eye :
 He call'd to mind the brave Antilochus,
 Whom bright Aurora's ³son slew late at Troy :
 Thinking of him he spoke these swift-wing'd words : 200
 " That thou 'rt above all men, most prudent, chief,
 Talking of you old Nestor us'd to say ;
 At home when we to one another talk'd ;
 Now if thou canst,—pray listen unto me,
 For after supper I wish not to weep, 205
 And soon morn will be here : I'm not averse
 To weep for him who meets his fate and dies ;
 'Tis the sole honour left to wretched men,
 To shave the head, and shed tears for lost friends ;
 For my dear brother late hath died ; not worst 210
 Of Argive men : but this *thou* shouldest know,
 For I ne'er met nor saw him, but fame says
 In swiftness he, and martial deeds, excell'd."
 To him replying Menelaus said :
 Since thou so speakest, friend, as one most wise, 215
 Could speak, e'en one that was of riper years,
 (Born of so wise a sire thou speakest so,
 And soon conspicuous is the son of one
 To whom in nuptial and in after hours,
 Jove deigns prosperity, as now he hath 220
 To Nestor giv'n entirely all his days,
 Himself in peace to wax old in his house ;
 With the spear too his sons wise and expert ;)

From tears let's cease now, which before burst forth,
 And think of supper, and upon our hands 225
 Let them pour water : and when morn arrives
 Telemachus and I will hold discourse :"
 He spake : Asphalion pour'd water forth,

³ Memnon.

Who Menelaüs diligently serv'd :
 They put their hands then to the food set forth :
 Fair Helen then thought of another thing ;
 Forthwith she cast a drug into the wine, 230
 Dispelling grief and rage ; and gloomy thoughts :
 Whoe'er drank of it mingled in the cup,
 Would not pour warm tears down his cheeks all day,
 Not even if his parents just had died,
 Not if a brother or dear son they should 235
 Have slaughter'd with the sword before his face ;
 She had these drugs of wonder working power,
 Most potent, which fair Polydamna, wife
 Of Thonis, gave in Egypt, unto her,
 Whose fertile soil bears many juicy drugs, 240
 Some wholesome, and some hurtful, intermix'd ;
 But each physician there excels in skill
 All men, for they are sprung of Pæon's race :
 This casting in, and bidding them pour wine,
 She spake directly to them in these words : 245
 " Already, son of Jove, and ye besides
 Sons of brave men : in troth Jove unto men
 Vouchsafes, now good, now ill ;—Omnipotent !
 Let us indulge now in the joyous feast,
 And entertain with stories : I will tell 250
 Amusing things : I can't relate indeed
 The whole of them to you, as many as
 The contests of the bold Ulysses were ;
 But in what way that brave man did *this* thing,
 At Troy, where you the Greeks endur'd much ill : 255
 Disfiguring himself with ugly wounds,
 With tatter'd garments round him, like a slave,
 He enter'd the wide city of his foes,
 But he the form took of another man,
 A *beggar*, unlike himself when in camp : 260

He enter'd Troy's gates, like unto this man ;
Alone I knew him, altho' thus disguis'd,
 And question'd him ; he shifted craftily ;
 But when I wash'd him, and anointed him,
 And put fresh garments on, and sware to him, 265
 That I would not betray him to Troy's sons,
 Ere he had come back to the ships and tents,
 He then disclos'd the whole mind of the Greeks :
 Then slaying many Trojans with the sword
 He went back taking many plans with him ; 270
 Some Trojan women shriek'd out, but *my* breast,
 Rejoic'd ; my heart being chang'd in me to go
 Back home ; I wept the mischief *Venus* caus'd
 Leading me thither from my native land ;
 My daughter left behind ; and husband too, 275
 Without defect, in mind or manly form :"
 Then Menelaüs, answering, said to her :
 "Thou hast, my wife, said all these things with truth :
 The mind and wisdom I have too well known
 Of many chiefs, and travers'd many lands, 280
 But such a man I never yet beheld,
 As that dear heart of brave Ulysses was :
 And how that strong man dar'd this deed besides,
 Within the polish'd horse, wherein we sat
 The chiefs of Greece, to Trojans bringing death ; 285
 Thou camest there, the god to bid thee seem'd ;
 The god, who Trojans wish'd to glorify ;
 Deïphobus thee follow'd, going forth ;
 Thrice walk'd thou round the ambush, handling it ;
 And all the Greek chiefs call'd to by their names, 290
 Likening thy voice to that of all their wives ;
 But Diomed, Ulysses, and myself
 Sitting amidst, heard when thou call'd to us ;
 Then Diomed and I thought, springing forth,

To leave the horse, or answer thee within't, 295
 But brave Ulysses us though eager held ;
 Then all the other Greek Chiefs silence kept,
 But 'Anticlus alone wish'd to reply,
 But with strong hands Ulysses pressed his mouth,
 Unceasing, and preserv'd thus all the Greeks ; 300
 Curbing him till thee Pallas led away :"
 Telemachus made answer unto him ;
 " Atreides ! son of Jove ! and prince of men !
 'Tis sad ! for these things sav'd him not from death,
 Not tho' his heart had e'en been stubborn steel ! 305
 Dismiss us now to bed, that at this hour
 We lying down may gentle sleep enjoy :"
 Fair Helen then gave orders to her maids,
 To set the couches underneath the porch,
 With purple cushions and rich coverlets, 310
 And soft loose robes on top to wrap them in ;
 Lit torches holding, then the maids went forth,
 And spread the couches : heralds led the guests.
 These then lay down within the vestibule,
 Telemachus and Nestor's famous son ;^d 315
 But Atreus' son slept in a high recess,
 And Helen in a loose robe by his side.
 But when Aurora born of Morn appear'd,
 Then Menelaus rose up from his bed ;
 And dress'd : and round his shoulder hung his sword, 320
 And bound bright sandals underneath his feet ;
 Then went he forth, in presence like a god !
 And sat down by Telemachus and spoke ;

^d The narration concerning Anticlus is from the Cyclic Poets ; 'See *Arctinius*.' Destruction of Troy : fragments.

^e The Poet forgets to make further mention of the wedding guests, or their dismissal.

"What cause hath hither led thee, youthful chief,
 To Lacedæmon, on the sea's broad back ? 325
 Public or private ? truly tell me this !"
 Telemachus replied to him again ;
 "Atreides ! son of Jove ! and chief of men !
 I've come to learn news from thee of my sire,
 My home's devour'd ; the fruits of labour gone : 330
 The house is full of men who daily kill
 The flocks of sheep, and oxen with trail feet :
 The suitors of my mother,—full of pride :
 I come then to thy knees, if thou may'st deign
 To tell me of his fate, if thou hast chanc'd 335
 To witness it, or heard from one the tale—
 Some traveller ; he was to trouble born ;
 Don't from respect or pity flatter me,
 But truly tell what's pass'd before thine eyes ;
 I pray thee, if my father ever hath 340
 Perform'd, by word or deed, aught promised thee,
 Among'st the Trojans, where ye bore sad griefs ;
 Of this be mindful now, and truly speak !"
 Atreides then, sore troubled, answer'd him ;
 "O Heaven ! the dastards on a brave man's bed 345
 Did wish to lie ; sad cowards in themselves !
 But as a stag her new-born suckling fawns
 Lays down to sleep in some strong lion's lair,
 Then tracks far thro' the groves, and grassy vales,
 For pasturage ; the lion then comes back 350
 And cruel death inflicts on both of them ;
 Such hard death will Ulysses bring to these ;
 Pallas ! Apollo ! and great Jove ! O that
 Being such as in well built Lesbos once,
 He with Philomeleides did stand up, 355
 And wrestling threw him, and the Greeks rejoic'd ;
 Still being such he could those proud men meet,

All would be short liv'd—and sad nuptials find :
 As for the things thou askest, I would not
 Speak untrue things by shifting, nor deceive ; 360
 But what the old man of the sea told me,
 Of those things will I hide nought or conceal."
 The gods in Egypt me desiring home
 Detain'd, for giving not full hecatombs :
 (They wish us to remember their commands :) 365
 There is an isle amidst the billowy sea
 In front of Egypt (which is Pharos call'd)
 'Tis so ° far as a ship sails in one day,
 On which a whistling wind blows from the stern ;
 A port is there commodious whence they launch 370
 The ships again, dark water having drawn :
 The gods me kept there twenty days, nor came
 Propitious gales o'er ocean which then are
 Our vessels leaders o'er the sea's broad back :
 Now all our stores and courage had been spent, 375
 Had not a goddess sav'd and pitied me,
 E'en Proteus' daughter, ' Old Man of the Sea,'
 Fair Idothëa, for I mov'd her heart,
 Meeting me wand'ring from my sailors far ;
 For these far roaming round the isle did fish 380
 With crooked hooks ; for hunger urg'd them much.
 She standing near address'd me in these words ;
 ' Stranger ' art thou a fool, or very mad,
 Or ling'rst willingly, joying in grief,
 That thou'rt so long detained, nor any end 385
 Can'st find, the hearts too of thy seamen fail ?"
 I then replying thus addressed her,
 To thee I'll tell, what ever goddess thou,
 That I'm not willing kept, but now appear

° Pharos was a very short days sail from Egypt: it was so near the town of Alexandria, as to be joined thereto in process of time by a bridge.

To have offended gods who dwell on high : 390
 But do thou tell me (gods know everything),
 Which of th' Immortals stops and hinders me ?
 And speak of my return across the sea."

"The goddess fair directly answer'd me,
 I'll tell most truly, stranger, this to thee : 395
 A true old prophet of the sea dwells here,
 Immortal Proteus serving Ocean's god,
 Neptunus, and knows every sea's still depths ;
 Him fame reports to have begotton me ;
 If thou can'st snare, and catch him in your toils, 400
 He can your way and distance tell to you,
 And your return across the fishy sea ;
 He can likewise if you desire it, tell
 What e'er of ill or good hath chanc'd at home,
 While on the voyage thou hast absent been." 405

"Again I made this answer unto her :
 Do thou teach me a snare for this old seer,
 Lest by his foresight he escape from me ;
 For gods are hard to be subdued by men."
 The goddess fair directly answer'd me ; 410

"Most truly stranger, tell I this to thee ;
 What time that Phœbus circuits round mid heav'n,
 This true old prophet comes up from the sea,
 B'neath Zephyr, cover'd by the waves' dark swell
 And lies to sleep within the hollow cave : 415
 Round him the seals of Halosydna fair
 Sleep in a group emerging from the sea ;
 Exhaling th' acrid smell of Ocean's depths ;
 At days' first dawn to that place leading you,
 I'll place you there : and do you first choose out, 420
 Companions three the best on board your ship :
 I'll tell you all this old seer's crafty tricks ;
 He first will view and number all the seals,

And when by fives he shall have counted them,
He, like the shepherd, will lie down in midst ; 425
And when thou see'st him at the first lie down,
Let strength and vigour be a care to you ;
Take care to keep him (striving to escape,)
He'll try all forms for this, as many as
Of reptiles creep, or swim, or live in fire ; 430
But hold him firm and press him more and more,
And when at length he, talking, questions you,
In self-same form wherein he lay to sleep,
Take heed to cease from force, and loosen him,
And ask him which god tis that troubles you ; 435
And of return that you may cross the sea."

"She plung'd into the deep sea full of waves :
I went then to the ships moor'd on the sands,
My heart deep pondering as I mov'd along ;
But when I came down to the ship and sea 440
And we had supp'd and night ambrosial came,
We then lay down upon the shore to sleep :
But when Aurora, rosy finger'd, came,
I wander'd then along the broad sea shore,
And pray'd much to the gods : I then did choose 445
Companions three, in whom I trusted most :
The sea nymph meanwhile entering the sea,
The skins of four large seals brought from its depths,
All newly skinn'd : a trick that she devis'd.
The beds then excavating, she sat down 450
Awaiting : we approach'd quite near to her :
She placing us, to each one threw a skin.
Our ambush was unpleasant ; for the smell
Most noisome of the sea-bred seals annoy'd,
For who beside sea monsters can lay down ? 455
But this fair Nymph devis'd a remedy,
B'neath each one's nose she did ambrosia put,

Sweet smelling, which destroy'd the seals' bad smell :
 With patient mind all morning then we wait ;
 The seals came forth in numbers and they then 460
 In order lay to sleep beside the shore ;
 Th' old seer at mid-day left the sea and found
 The sleek fat seals ; he went and counted them :
 He counted us first of them, nor at all
 Suspected aught ; and then lay down himself : 465
 Shouting we rush'd and round him threw our hands,
 Nor was he now unconscious of the trick ;
 A long-man'd lion first he chang'd into,
 Next dragon, panther, and a huge-limb'd boar ;
 Next water, next a tree with lofty boughs, 470
 But still we held him firm with constant mind,
 And when he with his crafty tricks was vex'd,
 He spake to me and question'd in these words :
 " Counsels of gods, who, chief, hath told to thee
 Snaring me 'gainst my will? what wishest thou? 475
 I then in answer thus replied to him ;
 Thou know'st (why askest thou deceiving me ?)
 That I'm detain'd within this isle, nor can
 I find an end ; my heart in me's consum'd ;
 But tell to me (for gods know everything), 480
 Which of the gods detains me from my way ;
 Speak too of my return across the sea."
 Forthwith in answer said he unto me :
 " It much behoves thee, sacrifice first made
 To all the gods, to climb up your ships' sides, 485
 That in short space you reach your native land :
 But 'tis not destin'd thee to see thy friends,
 And reach thy home and thy paternal soil,
 Ere thou shalt have returned back again
 Unto the Nile, that stream which flows from Jove, 490
 And there made hecatombs unto the gods ;

Those gods will grant the voyage then to thee."

"Within me then was broken my poor heart,
For that he bid me cross the dark wide sea,
Into the land of Egypt ; dangerous way : 495
But though 'twere so, I thus replied to him :
I will, O seer, perform what thou dost bid ;
But come tell this thing truly unto me,
If all the Greeks in safety have arriv'd,
Whom I and Nestor left, sailing from Troy, 500
Or some by fate have died in their own ships,
Or ending war, in hands of their dear friends ?"

He then, forthwith, in answer said to me :
"Why askest thou these things ? there is no need
For thee to search them out ; nor do I think 505
Thy cheeks will long be dry when thou hast heard :
Many were slain : but many too were left,
But only two great leaders of the Greeks
Perish'd returning : (thou wert in the war !)
One living is kept somewhere on the sea : 510
Great 'Ajax was subdued within the ships.
To Gyre Neptune brought him at the first,
And sav'd him on the vast and lofty rocks ;
Now, though to Pallas hateful, he had 'scap'd
But for his haughty words and grievous sin ; 515
He said he would escape despite the gods,
But Neptune heard him making this great boast ;

⁷ This was Ajax the son of Oileus ; famed for swiftness of foot, and skill in the use of the javelin : at the sack of Troy he offered violence to Cassandra in the temple of Pallas : indignant at the profanation, the goddess raised a tempest, which wrecked his vessel, and many others on the voyage home : Ajax escaped to a rock and might have been preserved, but that he blasphemously defied the gods, and said that he would escape in spite of them ; whereupon Neptune cleft the rock with his trident, and tumbled him into the sea, where he perished : Virgil relates his death differently ; *Æneid* I., 39. Some make the violation of Cassandra a fiction of Agamemnon, who wished to secure her for himself.

His trident in his strong hands taking then,
 He struck the rock and cleft it right in twain,
 One fragment stood, one fell into the sea, 520
 That one whereon bold Ajax sitting sinn'd,
 And took him with it to the wavy sea,
 Salt water drinking, so he perish'd there :
 But thine own brother had escap'd the fates
 Within his ships, chaste Juno saved him ; 525
 But when he near'd the lofty Malean point,
 A violent tempest hurrying along
 Bare him away, deep groaning in his heart,
 To that far coast where once ^sThyestes dwelt,
 But now, Thyestes' son, Ægisthus, reign'd : 530
 Even from thence return appear'd now safe,
 The gods turn'd back the gale and they reach'd home ;
 Rejoicing much he set foot on the soil,
 And kiss'd his own earth, many warm tears too
 Flow'd down his cheeks ; from joy to see that land : 535
 The watchman then beheld him from his tower,
 Set by Ægisthus, promising reward,
 Of gold two talents ; one whole year he watch'd,
 Lest he should pass by, and think of fierce strength ;
 He then goes to his chief and tells the news ; 540
 A crafty plot Ægisthus plann'd forthwith,
 Choosing out twenty of his bravest men
 He ambush set ; prepar'd a feast elsewhere ;
 He Agamemnon to invite then goes
 With steeds and chariot ; planning wicked things ; 545
 Him blind to fate he brought back home and slew
 At that feast, as an ox slain near his stall ;
 None of his followers were left ; nor of

^s Thyestes was son of Pelops, grandson of Tantalus, and brother of Atreus,
 who served up to him his own son at table as food.

Ægisthus' own : all in the palace fell :"
 He spake thus, and my poor heart was cast down, 550
 I sat down on the sands and wept : no more
 My heart did wish to live and look upon
 The sun's bright light : and when I was tir'd then
 Of weeping and of rolling in the sand,
 The old sea prophet thus addressed me : 555
 "No more, Atrides, long and ceaseless weep !
 Since there 's no remedy, but in short space
 Endeavour that thou reach thy native land,
 For thou shalt find that wretch alive : or else 560
 Orestes hath slain him before thee : but
 Thou may'st in time be for the funeral feast."
 Again my heart and generous spirit now
 Were sooth'd altho' I troubled was so much :
 And unto him I spoke these air-winged words :
 "These now I know : but name thou the third chief 565
 (Detain'd, still living, on the spacious sea :
 Or dead :) I wish, tho' troubled, this to hear ;
 He said forthwith in answer unto me ;
 Læertes son ? whose home is Ithaca ?
 I've seen him on an isle oft times in tears, 570
 Within Calypso's cave, kept there by force ;
 Nor can he to his native land return ;
 For ships and sailors are not near at hand
 To bring him home upon the sea's broad back :
 But, Menelaüs, twill not be *thy* fate 575
 To reach thine end, and die on Argive soil,
 But thee to fields Elysian, earth's confines,
 The gods will send, where Rhadamanthus is,
 And where life is most fraught with ease to men,
 There is no snow, or storm, or winter there, 580
 Soft breezes ever of light Zephyrus,
 Old Ocean sends to cool and gladden men,

For Helen's thine, and thou'rt Jove's son-in-law."

" He plung'd then into deep and wavy seas,
 I with my sailors went down to the ships ; 585
 My heart deep pond'ring as I mov'd along ;
 But when we came down to the ships and sea,
 And supp'd and Night ambrosial shadows cast,
 We lay and slept upon the sandy shore ;
 And when Aurora child of Morn arose 590
 We haul'd our ships into the deep broad sea,
 And set up masts and sails within the ships :
 The sailors too embarking at the dawn,
 And rang'd in order beat the sea with oars :
 Then back to Nile, that stream which springs from Jove, 595
 I steer'd the ships and offer'd hecatombs ;
 And when I had appeas'd the wrath of gods
 I rais'd a tomb to Agamemnon there :
 I then return'd back, and propitious gales
 The gods gave, bearing me to my own land : 600
 But stay within my palace now dear youth,
 Until from this the twelfth day shall arrive ;
 Then I'll dismiss thee well with splendid gifts :
 Three steeds, a chariot, and then besides
 A beauteous cup, that to th' immortal gods 605
 Thou make libations mindful e'er of me ! "

"Telemachus made answer unto him :
 Atreides, do not long detain me here !
 I could remain and sit by thee a year,
 Wishing nor home nor parents near to me, 610
 For I am much pleas'd list'ning to thy words :
 But my companions now are sad and tir'd,
 In Pylos : and thou long detain'st me here :
 Let now your gift be some rich household stuff,
 But I'll not lead thy steeds to Ithaca, 615
 But leave them to thyself a sweet delight,

For a wide plain 's thy realm whereon trefoil,
 Abundant grows, and the Cypērus grass,
 And wheat, and spelt, white barley sprouting wide ;
 Ithaca hath no fields, or carriage ways, 620
 'Tis fit for goats ; too steep for grazing steeds :
 None of those isles have roads or fertile meads,
 Seagirt ; and Ithaca above the rest :"

Thus spake he, and then Menelaüs smil'd,
 And strok'd him with his hand, and spoke these words ; 625
 Utt'ring such words, thou art of noble blood,
 I can and will then change the gifts to thee ;
 From those, which lie choice treasures in my house,
 I'll give the one most beautiful of all,

A goblet most elaborately wrought, 630
 Of silver, and its lips edg'd with fine gold,
 Tis Vulcan's work : but Phœdimus to me,
 Sidonian King, gave it ; when shelt'ring me,
 On my return : this will I give to thee."

They thus with one another did converse ; 635
 The guests enter'd the palace of the king,
 Sheep were then brought in, with the generous wine ;
 Their beauteous wives then sent in bread to them,
 About their supper these were then engaged.

The suitors meanwhile in Ulysses' house 640
 Amus'd themselves with javelins and quoits,
 Upon the pav'd court, as it was their wont :
 Antinöus, Eurymachus too, sat

The chief and far most valiant of them all ;
 Noëmon, son of Phronius, drawing near, 645
 Did question then Antinöus in these words ;

"Do we then know within our minds or not
 When young Telemachus from Pylos comes ?
 He took my ship ; but I've now need thereof,
 That I may cross to Elis, where I keep 650

Twelve mares, and some good hardy mules besides,
Not broken in ; I would fetch some of them."

He spake : they wonder'd much, suspecting not
He was to Pylos gone ; but in the isle

Was with his swine herd or amongst his flocks : 655

Antinöus replied thus unto him,

Tell me when he departed ; and what youths

Did follow? pick'd ones of the isle, or his

Own mercenaries ? even *this* might be !

And tell this thing to me with truth likewise, 660

If that he took by force thy ship from thee,

Or thou gav'st freely when he ask'd thee for 't ?"

" Noëmon this in answer said to him ;

I gave it freely : what would others do ?

When such a one oppress'd by cares should ask, 665

It would have been most hard to have denied ;

And youths there are amongst us eminent,

Went with him : a chief too I saw embark

E'en Mentor ; or a god ; but *like* to *him* :

But yet I wonder ; I saw Mentor here, 670

Yestre'en at noon, but he sail'd with the prince !

This said, he went then to his father's house,

Then both these chiefs were much in wonder lost.

The suitors all sat down, leaving their games :

Antinöus's son, Euperthes spoke ; 675

Sore griev'd : his swelling breast was deeply fill'd

With fury : and his eyes glar'd like red fire.

" Good gods ! great exploit hath been proudly done

By young Telemachus ; this voyage ! 'spite

Of what we said ! against so many's wish ! 680

This young stripling departs, launching a ship !

The best men choosing out ! e'en farther off

The mischief will begin ! but in himself

May Jove destroy all power, ere he hatch ills !

Companions twenty and a ship give me, 685
That I him watching on return may trap,
Within the straits which rugged Samos part
From Ithaca ; his travel's peril fraught ! ”
Thus spoke he : all prais'd and encourag'd him :
They forthwith enter'd then Ulysses' house ; 690
Penelope not long was ignorant,
Of those deep plans the suitors ponder'd on ;
The herald Medon told her ; who had heard
Outside the hall ; but now they scheme within ;
He went to tell it to Penelope, 695
But that fair queen address'd him drawing near ;
Oh ! wherefore herald have they sent thee here ?
To the domestics of your lord to tell
To leave their work and dress a feast for them ?
O may this now be their last supper here ! 700
Not seeing me nor gathering elsewhere ;
Who meeting here consume much sustenance ;
Telemachus's wealth : ye ne'er have heard
When you were young, mid'st those your father nam'd,
Of one amongst yourselves being like unto 705
Ulysses, never doing wrong to any one,
Nor 'midst his people speaking any harm,
As the mode is of potent chiefs, some whom
Of men they hate oft, while they others love ;
But he ne'er trampled on a wretched man ; 710
Whereas your minds and cruel deeds are plain ;
Nor are ye grateful for the good receiv'd ! ”
Medon, with prudent thoughts, replied to her :
“ Oh that this might the greatest evil be !
But one, alas ! that is more dreadful far, 715
These suitors plan ; which, O may Jove avert !
They have resolv'd to slay Telemachus,
Returning home ; for he hath gone to seek

In Lacedæmon and in Pylos news
 Of his long absent and much mourn'd-for sire." 720
 Life almost fled the queen's heart at these words ;
 The power of speech deserted her ; her eyes
 Were filled with tears : her clear voice stifled was ;
 After long silence she replied to him :
 " O wherefore, herald, doth my son depart ? 725
 There is no need he should embark in ships,
 Which are to men the horses of the sea ;
 And travel o'er long watery ways ! ah ! is't
 That not his name e'en may be left to men !"
 Then Medon made this answer unto her : 730
 If 'twas a god that urg'd him I don't know,
 Or his own mind, to sail to Pylos, that
 He might hear of his sire's return or fate."
 He then departed through Ulysses' house :
 Then heart consuming grief came o'er the queen ; 735
 She could no more sit down upon her chair,
 But on the threshold of her chamber sat,
 Bewailing piteously : while also mourn'd
 Her maids, both young and old, within the house :
 She, sobbing loudly, thus address'd them then : 740
 " Hear ! gentle friends ! for Jove hath giv'n to me
 Sad griefs o'er all that were brought up with me !
 I that before lost a good husband with
 A lion's heart ; whom every virtue did
 Among the Greeks adorn and grace so well ! 745
 (A brave man, fam'd in Argos and thro' Greece !)
 And now my dear lov'd son have tempests torn,
 I knowing not, inglorious from his house.
 Ah ! cruel ones : not even *you* thought fit
 To rouse me from my couch ; well knowing when 750
 He on the hollow vessel had embark'd :
 For if the news had reach'd me that he plann'd

The voyage ; surely had he kept at home,
 Though eager ; or had left me here a corpse !
 But let one call old Dolius to me, 755
 Whom my sire gave me on my coming here,
 And tends my garden trees, that very soon
 He to Laërtes may tell all these things ;
 If that old chief some counsel having fram'd,
 May 'midst the townsmen these bad men deplore, 760
 Who his and his son's offspring would destroy."
 The old nurse Euryclea then replied :
 " Beloved child : do slay me with the sword ;
 Or shut me up ; I'll not keep silence now !
 'Twas I that knew of all ; gave all he ask'd ; 765
 Bread and sweet wine ; but he requir'd an oath ;
 That I tell thee not ere the twelfth day came ;
 Or you asking for him, had heard of it ;
 That in your grief you wound not your fair skin ;
 But having washed, and taking now clean robes, 770
 Reaching your chamber with your female train,
 Then pray to Pallas, daughter of great Jove !
 That she may save him e'en from king death's jaws !
 And do not thou distress a weak old man ;
 For I don't think that wholly to the gods, 775
 Arcesius progeny is hateful ; but
 That one shall yet survive who may possess
 Their lofty houses and their fruitful lands !"

These words assuag'd her grief, dried up her tears :
 She washing then and taking pure white robes, 780
 Goes to her chamber with her female train :
 Prepares the^o meal and to Minerva prays ?
 " O hear me child of Jove : invincible !
 If e'er Ulysses in thy temple burnt

^o The sacrificial meal mingled with salt.

Fat thighs of oxen or of sheep to thee, 785
 Now think of these and save my darling son !
 But drive those suitors far, so bad, so proud !"
 Thus having pray'd, she shouted loud : her prayer
 The goddess heard : the suitors revell'd then
 Throughout the gloom wrapt house : thus one of those 790
 Most insolent and haughty youngsters spake ;
 " This much woo'd queen prepares a marriage now,
 Forsooth for us, nor hath she known at all
 That her sons death hath been prepared by us !"
 Thus spake one ; but they knew not what was done ; 795
 Antinöus harangued them then and spoke :
 " Rash braggarts ; all proud speeches do ye shun !
 Lest one relate them e'en within the house :
 But let us rising in deep silence now
 Work out such counsel as hath pleas'd us all ! " 800
 He then chose twenty of the bravest men
 Who went down to the ships and to the shore :
 They haul'd a vessel down into the sea,
 And fix'd the lofty mast and spread the sails,
 And fitted oars in ribs of leathern hide. 805
 (And then unfurl'd the white sails to the wind.)
 Attendants carried armour too for them :
 The ship dragg'd deep in moist sand they embark,
 And sup, and wait dark evening to arrive :
 Still in her chamber, chaste Penelope 810
 Then lay down, tasting nor of food or drink,
 Deep pondering, if her son would 'scape the snare,
 Or by those haughty suitors be subdued :
 Like as a lion meditates, who sees
 A throng of men, and fears that they may draw 815
 A circle round about entrapping him ;
 On her, thus pondering, did a sweet sleep fall,
 She slept reclining soft, her limbs relax'd :

Minerva then devis'd another thing :
 She made an image in a woman's form, 820
 Ipthimas ; daughter of Icarius,
 Eumelus' wife, who then in Pheræ dwelt :
 She sent her forth then to Ulysses' house,
 In order that Penelope in tears,
 She might from cries and weeping make to cease : 825
 She enter'd by the strap which fix'd the bolt,
 And stood at her chaste sister's head and spoke :
 " Sleep'st thou, Penelope, so sad at heart ?
 The gods who lie at ease wont suffer thee
 To be afflicted so : since thy son will 830
 Come back : he's not obnoxious to the gods !"
 " Penelope made answer unto her,
 Still sleeping in the gates of airy dreams ;
 Why sister hast thou come ? thou hast not come
 Before ; thy dwelling is so far from hence ; 835
 And bidd'st me cease from sorrows and from griefs,
 So many which do irritate my breast,
 I that before lost a good husband with
 A lion's heart, whom every virtue did
 Among the Greeks adorn and grace so well : 840
 (A brave man fam'd in Argos and through Greece.)
 And now my boy in hollow ship hath sail'd
 So young ; nor conversant with trade or toil,
 I grieve e'en more for his than his sire's loss :
 And every limb doth quake for him, lest he 845
 Should suffer aught, either amidst those men
 Where he is gone, or on the billowy sea,
 For foes devise much mischief for my boy,
 And thirst to kill him, ere he come back home !"
 " The shadowy form replied thus unto her : 850
 Be of good cheer, yield not to such deep fears,
 Companion has he, such as others have

Pray'd to have as guide unto their steps,
 Minerva ; who thy sorrows pities too.
 Who now hath sent me to speak unto you." 855

Penelope replied to her again—

" If thou'rt a goddess, and hast voice divine,
 Oh ! tell me news then of that wretched man,
 If he still lives and sees the sun's bright light,
 Or is now dead, and unto Hades gone ! " 860

Answering to her the shadowy form replied ;

" I will not now inform you of that man,
 Living or dead, tis wrong to speak vain things : "

By the door's bolt the shadow vanished then,
 And mix'd with the light breath of winds : then rose 865

From sleep Icarus' child, much glad in heart,

In early night she had so clear a dream :

The suitors climb the ship's sides now and sail,

Resolving slaughter to Telemachus :

There is a rocky isle amidst the sea, 870

Midway twixt rugged Same and Ithaca,

E'en Asteris, not large, but having bays,

And there the Greeks in ambush wait for him.

Book v.

The raft of Ulysses.

Aurora left the bed whereon she lay,
At Tithon's side—t' illume both gods and men.
The gods in council sat ; high in the midst
The thunderer sat ; excelling all in might.
Then Pallas told them of Ulysses' griefs, 5
Vex'd at his sojourn in the Sea Nymph's cave.
" O father, Jove, and all ye blessed gods !
No sceptr'd king must henceforth gentle be
And kind to all, with sense of what is just ;
But hard of heart, injustice practising : 10
For no one for Ulysses cares at all,
Of those whom he as a kind father rul'd,
Bearing sad griefs in island prison still,
Within Calypso's cave who stayeth him,
Nor can he to his native isle return ; 15
For well oar'd ships and comrades are not there
To take him home upon the sea's broad back ;
They covet much to slay his dear lov'd son,
Returning, for he seeks news of his sire,
In Pylos, and in Lacedæmon's land." 20
The cloud compeller answer'd thus to her ;
" What words, my daughter, have escap'd thy lips !
For hast thou not thyself devis'd a plan,
How that chief coming back should vengeance take ?
His son bring back too wisely, (for thou canst,) 25

That he may reach his native land unscath'd,
 But let the suitors steer a backward course !”
 He spoke and call'd to Hermes, his lov'd son ;
 “Hermes ! for my swift herald oft art thou !
 Go tell the bright hair'd nymph our firm resolve, 30
 That sage Ulysses shall return back now,
 Not by conveyance of the gods or men,
 But, griefs enduring, on a strong bound raft,
 Reach fertile Scheria on the twentieth day ;
 Phæacians dwell there who are near to gods, 35
 Who, as a god, will honour pay to him,
 And ship-board bring him to his native land ;
 First giving rich vests and much brass and gold,
 More plenteous than he would have brought from Troy,
 Safe coming back with his share of the spoil. 40
 Him fate decrees to see his friends and come
 Back to his lofty house and native land.”
 He spake, the herald Hermes swift obey'd :
 Beneath his feet he beauteous sandals bound ;
 Ambrosial, golden, bearing him o'er sea 45
 And o'er wide earth, swift as the tempests breath ;
 He took his rod, which soothes the eyes of men,
 When tis his will, or rouses them from sleep :
 Holding this rod, the strong god Hermes flew ;
 Touching Pieria, reach'd he sea from air, 50
 Like to a ¹ sea gull skimm'd he o'er the waves,
 Which round and round the sterile sea's dark depths
 Hunting for fish, dips oft his wings therein :

¹ The gulls are remarkable for the elegance of their forms ; the great length of their wings, and small comparative size of their bodies, and quantity of feathers wherewith they are covered : they are incessantly on the wing, yet sustain their flight with ease : swim buoyantly on the water, but never dive : their food is principally fish, obtained alive upon the surface. The sea swallow or tern, and the *larus canus*, or ‘common gull,’ are specimens.

So flew swift Hermes o'er a myriad waves.
 But reaching the far distant isle at length, 55
 And landing from the violet tinted sea,
 He journey'd towards the vast cave, wherein dwelt
 The bright hair'd nymph, and found her then within:
 A large fire burnt upon the hearth, the smell
 Of ²cedar and of thuja ³wood far reach'd, 60
 Which burnt therein ; the nymph, who sweetly sung,
 Did weave with golden shuttle o'er her web ;
 And round the cave there grew a verdant wood,
 Tall poplars, alders, fragrant cypress trees ;
 There many wide-wing'd birds too built their nests, 65
 Night owls and hawks, sea choughs and cormorants,
 Which have broad tongues, and fly about the sea.
 A green young vine too round about the cave
 Entwin'd its shoots, which loaded were with grapes.
 Clear crystal waters from four fountains gush'd 70
 Near, but each flow'd in separate channel forth,
 There meads, with violets and wild flowers gemm'd,
 Soft carpeting spread far, a god, if there,
 Had wonder'd much, and great delight have felt.
 So now the herald Hermes wonder'd much, 75
 And when, admiring, he had look'd on all,
 Straight enter'd he the cave's mouth : seeing him

Cedar ; the '*larix cedrus*' (cedar of Lebanon) is the most celebrated tree of the genus '*larix*;' it is a native of the coldest parts of Libanus, Amonus, and Taurus : the term cedrus is derived from '*kuodes*' 'sweet scented,' on account of its balsamic odour when burning.

³ '*Thuon*' or '*Thuia*' the thuja, the orange and citron trees, are trees founded by the Romans under the general term '*Citrus*,' the thuja grew in Africa : *Thuja Orientalis*. (from 'thuo' to sacrifice,) probably a kind of cedar ; '*thuja orientalis*' and '*occidentalis*' are now popularly known as the Chinese and American *Arbor Vitæ*. Some translators have erroneously used the terms frankincense and sandal wood in the text.

In presence, the divine nymph knew the god ;
 (For to each other well known are the gods,
 Though it be one whose dwelling is far off ;) 80
 Noble Ulysses he found not within,
 He by the shore sat weeping, where oft times
 With tears and groans disquieting his heart,
 He look'd out homeward o'er the boisterous sea.
 The fair Calypso then of Hermes asked, 85
 On splendid seat first making him to sit ;
 "Why com'st thou Hermes 'grac'd by golden rod,'
 Rever'd and lov'd ? thou ne'er wast here before.
 Thy will declare, my heart would it perform,
 If I am able, and it can be done." 90
 "But draw near, while I set for thee good cheer."
 The nymph divine then spread the festive board,
 Ambrosial food, and rosy nectar set :
 The herald Hermes then did eat and drink,
 But when he had with food refresh'd his heart, 95
 He answer'd then the sea nymph in these words ;
 "Mine errand, at thy bidding, I'll tell true,
 Jove sent me hither much against my will,
 For who would joy to cross so much salt sea,
 No city nigh of men, that to the gods 100
 Burn sacrifice, with splendid hecatombs !
 But it behoves no god to go beyond,
 Nor yet make void, the *Ægis*-bearer's will.
 Jove says a man 's with you, who is most sad
 Of all the chiefs, who fought round Priam's walls 105
 Nine years, but having sack'd them in the tenth
 Return'd ; but anger'd Pallas on their way,
 Who rous'd fierce winds and billows vast and high.
 (The rest of his brave comrades perish'd there,
 But him the wind then wafted to this coast,) 110
 Him he commands thee to send off with speed

For fate forbids his death so far from friends,
 But his return to see his friends decrees
 Within his lofty house and native land."
 Divine Calypso shook and trembled then ; 115
 And spake in answer these swift words to him ;
 " You gods are cruel, jealous over all,
 Who envy goddesses to sleep by men,
 Should one a husband openly espouse ;
 So when Aurora did ⁴ Orion take, 120
 The happy gods did envy him so long,
 Till chaste Diana in Ortygia,
 Did slay him with her mild and gentle darts.
 And so when Ceres with ⁵ Iäsius
 Mingl'd in bed and love, to calm desire, 125
 In a thrice turn'd plough'd field, nor was't long hid
 From Jove, whe slew him with his red hot bolt.
 So too, you gods now envy man with me ;
 I sav'd him, stretch'd astride upon ship's keel,
 Alone, when with the gleaming thunderbolt, 130
 Jove split in twain his swift ship midst the sea.
 The rest of his brave comrades perish'd there,
 But him the wind then wafted to this coast.
 Him welcoming, I nourish'd, promising
 To make immortal, seeing not old age. 135
 But since 'tis not for other gods to cross,
 Nor render void the Ægis-bearer's will,
 Let him depart if Jove doth bid him go,
 Across the sea, but I'll convey him not,
 For ships and mariners are not with me 140

⁴ Orion was a huntsman and attendant on Diana. He was of large stature and was changed into the constellation that bears his name.

⁵ Iasius was the son of Jupiter and Electra, brother of Dardanus and lover of Ceres.

To transport him upon the sea's broad back :
 But gladly I'll advise him, nor conceal
 How he most safe may reach his native land."

The herald Hermes then replied again ;

"Dismiss him thus now and regard Jove's wrath, 145
 Lest anger'd, he hereafter trouble thee."

Hermes, thus speaking, potent god, was gone.

To sage Ulysses then the chaste sea nymph

Departed, when she heard great Jove's commands.

She found him sitting on the shore ; his eyes 150

Still full of tears ; all pleasant life consum'd

In grief for home, the nymph pleas'd him no more.

His nights he pass'd beneath compulsion too,

Beside her willing, he unwilling laid.

But in the day time haunting rocks and shores, 155

(With tears and groans disquieting his heart.)

He look'd o'er sea towards home, bath'd in tears.

The nymph divine thus spoke then, standing near :—

"Weep here no more, unhappy, nor consume

In grief, for I'll now gladly let thee go. 160

Come, cut thee first long beams, and join with brass

A spacious raft, and flooring boards thereon

Then lay, that it may bear thee o'er the sea.

Then bread and water, sparkling rosy wine,

I'll place thereon, which will keep hunger off : 165

Garments I'll put on you, and send a gale,

That thou may'st safely reach thy native land,

If the gods will, who dwell in spacious heav'n ;

And who in thought and deeds excel me much,"

Thus spoke she ; bold Ulysses stood amaz'd, 170

And then these swift-wing'd words he spoke to her ;

"Thou plannest something else, not my return,

Bidding me cross on raft the sea's abyss ;

Fearful and dangerous, which not even ships

Swift sailing, pass o'er with propitious winds. 175
Nor would I, 'gainst thy will embark thereon,
Unless thou swear a binding oath to me
That thou no mischief plan unto myself."
He spake ; Calypso, goddess fair, then smil'd ;
And gently strok'd him with her hand, and said ; 180
" Too crafty art thou, and in cunning vers'd,
Such speech thy mind hath now conceiv'd to speak.
Let earth bear witness, and wide heaven above,
The downward flowing styx too, which oath is
Strongest and greatest that blest gods can take ; 185
That I no mischief will devise for thee,
But I such things persuade, as for myself
I should provide, if such need came to me.
Upright my mind is, nor boast I to have
An iron heart, but one that's merciful." 190
Thus speaking, the divine nymph led the way
Briskly ; he follow'd in her footsteps then.
Then came they both unto the hollow cave ;
He sat down on the seat, whence late uprose
Swift Hermes ; she set diverse food for him 195
To eat and drink ; the wonted food of men.
She o'er against divine Ulysses sat ;
Her maids brought nectar and ambrosial food,
They both their hands put to the meats set forth,
And after they had meat and drink enough, 200
The fair Calypso then began discourse ;
" Laërtes' godlike son ! O cunning chief !
Thus to thy home and native land dost thou
Desire return now ? yet I'll say farewell !
If thou should'st know, what griefs are fated thee 205
To fill the measure of, ere thou reach it,
Then stopping here, thou would'st protect my house
And be immortal, much as thou desir'st

To see thy wife, for whom thou hopest e'er :
 I boast myself inferior no-wise 210
 In heart and form to her ; since tis not meet
 Mere mortal women vie with goddesses."

The sage Ulysses then replied to her ;
 " Chaste goddess ! be not wroth ! for I myself
 Know these things well : Penelope in form 215
 And stature's presence is beneath thee far,
 For she's but mortal, thou immortal art.
 But still I wish and hope through all my days
 To go back home and see return's glad day ;
 But should some god destroy me on the sea, 220
 So be 't ! my mind most patient is of grief ;
 I've suffer'd much, and many labours borne
 On waves ! in war ! let this be in their wake."

He spoke : the sun then set, and darkness came ;
 These then retiring to the cave's recess, 225
 Indulg'd in love's joys, laying side by side.
 But when morn's rosy child, aurora came,
 The chief put on his woollen coat and vest :
 The nymph put on a large robe white as snow,
 Graceful and thin, with girdle round her loins 230
 Beauteous and golden ; round her head a veil :
 She for Ulysses' voyage then prepar'd ;
 She first a large axe gave, fitting his hands,
 Of brass, sharp, double-edg'd, which had
 A handle of bright olive wood well join'd. 235

^c A plane well polish'd next ; she led the way
 To th' isle's far side, where grew the largest trees
 Alders, and poplars, pines which touch'd the clouds :

^c 'Skeparnon' '*ascia*,' a chip axe ; or '*runcina*,' a plane ; an instrument of later invention.

Sapless long time, quite dry, for sailing light.
 And having shewn him, where these high trees grew, 240
 Calypso had departed to her cave.
 He fell'd the trees, the work was quickly done :
 He cut down twenty, chipp'd them with his axe,
 Smooth'd them with skill, and levell'd to the rule.
 Meanwhile Calypso did some augurs bring ; 245
 He bor'd, and one with other fitted them ;
 With nails and joints the raft he bound compact ;
 Of such dimensions as skill'd shipwright builds
 A ships bottom, a ship of burden broad ;
 So large he made his wide-floor'd naval raft : 250
 The sides next, fitting them to numerous ribs,
 He made, and wall'd with lining of long planks :
 He built a mast, and sail-yard fitting it,
 A rudder then he made to guide the ship.
 He every side secur'd with osier rods, 255
 Defence 'gainst waves : he much material us'd.
 Calypso brought him then wove linen cloth,
 To make the sails ; these skilfully he wrought ;
 The tackling, cable, and ' sheet ropes next fix't
 And launch'd it then with spars into the sea. 260
 Twas the fourth day when all his work was done,
 The fifth Calypso sent him from the isle,
 Wash'd, and with scented garments clothing him.
 She plac'd by him a skin of purple wine,
 One fill'd with water, and much victuals too 265
 In leathern bag ; with dainty pleasant meats :
 A calm, safe wind she lastly made to blow.

⁷ ' *Podas* ' *pedes* : the '*pes-veli*' is the rope by which sails are hauled in, or veered out, according to the direction of the wind; hence '*navigare pede æquo*' to sail with a full wind,—before the wind,—with the wind right aft. '*pede uno*' with a half wind,—with a side wind, when only one corner of the sail is present.

Pleas'd with the gale, Ulysses spread his sails,
 And with the rudder skilfully did guide,
 Near to it seated ; sleepless were his eyes. 270
 The ⁸ Pleiades, Bœotes setting late,
 The group they call 'the bear,' ⁹ and some 'the wain,'
 Which looks towards Orion, he beheld
 And where the pole star is, which never sets :
 For fair Calypso gave command to him, 275
 To sail o'er seas, with that star on his left.
 The chief travers'd the broad sea seventeen days,
 On eighteenth dawn the hills appear'd in sight ,
 Upon Phæacia's island, near to him :
 On the sea's face, it seem'd an oxhide shield : 280
 From Æthiop's land returning, Neptune saw
 Him far off, from the hills of Solyme ;
 He seem'd to sail on ocean. He was vex't,
 And shook his head, and commun'd with himself ;
 Ye powers, the gods for that Ulysses have 285
 Design'd anew, I being in Æthiop's land :
 He's near Phæacia, where tis fated him
 To pass the limits of his painful toils :
 But he will yet, I think endure much grief.
 The clouds, meanwhile, ¹⁰he gather'd, mov'd the sea, 290
 And with his trident stirr'd up all the storms
 Of all the winds, and cover'd with black clouds
 Both earth and sea ; black night came o'er the heavens.
 On rush'd the South, the East, the fierce West wind,
 And freezing boreas, heaving mighty waves. 295
 Ulysses' heart and limbs were then unnerv'd ;
 Sore vex'd he commun'd with his mighty soul :

⁸ The Pleades or Pleiades were seven daughters of Atlas, by Pleione, daughter of Oceanus and Thethys ; changed into the well-known constellation.

⁹ Vulgar name of Ursa major and minor, the polar star in the latter never sets.

¹⁰ The god Neptune.

" Alas me ! what may now at last befall !
 I fear the goddess spoke true words to me,
 That on the sea I, ere I reach'd dear home, 300
 Should fill grier's measure : all now comes to pass !
 With such black clouds Jove veils now heaven's expanse !
 Troubling the sea, while storms on all sides rage,
 Rais'd by all winds ; sure ruin falls on me !
 Thrice happy Greeks who bravely perish'd then 305
 On Troy's wide plains, while serving Atreus' sons :
 Would I had died, and reach'd my final doom
 That day, when Troy's proud chiefs did hurl at me
 Their brazen spears around Pelides' corpse !
 Greece then had honour'd me with funeral rites, 310
 But now fate dooms me to a wretched death."
 A vast and swelling wave roll'd tow'rs him now,
 With dread shock whirling round and round his raft :
 He fell off far from it ; and from his hands
 That storm of mingling winds fierce rushing on 315
 Drove out the rudder, broke the mast in twain,
 Far distant too the sail and sail-yard fell ;
 Long kept he under water, nor could he
 Soon rise from underneath so strong a wave,
 His garments' weight oppress'd, Calypso's gift. 320
 At length he rose, and his mouth vomits forth
 The salt brine, which in streams pour'd from his head.
 His raft forgot he not, though sore distress'd ;
 But plunging midst the waves, caught hold of it :
 And sat thereon, to shun appalling death. 325
 Vast waves then bore it rapid here and there,
 As when autumnal winds waft ¹¹thistle down
 Which close together sticks, across the plain,
 So the rude winds the raft bore here and there,
 South wind to North gave it to bear along, 330

¹¹ (*Acantha*) which also signifies " a bramble thorn."

East wind to West gave it to chase away.
 But beauteous Ino saw him, Cadmus' child,
 Who once was mortal, now immortaliz'd,
 As Leucothœa, a divine sea nymph;
 She pitied much a wand'rer, so distress'd; 335
 (In seafowl's shape she rose from ocean's depths;
 And sat her down upon his raft and spoke;
 "Unhappy man! oh, why is Neptune wroth
 With thee, devising mischief to thy raft?
 Yet though desirous, shan't he drown thee now! 340
 But act now promptly, for thou seem'st no fool!
 Put off thy garments, leave thy raft to drift,
 And swimming with thy hands, try reach
 Phœacia's land, to which fate bids thee go:
 Spread out this girdle underneath thy breast; 345
 Immortal safeguard, that thou be not lost:
 And when thou'st touch'd the land with both thy hands,
 Then put it off, and cast it in the sea,
 Afar from land, but turn thyself away."
 Thus speaking she the girdle gave to him; 350
 And plung'd again into the stormy sea,
 In seafowl's shape; a black wave cover'd her.
 The chief, so much enduring, ponder'd then,
 And sorely troubled, commun'd with his heart:
 "Ah me! I fear some god weaves yet again 355
 Some web t'ensnare, who bids me leave my raft!
 But I'll obey not, since mine eyes behold
 The land far off, to which she bade me go;
 But this I'll do, which seems the best to me;
 As long as any timbers shall hold fast 360
 So long I'll stay, and bear to suffer griefs;
 But when the waves have parted all my raft,
 I then will swim; the best remaining chance."
 While pondering thus within his mind and heart,

A mighty wave Neptunus heav'd o'er him, 365
 Both strong and high, which struck against him then ;
 Like as a keen wind agitates a heap
 Of dry wheat chaff, and widely scatters it ;
 So this dispers'd the long beams of his raft :
 He strode o'er one, as one vaults o'er a horse ; 370
 But cast the garment off, Calypso's gift ;
 He spread the girdle underneath his breast,
 And plung'd head foremost, both his hands spread out,
 Prepar'd to swim ; old Neptune saw him then,
 And shook his head, and commun'd with himself ; 375
 " Great ills enduring, wander through the sea,
 Till thou be mingled, with Jove's foster sons :
 But even thus thou'lt count the price not small."
 His bright man'd horses then he onward drove,
 And came to Ægæ, where his temple was. 380
 But Jove-born Pallas plann'd another thing ;
 She stopt the passage of all other winds,
 And bade them cease, and lull themselves to rest ;
 But stirred up Boreas ; broke the waves for him ;
 Till the divine chief, shunning death and fate, 385
 Should reach Phæacia, land of mariners ;
 Two nights, two days' long space, amid the waves
 He ¹² wander'd on : his heart presag'd sad death,
 But on the third day when Aurora rose,
 The wind had ceas'd, and all the bright serene 390
 Was tranquil, then he saw land near to him,
 Looking with keen eyes, lifted on the waves.
 As when the sons see welcome signs of life

¹² So long a swim as this is nowhere else to be read of ; the crossing of the Hellespont which Leander in ancient, and Lord Byron and Mr. Ekkenhead in modern times accomplished, is but a trifle to it: but as Dean Alford observes, he had a patent life preserver; and his flesh must have been sodden like boil'd mutton, or a washerwoman's fingers.

In some lov'd sire, long sick, enduring grief,
 Drooping, some hostile pow'r infecting him, 395
 And then the gods release him from disease :
 So pleasing, land and woods appear'd to him ;
 He swam and strove to touch land with his feet,
 But when so near as a loud cry might reach,
 He heard a sound nigh rocks within the sea, 400
 A mighty billow roar'd, cast fearfully
 Upon dry land ; foam cover'd all the sea.
 No fitting harbours had this isle for ships,
 But high shores standing out, and cliffs, and banks ;
 His limbs did shake, and his dear heart wax faint ; 405
 He sorely troubled spoke to his own mind :
 " Ah me ! when Jove brought long hoped land in sight,
 And I had cut the furrow'd tracks of sea,
 A landing place nowhere appears therein ;
 For steep banks stand far out, and round them roar 410
 Tempestuous waves, and glassy rocks rise high ;
 Nigh them the sea is deep, and one cannot
 Stand on both feet, and out of danger get ;
 Lest me emerging, vast waves snatching off
 Should cast on rocks, and my attempt be vain. 415
 If I swim further so that I may find
 Shores wash'd by waves, and harbours of the sea,
 I fear a storm me bearing off again,
 Shall carry o'er the sea, midst my deep groans ;
 Or Neptune cause some monster of the deep, 420
 Which Amphitrite breeds, to follow me,
 For well I know, he is adverse to me."
 While still debating thus within his breast,
 A vast wave washed him on the rugged shore :
 There had he torn his skin and broken his bones, 425
 Had not Minerva put this in his mind :
 He rushing clung with both hands to a rock,

To which he held until the vast wave pass'd ;
 He thus escap'd, but flowing back again
 It rushing smote and cast him in the sea. 430
 As many small stones to the claws adhere
 Of ¹³eight-arm'd Polypus drawn from its hole ;
 So shreds of skin torn from his strong hands clave,
 Unto the rock ; the vast waves cover him.
 Against fate then the hapless chief had died, 435
 Had not Minerva prudence giv'n to him :
 Emerging from the wave cast back on land,
 He swam beyond, and looks around to see
 If bays there were, and shores wash'd by the waves.
 But when into a flowing river's mouth 440
 He swimming came, it seemed the place for him,
 A smooth shelv'd shore, protected from the wind ;
 He kenn'd the stream, and pray'd thus to its god :
 " Hear me, strange god, so much desir'd by me ;
 I come from Ocean, shunning Neptune's wrath ; 445
 Whoe'er a wanderer comes, as I do now,
 Is worthy ev'n th' immortal gods' respect,
 Thy waters come to, and thy knees through toils ;
 Pity me who thy suppliant boast to be !"
 The god then stemm'd his tide and calm'd his waves ; 450
 Still'd all to leeward, made Ulysses safe
 In the stream's mouth ; he then bent both his knees,
 And hands : his heart was wearied by the sea,
 His body swelled : salt water freely flow'd
 From mouth and nostrils ; wanting breath and voice 455
 He lay exhausted ; o'er him came fatigue :
 When he regain'd breath, and his heart reviv'd,
 He then the sea nymph's girdle loos'd from him,
 Casting it in the stream, whence to the sea,

¹³ ' *Octopus Polypus* ; ' the eight claw'd cuttle fish, or *Sepia*, of Linnæus.

A vast wave bore it back, and Ino then 460
 Took it in her fair hands : he left the stream,
 Lay on the rushes ; kiss'd the fertile ground,
 And sorely vex'd, thus commun'd with his soul :
 "O wretched ! what must I endure ? What fate ?
 If in the stream I watch through troublous night, 465
 I fear the hoar frost and the florid dew,
 Through weakness, should subdue my breathless soul :
 For cold air breathes from it ere morning comes.
 But if I climb the heights to shady wood,
 And lay down there, should cold and weariness 470
 Leave me, and pleasant sleep come over me,
 I fear lest prey to wild beasts I become."
 To him thus pondering, this at last seem'd best,
 He sought a wood and found it near the stream,
 Conspicuous far, he crept amid two shrubs, 475
 An oleander, and an olive tree,
 So dense that winds' moist breath ne'er penetrates,
 Nor the bright sun e'er strikes them with his rays.
 Nor showers pass through, so thick and closely grew
 Their boughs entwined ; and which Ulysses then 480
 Entered, and raised a wide bed with his hands,
 For of dry leaves there heap was large enough,
 Enough to cover two or three men o'er
 In winter time, cold ever so severe.
 Divine Ulysses seeing it rejoiced, 485
 And lay him down and spread leaves over him.
 As men do hide in cinder heaps a brand,
 Inside a field, no neighbours living near,
 To keep the seeds of fire, lest they consume :
 So he with leaves him cover'd : Pallas pour'd 490
 Soft sleep upon his eyes ; that soon she might
 Make him, so cover'd, rest from arduous toil.

Book vi.

Ulysses and the Phæacians.

So there he slept, that brave enduring chief ;
 Oppress'd by toil and sleep : then Pallas went
 To the ¹ Phæacian city and the men
 Who once in spacious Hyperæa dwelt,
 Near the proud Cyclops' overbearing race 5
 Who oft attack'd them, with superior strength.
 Their godlike chief Nausithöus led them thence,
 Settling in Scheria, far from skilful men ;
 And wall'd the city, houses carried up,
 Rais'd temples to the gods, and parted land. 10
 But he had gone to Hades, doom'd by fate.

¹ The island and city of Corcyra (Kerkura); in modern times called Corfu; it lies off the coast of Epirus; the channel varying from fourteen to two miles in width; opposite the city it is eight; its breadth varies from twenty to three or four miles, its highest point is 1900 feet above the sea; the mountains are rocky and naked; the few valleys are fertile; watered by many streamlets, generally dry in summer: the Phæacians are the oldest inhabitants of the island; Homer calls them a numerous, thriving, and seafaring people: and he paints in pleasing colours their hospitable and primitive manners; according to Strabo and the text above, it was called Scheria and was inhabited by the Liburni, a Corinthian colony, settled on the island about the time Archyas founded Syracuse: they built the town of Corcyra, which became also the name of the island: the colony rose to be the most powerful naval state in Greece, next to Athens: afterwards a Roman station; belonged to the Eastern empire till the 11th century; when the Roman conqueror of Apulia took it, Robert Guiscard; when the Latins took Constantinople and established fiefs in the provinces, Corfu had its dukes; despots of the emperor of Corfu; it fell afterwards under the Angevins of Naples, but the people revolted, called in the Venetians in 1386; with whom it remained till the end of the 18th century: Bonaparte took it next, and in 1799 it became one of the seven Ionian Islands.

Actinöus, taught by gods, then reign'd.
 To this king's palace then Minerva went,
 Plans scheming for the noble chief's return :
 She sought the tasteful chamber, wherein lay 15
 A virgin, god-like in her ways and form,
 Nausicäa, Alcinous's child ;
 Two maids did wait, the Graces gave them charms,
 Each side the door ; the splendid doors were shut :
 The goddess stood above her head and spoke ; 20
 The guise of Dymas' daughter putting on,
 In age her equal, dear unto her heart.
 Under *her* likeness then Minerva spoke ;
 Nausicäa, why such careless girl art thou ;
 Thy splendid garments all neglected lie, 25
 Thy marriage near, when tis most fit thou wear
 Bright ones thyself, and those conducting thee.
 For this doth shed a lustre on thy name
 In life : thy sire and mother both rejoice.
 But let's go wash them in the morning's dawn ; 30
 I'll help thee in the work, that in short space
 We get them done ; not long thou'lt be a maid :
 Already woo thee, chief men in the tribes
 Of these Phæacians, where too is thy race :
 Come beg thy sire at early break of day 35
 To harness mules, with carriage that may bear
 Girdles, long robes, and mantles rich and bright,
 Tis better thus for thee than tis to come
 On foot : for far distant the cisterns are."
 The goddess having spoken thus had gone 40
 To high Olympus, where the firm seat is
 Of gods immortal : rude winds shake it not
 No showers, or snow fall ; the serene
 Unclouded is ; e'er shines a dazzling white :
 The blest gods there delight them thro' all time : 45

To this place Pallas from her mission went.
Bright thron'd Aurora came forthwith, who rous'd
Nausicæa, who wonder'd at her dream.
She went forth then, her parents for to tell,
Mother and sire, and found them still within. 50
The first sat with her maidens on the hearth,
Working sea-purple threads ; her sire she met
Just going forth unto the noble chiefs
In council, where Phæacian nobles met.
She standing near her much-lov'd sire thus spoke ; 55
 "Belov'd papa, wilt thou prepare for me
The carriage now, that I the robes may bear,
Which lay bye spoil'd, unto the stream to wash ;
It thee becomes too, midst the leading men
To meet in council, with clean garments on, 60
And thou hast five belov'd sons in the house,
Two married, three still singly flourishing :
And these delight in garments newly wash'd
To join the dance : these things are cares to me."
Thus spake she : for she fear'd to name to him 65
Her nuptials ; but he understood, and said ;
 "The mules, my child, I grudge not, nor aught else.
Go ! but the lofty carriage with swift wheels,
And wicker basket, servants shall prepare :"
This said, he gave commands, and they obey'd : 70
The mule-drawn chariot there without the gates
Made ready, back'd the mules, and yok'd them in ;
A damsel brought the splendid vestments forth,
And on the splendid chariot spread them out.
Her mother plac'd nice food within a box, 75
Of every sort, with savoury meats and wine
In goatskin ; then the damsel mounts her seat ;
She gave thin olive oil, in golden flask,
That with her maids she might anoint herself :

The virgin took the whip and splendid reins, 80
 And whipt the mules, these clatter'd with their feet,
 They eager strove, and bore the robes and her ;
 But not alone, for other maidens came.
 And when they reach'd the river's crystal flood,
 Where stood large cisterns—limpid water too 85
 Flow'd up from springs ; enough to cleanse foul robes :
 There from the chariot loosen'd they the mules,
 And turn'd them on that ' whirlpool-fill'd ' streams banks,
 To crop the sweet and tender grass ; these then
 Took out the vests and to the dark stream bore, 90
 And dipp'd, and rubb'd them briskly then with zeal.
 When they had wash'd and cleans'd all filth from them,
 They spread them on the sea shore, where the most
 The sea wash'd out the small stones on the land.
 They washing and anointing them with oil, 95
 Their dinner ate upon the river's bank,
 The garments drying in the sun's bright rays :
 When maids and mistress had refresh'd themselves,
 They play'd at ball then, casting off their veils :
 Fair Nausicaa led the game with them. 100
 Like as Diana goes o'er mountain brow,
 High Taygëtus, or Erymanthus' sides,
 Sporting with wild boars, or with nimble stags,
 And those fair Nymphs with her who spring from Jove,
 Disport: Latona's heart rejoices then : 105
 By head and forehead she's pre-eminent,
 Discern'd far off ; but all of them are fair ;
 So that yet unwon virgin all excell'd :
 But when she was about returning back,
 The mules yok'd and the garments folded up, 110
 Minerva then thought of another thing,
 To rouse the chief to meet the bright eye'd maid ;
 Who might him guide to the Phæacian town.

She threw the ball to one of her fair maids,
She miss'd the ball which fell deep in the pool, 115
They shout out loudly, then was rous'd the chief,
And sitting up he ponder'd in his breast ;
 " Ah me ! the land of what men have I reach'd ?
Fierce insolent, nor loving what is just,
Or hospitable, having pious minds ? 120
The shout of maidens reaches now mine ears,
The Nymphs who dwell on lofty mountain tops,
And river springs, and marshy grassy meads ;
Or am I near th' abodes of singing men ?
But come, I'll try that mine eyes witness it." 125
This said, he then from out the thicket came,
His strong hand from the dense wood broke a branch,
A leafy branch to hide immodest parts :
He went forth as a lion bold in strength,
Who wind and rain braves ; in their sockets too 130
His eyeballs glisten ; he invades the folds,
Or chases wild deer, hunger urging him'
Close homesteads unto, seeking out the flocks :
So now quite naked went Ulysses forth
To meet these maidens ; strong need urg'd him on : 135
Discolour'd by sea salt, he frightful look'd ;
They fled in terror o'er the shelving banks ;
Nausicaa stood firm ; for Pallas gave
Her courage, and took terror from her limbs :
She stood before him : ponder'd then the chief, 140
Her knees if clasping, he should speak to her ;
Or standing far off, beg with honey'd words,
To shew the city ; and give clothes to him :
To him so pond'ring, seem'd it then the best,
From far to ask her with sweet gentle words, 145
Lest she be anger'd if he clasp her knees ;
He spake a cunning coaxing speech forthwith :

"Hear me, O queen ! or mortal, or divine !
 If thou'rt a goddess dwelling in wide Heav'n,
 Thee to Diana, Jove's child, most of all, 150
 In figure, stature, carriage, I compare ;
 But if thou'rt mortal, dwelling on this earth ;
 Thrice blest thy father and chaste mother are,
 Thrice blest thy brothers ; sure the mind in them
 Is ever filled with gladness for thy sake, 155
 Viewing a stem so fair join in the dance.
 That man above all is most happy too,
 Who, bringing dowry, leads thee to his house ;
 Such mortal nowhere have mine eyes beheld,
 Reverence still holds me, looking upon thee : 160
 In Delos isle, once by Apollo's shrine,
 I such a young palm growing up beheld,
 For thither went I, many followed me,
 That journey wherein I was doom'd to ills ;
 And seeing her I stood amaz'd long while 165
 For such a branch ne'er sprung from earth before :
 So thee, O lady, I admire, and dread
 To clasp thy knees : deep grief possesses me.
 For twenty days yestre'en I've swam the sea,
 The waves supporting me and swift storms from 170
 Ogygias isle ; and now I'm hither cast
 T' endure more ills ev'n here ; I don't believe
 They'll cease, ere Heaven brings much more to pass :
 But pity me, O queen ! first unto thee
 I've come, enduring ; knowing no one else 175
 Of all within your city and this land ;
 Show me your town, a garment give to me,
 Chancing to have a vest of woollen cloth,
 And may the gods give thee what thou desir'st,
 A spouse, and children ; and sweet concord too 180
 May they afford, for nothing better is

Than when in unison a married pair
 So rule their house : grief fills then evil hearts,
 But friends rejoice, and most of all, themselves."
 Fair Nausicæa answer'd him in turn ; 185
 "Stranger ! since thou base man or fool seem'st not,
 But Jove deals out felicity to men,
 To good and evil, either, as he will !
 And ills inflicts on thee which thou must bear ;
 But since thou'st come unto our town and isle, 190
 Thou shalt not wait for vests or other things,
 What e'er 'tis fit a suppliant should gain.
 I'll show the town, and tell the townsmen's names ;
 Phæacian men possess this town and isle,
 Myself am daughter of Alcinoüs, 195
 By whom are govern'd the Phæacian men."
 She spake and to her maidens gave command :
 "Wait maids ! where fly ye, having seen a man ?
 No vigorous man there is, there could be, none
 Who would set foot upon Phæacians' land 200
 War in his heart, for they 're lov'd by the gods.
 We dwell apart within a billowy sea
 Remote ; no men have intercourse with us.
 Some hapless wanderer this man comes here,
 Whom we must care for ; Jove presides o'er all, 205
 Strangers and needy, small gift's dear to them :
 Both meat and drink, O maidens, give him now.
 And wash him in the river's sheltered parts."
 They stood and cheered each other then in turn ;
 Ulysses then they led to sheltered spot 210
 As Nausicæa the King's daughter bade.
 A coat, loose robe, and vest they plac'd for him,
 And olive oil set in a golden flask,
 And bade him wash within the river's stream :
 To these attendants then Ulysses spoke ; 215

Stand thus far off, ye maidens, while that I
 The salt wash from my shoulders, and anoint
 With oil, for unction hath long fail'd my skin.
 But I'll not wash before ye ; I should blush
 To stand quite naked in fair maidens' sight. 220
 They went aloof and told their mistress this ;
 Then from his skin divine Ulysses wash'd
 The salt's thick coating, from his brawny chest.
 And cleans'd the sea spray too from off his head.
 When he had wash'd anointing him with oil, 225
 And donn'd the vests the maid 'unwon yet' gave,
 Jove's daughter, Pallas, made him to appear
 More tall and lusty : down too from his head
 Made hang like hyacinths the curling locks.
 As when on silver some man pours bright gold, 230
 Skilful, whom Pallas and whom Vulcan taught
 All arts ; fair works of beauty perfecting ;
 So pour'd she grace upon his head and limbs :
 He sat apart upon the wide sea shore,
 Beauteous and graceful ; him the maid admir'd, 235
 And to her fair attendants spoke these words ;
 Attend, ye maidens, while I something tell ;
 The olympic gods not being adverse to him,
 This man now comes to the Phæacian men ;
 He vile appear'd indeed to me before, 240
 But now is like to 'Heav'n indwelling' gods !
 O that a man like this were spouse to me,
 Here dwelling, and well pleas'd to tarry here ;
 But give the stranger now both food and drink."
 She spake, they heard, and readily obey'd. 245
 The much enduring chief did eat and drink
 Greedily, long had he not tasted food.
 Then Nausicāa thought of something else ;
 She folded vests plac'd on the chariot,

Yoking the mules herself, then mounted up ; 250
 And cheer'd Ulysses, thus addressing him ;
 " Arise let's to the city, that I may
 Direct thee to my wise sire's palace, where
 Thou'lt see, I think, all of Phæacian chiefs :
 And this do thou, for thou seemest no fool : 255
 While that we journey through the roads and fields,
 So long behind the chariot with my maids,
 Walk on with speed now, while I lead the way :
 The town we then ascend to, round which is
 A wall with towers, a fair port on each side, 260
 With narrow entrance, and the ships all moor'd
 Within the roads, a station to each one :
 A forum too, round Neptune's beauteous fane,
 Built up with stones dug deep into the ground ;
 And therein keep they their ships' armaments, 265
 Cables, sailcloths ; there sharpen they their oars ;
 Nor bow, nor quiver, is a care to them,
 But masts, and oars, and ships with equal sides,
 Wherein rejoicing do they cross the sea.
 I shun their bitter talk, their slandering me 270
 Behind my back ; oft rude the vulgar are ;
 And some vile fellow meeting me may say,
 Who is that stranger with Nausicaa,
 Both tall and fair ? from whence ? her spouse he'll be !
 Has she received some straggler from his ship, 275
 Of foreign men, because there are none near ?
 Or comes some hop'd for god, for whom she pray'd,
 From Heav'n, to keep possession all her days ?
 Better if she had sought and found a spouse
 Elsewhere, she surely much dishonours those 280
 Amongst our people, many wooers brave !
 Such words would be reproaches unto me,
 I should be wroth with one who did such things,

Who 'gainst the will of parents still alive,
 Should join with men before her nuptial day : 285
 My words heed, stranger, that in shortest space
 Thou from my sire may gain means of return.
 Near to the path is Pallas' beauteous grove
 Of poplars ; round are meadows, and a fount ;
 There too my sire's estate, and gardens are ; 290
 Just so far from the town a shout would reach ;
 Sit down and wait a short time there till we
 May reach the city and my father's house ;
 Go forward to the town then asking for
 The palace of the great Alcinöus ; 295
 'Tis found with ease, for ev'n a boy could guide,
 An infant boy ; no houses have been built
 At all like that house of Alcinöus,
 The mighty chief ; but when you are within,
 Pass swiftly through the chambers, for to reach 300
 My mother ; she in firelight on the hearth
 Sits weaving, wondrous, the sea-purple threads,
 Reclin'd by pillar, with her maids behind ;
 My father's seat too is towards the fire,
 Where drinking wine, he like a god doth sit : 305
 Him passing, stretch thy hands towards the knees,
 Of my dear mother, seeking help from her
 For glad return, though very far from home :
 (If that should be the fond wish of thy heart,
 To see thy dear friends, by arriving at 310
 Thy well-built house, and dear paternal land.)"
 "Thus speaking, with her splendid whip she smote
 The mules : these left with speed the flowing stream ;
 They trot well, lifting up their feet in turns ;
 She guides with care, she lightly us'd the whip 315
 That they, the maids and chief, might follow her :
 The sun set, when they reach'd the noble grove

To Pallas sacred, where he sat him down,
And pray'd unto the daughter of great Jove ;

“ Hear me ! O child invincible of Jove ! 320

Hear me at last, ne'er hearing me before :
While toss'd about, fam'd Neptune tossing me !
Grant I find love and pity from these men ! ”

So spake he, praying—Pallas heard him then ;
But openly appear'd not to him, for she fear'd 325
The brother of her sire, who was much wroth
With brave Ulysses ere he reach'd his home.

Book lvi.

Ulysses' entrance to Alcinoüs.

Thus pray'd the much enduring god-like chief :
 The mules drew safe the virgin to the town ;
 But she, when at her father's house arriv'd,
 Did stand within the vestibule : round her
 Her brothers stood so like immortal gods ; 5
 They then unyoke the mules, and bear within
 The garments wash'd : she then ascends unto
 Her chamber, and for her did light a fire,
 Eurymedusa, her old nurse, a dame
 Whom from Apëra once the ships had brought, 10
 A gift unto Alcinoüs, their king,
 Because he rul'd o'er all Phæacian men,
 Rever'd as gods : then in the palace she
 Did nourish up white arm'd Nausicæa.
 Ulysses rose to go towards the town, 15
 And Pallas caus'd thick mist to fall around,
 With good desire : lest any meeting him
 Of bold Phæacian men, should him insult
 By their rude speech and ask him who he was.
 When he the pleasant town was entering now, 20
 The azure-eyed Minerva met him there,
 In likeness of a youthful maid, holding
 A pitcher in her hand, and stood before
 The chief, and then Ulysses ask'd of her ;
 " O daughter, canst thou not me guide unto 25

The man Alcinoüs' palace, who bears rule
Amidst these men ? for I have hither come
A stranger, poor, and having suffer'd much ;
From far off foreign land ; wherefore I know
Not one of all inhabiting this town ? " 30
The blue-eyed Goddess thus replied to him ;
 " The palace sought for by thee I will show
To thee, O father, stranger, since 'tis nigh
Unto mine own good father's house ; do thou
In silence go, and I will lead the way : 35
Turn not thine eyes to any man, nor ask
Questions of one ; these don't encourage much,
Men who are stranger guests, nor do embrace
With friendly welcome one who comes from far :
But putting all their confidence in ships, 40
They traverse ocean's depths by Neptune's gift :
Their vessels swift, light unto wings or thoughts."
Thus having spoken, Pallas led the way,
Right swiftly he her footsteps follow'd straight.
Those famous mariners perceiv'd him not, 45
Passing along through them, Minerva this
Permitted not, who then around him pour'd
A heavenly mist, desiring well to him.
Ulysses then admir'd the ports and ships,
The forums also, and the long built walls ; 50
So lofty, wondrous, fenc'd with palisades.
But when they reach'd the palace of the king,
Minerva then began discourse the first ;
 " This, father, stranger, is the palace which
Thou bidd'st me shew to thee, but thou wilt find 55
The Jove-sprung royal line now banqueting ;
But enter in, nor do thou be afraid,
At all in mind ; a bold and daring man
Far better is in works of every kind,

Although he come from distant parts : the queen 60
 Thou first will find within the palace halls ;
 Arētē's her surname, from parents sprung
 Of that race which begat Alcinöus ;
 Neptune at first begat Nausithöus,
 By Peribœa, comeliest of her sex ; 65
 The youngest daughter of Eurymedon,
 The rude Gigantes who did govern once ;
 But soon that wicked people lost ; he too
 Then perished : joined with Peribœa then in love
 Did Neptune brave Nausithöus beget ; 70
 Who reigned over these Phæacian men ;
 Nausithöus begat Rhixenor and
 Alcinöus : the god ' with silver bow,'
 E'en Phæbus slew the first, who wedded late
 Without male child, one only daughter left, 75
 Arētā, whom Alcinöus took for wife,
 And honor'd her as none else is on earth,
 As many as live under wedlock's rule :
 Thus from the heart she hath been honor'd and
 She honor'd is by her dear children, by 80
 The king himself, and by the people too,
 Who as a goddess looking up to her,
 When thro' the town she passes, with kind words
 Do welcome her, for she herself lacks not
 A mind benevolent ; she settles too 85
 Disputes of men to whom she wishes well :
 If she to thee should kindly be dispos'd,
 Then is there hope for thee to see thy friends,
 Thy lofty house, and thy paternal lands !"
 Minerva speaking thus departed then, 90
 On barren ocean, leaving Scheria :
 To Marathon and Athens then she came ;
 And enter'd Erectheüs' strong built house :

Ulysses went towards the king's bright halls,
 His heart was then much mov'd as he stood still, 95
 Before he at the brazen gates arriv'd ;
 The splendour of the sun or moon did shine,
 Throughout the lofty palace of the king ;
 Strong walls of solid brass it had firm built,
 Stretching¹ from vestibule to inner rooms, 100
 With cornice of blue² tin, while shining doors
 Of gold did shut the compact chambers in ;
 On brazen threshold silver door posts rest,
 With silver lintel, latch-ring of pure gold.
 Silver and golden mastiffs stood each side, 105
 Which skilful Vulcan had so nicely wrought,
 To guard the palace of the great Alcinöus ;
 Immortal were they, old age knowing not :
 Bright thrones along the lofty walls were set,
 From vestibule quite thro' the halls : thereon 110
 Fine linen cloths, the works of women, were
 Spread richly out, being woven with great skill :
 The chiefs here sat of that Phæacian land,
 Eating and drinking—³constant feasts were there.
 There youths all cast of solid gold did stand 115
 On well-built pedestals ; within their hands
 Bright flaming torches holding to give light,
 Unto the guests by night while they did feast.
 Female domestics, fifty were within,
 A few whereof did grind the yellow corn 120
 In hand mill : others sitting wove the web
 And turn'd the spindle round—their hands

¹ There are two readings of the verb to '*toikoi*,' '*ereredat* and *eleladet*' the former from '*ereido*' firmo ; the latter from '*elauno*' to raise or build, to draw out in a straight line.

² Properly, a stone or concrete juice in metals of a blue colour.

³ '*Epeetaton gar ekes-ken*,' perpetually had feasts ; or perpetually occupied the seats, '*thronous*' being understood ; some interpret, had '*abundantly*, for eating and drinking.'

Quick moving like the 'leaves of poplar trees :
 From close wove cloth the liquid 'oil distills :
 Like as Phæacian men excel all else, 125
 To guide ships o'er the sea ; their women do,
 In weaving webs ; the goddess Pallas hath
 So gifted these with most ingenious minds,
 To form fine works most beautiful in art.
 An orchard large was near the palace gates, 130
 Four acres space, and fenc'd on every side ;
 Trees fair and flourishing did grow therein,
 Pomegranates, apples, pears, with lovely fruit,
 Sweet luscious figs, and dark green olive trees ;
 Their fruit ne'er perishes, nor fails thereon, 135
 Winter or summer ; all the year throughout
 Soft breathing Zephyr some makes grow, and some
 The same time ripens ; thus pear after pear,
 And apple after apple waxeth ripe :
 The grape still ripens after grape, and fig 140
 Succeedeth fig : a vineyard there too full
 Of fruit hath planted been for him ; of which
 One⁶ warm part on a clear and sloping plain
 Is made dry by the sun's rays ; some grapes here
 They gather ; some they tread ; while unripe grapes 145
 Are there ⁷before their eyes ; their blossoms some
 Are shedding ; also changing colour some :

⁴ Some refer this to the work, others to the damsels employed in the work.

⁵ Referring to the thickness and closeness of the texture ; so compactly wrought, that oil could not penetrate it ; others consider it to represent the smoothness and softness of the texture, as though oil flowed therefrom, or that it had a glossiness that looked like oil.

⁶ *Eteron men ti meros ton kat' auten staphulon theilopedo* ('locus apricus') *eiletherreitai (insolo)* is Damm's paraphrase of this line.

⁷ *Paroitihen* ; and 'right before these last.'

Beds too therein beyond the ^afarthest rows
 With every herb, thro' all the year in flower.
 Two fountains also were therein ; o'er all 150
 The garden one is shower'd, while one flows
 Beneath the palace gates, to lofty tanks,
 On other side, for all the townsmen's use.
 Such to Alcinous were the gods' rich gifts.
 Ulysses standing there did these admire : 155
 When he had ceas'd admiring all these things,
 He briskly cross'd the threshold of the house ;
 He found the chieftains all assembled there,
 Libations making unto Mercury ;
 Those being the last when mindful of their beds : 160
 But bold Ulysses through the halls went on,
 Minerva having thick mist round him spread,
 Till he should reach Arête and the king :
 He threw his hands about Arētē's knees,
 And then the mist was all dispers'd from him : 165
 All silent were beholding a strange man,
 And wonder'd : then the suppliant chief thus spoke ;
 " Arete, from god-like Rhixenor sprung !
 Both to thy husband and *thy knees* I come,
 Thro' many griefs, and unto these thy guests ; 170
 To whom may all the gods give happy life,
 May each of them transmit unto his sons
 Their household wealth and honours of the state ;
 But do prepare a freight to carry me
 With speed unto my native land, for I 175
 Long suffer griefs so far off from my friends ! "
 This said, he sat him down against the fire,
 Amongst the ashes on the hearth : the guests

^a Of the trees and vines.

Deep silence kept. Old Echinëus then
 Did speak to them, who was far most advanc'd 180
 In years of those Phæacian men, and was
 Most eloquent and vers'd in ancient lore ;
 And with a mind benevolent thus spoke ;
 " 'Tis not the better part, O king, nor is't
 Beseeming thee this stranger guest should sit 185
 Amongst the ashes on the hearth : but all
 Of these refrain expecting words from thee :
 And come now place the stranger on a throne,
 With silver studs ; upraising him, and give
 The heralds orders then to mingle wine, 190
 That we to Jupiter libations pour,
 Who giveth aid to modest suppliants ;
 His supper let thy stewardess prepare ! "
 Alcinoüs on hearing of these words,
 Took hold, and rais'd Ulysses from the hearth, 195
 That cunning man, and set on splendid throne,
 Bidding his son, the good Læodamas,
 To rise, who sat the nearest to him, whom
 He lov'd of all the most ; an handmaid then
 Pour'd water from an ewer of bright gold 200
 O'er silver basin, beauteously wrought,
 That he might wash ; bright table also spread :
 The stewardess set bread before him then,
 And various meats, drawn freely from her stores :
 And he, the bold Ulysses, drank and ate : 205
 Alcinoüs unto the herald spoke ;
 " In goblets mixing, hand now round the wine,
 Pontonoüs, to all within the house ;
 That to the 'Thunder loving' Jove we may
 Libations make, who helpeth suppliants ! " 210
 Pontonoüs then mix'd the luscious wine,
 And handed round, presenting it in cups ;

When they had drunk as much as they desir'd,
 Alcinoüs harangued and spoke to them ;
 "Hear me, ye chiefs of the Phæacian men, 215
 While I shall speak the promptings of my mind ;
 The feast being o'er, do ye lie down to sleep,
 Departing home ; at morning more old men
 Together call'd, this stranger we will feast,
 Within our halls ; and offer sacrifice 220
 Unto the gods ! and afterwards we'll plan
 This convoy, that soon our guest beneath
 Our guidance may without or toil or grief
 Return back to his native land with speed ;
 Rejoicing, though he be e'en far therefrom ! 225
 Nor shall he suffer any loss meanwhile
 Ere reaching home ; but afterwards there at
 Shall he endure whate'er the ⁹Parcæ dire,
 The fates spun for him in his natal thread
 When him his mother bore : but if he hath 230
 From heav'n come down à god in human form,
 The gods then cunningly devise in this
 Some other thing, for always heretofore
 They have themselves made manifest to us
 Whene'er we give them splendid hecatombs, 235
 And feast them sitting down beside ourselves.
 If any traveller then should meet with them,
 Although alone, they do not hide themselves,
 From him, since we are near to them, like as
 The fierce Gigantes and Cyclopes are !" 240
 Ulysses then in answer said to him ;
 "Let something else be to thy mind a care,
 I am not like unto th' immortal gods

⁹Parcæ ; the Fates were so called from their spinning the thread of human destiny.

In mien or stature, but to mortal men :
 Whom thou hast known enduring most of griefs 245
 Of human race, to him I most am like ;
 And I still more of sorrows e'en could tell
 Which by th' immortals' will I've undergone :
 But let me eat, tho' grieving much at heart !
 There's nought than hungry stomach craveth more, 250
 Which bids him to be mindful of himself,
 E'en he that is afflicted most at heart.
 Thus griefs I have which always very much
 To eat and drink incite me, causing me
 To bury woe, and bid me take my fill. 255
 Mind ye to stir at morning's early dawn,
 My native land to convey me unto,
 Though great my sufferings, that I then may die,
 First having seen my household and my wealth."
 All prais'd his speech, and did exhort the king 260
 To send him back, since he so fairly spoke.
 Their wine cups emptied and libations made,
 They went each to his own home to sleep.
 Divine Ulysses then was left behind
 Arete and Alcinous sat by him : 265
 The vessels their domestics carried off.
 Arete then began discourse to them ;
 For she had recogniz'd the coat and robe
 Which she herself had with her maidens wrought :
 And spake these swift-winged words, addressing him : 270
 " This first, O stranger will I ask of thee,
 Who ? whence art thou ? who gave those vests to thee ?
 Did'st thou not say, thou com'st here o'er the sea ?"
 Ulysses then in answer said to her ;
 "'Tis an hard task to tell thee first to last, 275
 My sorrows : since the gods have giv'n so much ;
 But I will tell of what thou askest me ;

Ogygia's isle lies in the sea, far off,
 Wily Calypso, Atlas' daughter dwells
 Thereon, a goddess dread ; and none with her 280
 Hath intercourse, of gods, or mortal men ;
 But me ill-fated did she carry off
 Alone, when with his thunderbolt my ships
 Jove broke in pieces mid'st the purple sea ;
 And all my brave companions shipwreck'd were ; 285
 I grasping with mine arms the vessel's keel,
 Was borne along nine days : but on the tenth
 At pitchy night, unto th' Ogygian isle
 The gods did draw me nigh, wherein doth dwell
 Calypso, goddess dread, who taking me 290
 Most kindly cherish'd, promis'd also me
 To make immortal, old age knowing not :
 But never did her arts persuade my mind.
 Seven years I fast remain'd, and with my tears
 Bedew'd the garments which she gave to me. 295
 But when the eighth revolving year came round,
 Inciting me she bade me to return,
 By Jove's command, for that her mind was chang'd.
 She sent me on a raft, held fast by bands,
 And gave me stores, bread, wine, celestial vests, 300
 And rais'd a fav'ring breeze, both safe and calm :
 For seventeen days I travers'd the smooth sea ;
 The eighteenth, shady mountains shew'd their tops,
 On your green isle : my heart rejoic'd in me :
 Ill-fated me ! I still was doom'd to griefs, 305
 Ah many ! which the sea god stirr'd for me :
 Who raising adverse winds, much baffled me,
 In that rough billowy sea : the waves would not
 Permit the raft to bear me groaning on :
 The storm wide scatter'd it ; I afterwards 310
 By swimming made head thro' the deep abyss,

Till wind and waves me wafted to your isle.
 Emerging, I was cast on desert spot,
 On vast bleak rocks the waves then flinging me ;
 But I retreating thence, swam backwards till 315
 I found a river, which invited me ;
 Quite smooth of rocks, and shelter'd from the winds :
 I fell on land there to recruit my strength,
 Ambrosial night its shade cast over me ;
 I from the sacred stream emerging, laid 320
 Me down to sleep in thick green bushes, and
 Collected leaves : the god pour'd sleep on me :
 Amongst the bed of leaves, much griev'd in heart,
 I slept all night, till morn, and ev'n mid-day ;
 The Sun was sinking when I woke from sleep ; 325
 Thy daughter's maids I then saw on the shore,
 Engag'd at play, herself too, goddess-like :
 I supplicated her ; from kindly heart
 She did not err ; one hardly could expect
 So young a one thus kind, when met by chance ; 330
 For rarely wisdom 's join'd to unripe age :
 Abundant bread and wine she gave to me,
 And wash'd me in the stream, and gave these vests :
 These things, midst grief, I've truly told to thee."
 Alcinous in answer said to him : 335
 " My daughter, stranger, had not deem'd this thing
 To be becoming, since she with her maids
 By no means hath now led thee to our halls ;
 But thou to her made supplication first."
 Ulysses then in answer said to him : 340
 " Blame not to me thy worthy daughter, chief,
 In this thing ; for in truth did she bid me
 To follow with her maids ; but I myself
 Unwilling was, from reverence and fear ;
 Lest that by chance thou seeing her be wroth, 345

For we of mortal race suspicious are !”
 Alcinous then answered him again ;
 “ Not such, O stranger, is the heart in me,
 To feel rash anger ! better are just deeds !
 Would that, O Pallas, Phæbus, and great Jove, 350
 Such being as thou art, and with like thoughts
 With I myself, thou did'st my daughter wed,
 And wert my son-in-law, remaining here ;
 Then I would give a house and wealth to thee,
 If willingly thou stay, but 'gainst thy will 355
 None shall detain thee here ; that Jove forbids :
 I now collect a convoy, as thou'lt know
 To-morrow ; till when, bound in pleasant sleep
 Thou shalt lie down ; and then they thee shall row
 Swift o'er the calm sea, till thou come unto 360
 Thy native home, where'er that dear land be :
 E'en though much further than ¹⁰Eubœa is,
 Which those who've seen, report as very far,
 Those sailors who did Rhadamanthus take,
 To visit Tityus, who was ¹¹Terra's son : 365
 And they arriv'd there, and perform'd without
 Much toil the voyage, and return'd back home
 The self-same day ; but thou thyself shall learn
 How eminent my youthful seamen are,
 And vessels, to divide the sea with ¹²oars.” 370
 Thus spake he ; and Ulysses then was glad,
 And praying, spoke, and call'd on Jove by name ;
 “ Great father Jove ! O that Alcinous may
 Perform all he hath spoken ; and of him

¹⁰ Eubœa is an island in the Ægean sea, near Bœotia, the modern Negropont.

¹¹ Or ‘the Earth:’ usually styled the son of Jupiter and Elara.

¹² ‘Pedo,’ the blade of the oar was made of pedum wood.

O'er fertile earth may deathless be the fame ! 375
And may I reach my country and my home !"
Thus unto one another these discours'd ;
Arete then gave orders to her maids,
To place the beds beneath the porch, and then
To throw the beauteous purple cushions on, 380
And spread the coverlets ; then place the soft
And shaggy rugs to cover them above :
These went out then with torches in their hands ;
And after spreading a thick bed with speed,
They call'd unto Ulysses in these words ; 385
" Rise, stranger, to lie down : a bed 's prepar'd !"
To lie down then and sleep, seem'd sweet to him.
So there brave and divine Ulysses slept,
On airy couch beneath the portico.
Alcinous lay down within recess 390
Of his high house, and near then unto him
His royal wife prepar'd her couch and bed.

Book viii.

Friendship of Ulysses with the Phæacians.

When now Morn's rosy child, Aurora, rose,
 Alcinous upstirr'd him from his bed :
 The 'town subduing' chief, Ulysses, too arose ;
 Alcinoüs then led the way for them,
 To that Phæacian council near the ships. 5
 They sat down close upon the polish'd stones ;
 But then Minerva thro' the city walk'd,
 In likeness of the herald of the king,
 Planning the chief's return within her mind ;
 And standing, spoke these words at each man's side ; 10
 " Attend my summons, great Phæacian chiefs,
 To council ; news to hear of this strange man
 Who's lately come to sage Alcinoüs,
 God-like in shape, the wide sea wandering o'er." 15
 With this she rous'd the spirit of each chief ;
 The forum seats are quickly fill'd with men,
 Assembled, who beholding, much admir'd
 Laërtes' son : on whom Minerva shed
 A golden grace about his breast and head,
 And made him taller and more large of limb, 20
 That he might please all those Phæacian chiefs,
 And be rever'd and contests too might win,
 The many wherein they would try his skill.
 And when together they assembled were,
 Alcinoüs harangued and spoke to them ; 25
 " Hear me, ye chieftains of Phæacian men !
 While speaking words which mind now prompteth me ;

This stranger comes a wanderer to my house,
 Whither from eastern tribes, or western men ;
 And seeks a convoy ratified by us. 30
 Let us, as in past times assemble one,
 For others who e'er to our palace came,
 Ne'er waited long, desiring transport home.
 Come now, draw down a ship into the sea,
 A ship new built, choose two-and-fifty youths 35
 From all—who are by frequent trials best—
 The oars unto the benches bound, let these
 Embark ; prepare provisions with all speed
 From out our palace, freely given by me ;
 Thus much command these youths, let all the rest 40
 Of 'sceptre bearing' princes follow me,
 That we may treat the stranger in our halls.
 Let none refuse ! call too the minstrel-bard,
 Demodocus, who's gifted with sweet song,
 To give delight when he's dispos'd to sing. 45
 He led the way, they follow'd after him ;
 Those chiefs : the heralds brought the minstrel too ;
 The two-and-fifty chosen rowers went
 Down tow'rds the sea, as he had given command ;
 And when they had come down unto the shore, 50
 They haul a ship to water's edge with speed,
 And set up both a mast and sail therein,
 Fastening the oars with thongs unto the thowls ;
 The white sails too unfurling in due form ;
 They moor'd the ship in moist sea sands ; and went 55
 Unto the palace of Alcinoüs :
 The house and porches then were fill'd with men ;
 (Collected many there both young and old).
 The king then slaughter'd twelve fat sheep for them,
 Two trail-foot oxen, eight hogs with white teeth, 60
 All these they skinn'd, cut up, and put to roast :

The herald led the sweet-voic'd minstrel bard,
The muse so lov'd, and gave him good and ill :
She took his sight, but gave to him sweet song.
A silver-studded seat Pontonoüs plac'd, 65
Against a pillar, midst of all the guests ;
And hung thereon the minstrel's shrill ton'd lyre,
And shew'd him how to take it in his hands ;
Then canister and table set by him,
A cup of wine, to drink when he desir'd : 70
The guests then put their hands unto the meats,
And when they had both ate and drunk enough,
The bard was stirr'd to sing the deeds of men
That song whose fame had reach'd th' immortal gods ;
Ulysses and Achilles' bitter strife, 75
Who quarrell'd at a sacrificial feast,
With bitter words ; when Agamemnon so
Rejoic'd, when they, the best of Greeks had strife ;
For so prophetic Phœbus told to him,
In Pythos, when the stony threshold cross'd, 80
He sought that voice ; then first did ills flow on
To Greeks and Trojans by great Jove's designs.
Of these deeds sung the bard then, but the chief
Taking in his strong hands his purple robe,
Upraising, hid therewith his handsome face, 85
For shedding tears, he felt sham'd at the guests ;
But when the minstrel bard had ceas'd his song,
Wiping the tears, he took it off his head,
And pour'd wine to the gods from double cup.
But when the bard would sing again, the chiefs 90
Encourag'd much, for great delight he gave ;
Veiling his face, the chief then wept again,
Dropping warm tears : he hid them from the rest :
The king alone observ'd and noticed him :
Who sat near, hearing him so deeply groan. 95

And quickly spoke to the Phæacian chiefs ;
 " Phæacian men, now hearken unto me ;
 With feasting we have satisfied ourselves,
 And with that consort of the feast, the lute ;
 Now let's go forth, and try our skill in games, 100
 All kinds ; that this man to his friends may tell,
 Returning home, our excellence in them ;
 In boxing, wrestling, leaping, and foot-race.
 He led the way, they follow'd then with him ;
 The herald hung the lyre upon its peg, 105
 And took Demodocus's hand, and led
 Him from the house the same path as the rest
 Of chiefs had gone, about t' admire the games.
 They sought the forum, great crowds follow'd them :
 Acroneos, Ocyalus, Nauteus, 110
 Eratmeus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,
 Thoon, Anabesineos, Ponteus,
 Elatreus, Prorus, and Amphialus,
 Naubolides most comely and well-shap'd
 Of all the chiefs, except Laodamas ; 115
 The three sons of Alcinöus stood up,
 Halius, Clytoneus, Laodamas ;
 Three noble youths first tried then with their feet,
 The course extending from the starting post ;
 All swift at once threw dust up o'er the plain, 120
 Clytoneus was in swiftness far the best ;
 Far as the distance 'twixt two mules at plough,
 So far ahead he left the rest behind :
 Others tried skill in wrestling danger fraught,
 In this Euryalus beat all the rest : 125
 In leaping then Amphialus was chief ;
 At throwing quoits Elatreus far the best :
 In boxing, the king's son, Laodamas ;
 When with these games their spirits had indulg'd,

The brave Laodamas amidst them spake : 130

“ Friends, let us ask our guest if he is skill’d
In games like these ; he is not meanly fram’d,
In thighs and legs, his arms too, and his hands,
In his strong neck, and strength, nor wanting ought
In youthful vigour, tho’ broke down by grief ; 135

I nothing deem more hurtful than the sea,
To break men down, however strong they be.”

Euryalus then answer’d him and said,
“ With truth indeed thou spoken hast these words ;
Now challenge him and urge him by thy speech !” -140

Alcinous’s son now hearing this,
Advancing forth, he to Ulysses said,
“ Come hither, father guest, and try thy strength,
If thou hast learnt these games—for so ’tis fit—
For there’s no greater glory to a man 145

Than vigorous deeds, both with his feet and hands ;
Come, try now, drive dull sorrow from thy mind,
Return shan’t long be absent ; even now
The ship is launch’d, and sailors are at hand.”
Ulysses then in answer said to him : 150

“ Laodamas, why speak now taunting words ?
Cares, more than games of strength are on my mind ;
I’ve suffer’d and endur’d already much ;
But longing now for home, I sit amidst
This your assembly, supplicating all.” 155
Euryalus reprov’d him openly ;

“ I don’t compare thee to a man well-skill’d
In games, so many found among mankind ;
But to one sailing in a well-oar’d ship,
Captain of sailors, who are trading men, 160
Minding his freight, and watchful of his stores ;
And gain by plunder got—no wrestler like.”
Ulysses sternly eyeing him replied ;

"Thou speak'st not fair, a bold rude man thou'rt like ;
 The gods don't thus dispense their lovely gifts ; 165
 As genius, eloquence, or comely shape :
 One may be mean indeed in outward grace,
 But Jove adorns that man with flowing speech,
 Delighting all : he talketh fearlessly,
 With most sweet modesty, and shines midst crowds : 170
 And as he walks they view him as a god :
 Another like unto the gods in form ;
 But grace is not pour'd forth on that man's speech :
 So is thy form most manly, not more fine
 A god could mould it, but thou'rt rude in mind : 175
 Thou'st fir'd the heart within this breast of mine,
 By speech uncourteous. I'm no flat in games,
 Though thus thou sayest : but have rank'd amongst
 The first, when youthful strength was in my hands.
 But troubles check me now, I've much endur'd 180
 In wars of men and danger-teeming waves.
 Yet though enduring much, I'll try these games,
 Thy speech is biting, and it hath me rous'd."
 With loose robe on, he rushing seiz'd a quoit,
 More large and thick, more weighty too by far, 185
 Than such as three amongst those men could hurl ;
 This whistling round in air his strong hand threw,
 The stone resounded, toward the ground then bent,
 These men, skill'd mariners, who use long oars,
 To shun the stone ; this flew past all the marks ; 190
 Swift rushing on : then Pallas fix'd its bounds,
 And spake this word to him in mortal shape ;
 " A blind man, stranger, could point out thy mark,
 By feeling, since 'tis not mix'd with the rest,
 But far ahead ; take courage in the game ! 195
 Not one of these will reach or throw beyond."
 She spake : divine Ulysses was right glad,

Glad that he saw his kind companion there,
And spake in lighter vein then to these men ;
 “ Come up with this, youths, for soon after it, 200
I think to throw as far or further yet :
And those of you whom heart and courage prompts,
Come, trial make, since ye’ve provok’d me much ;
In boxing, wrestling, foot-race, none I shun,
Of all, except Laodamas himself ; 205
For he’s my host, who would contend with such ?
That man ’s imprudent, and of little worth,
Who gives his host a challenge in the games,
Midst foreign men, and mars all his exploits :
But I refuse not one of all the rest, 210
And wish to try before you all my strength :
For I’m not mean in works which try men’s skill ;
I know to handle well the polish’d bow,
I could with first-spced arrow hit a man,
Amidst a throng, though near to him should stand 215
A numerous band, who bend their bows at men.
No bow, save Philoctetes’, mine excell’d,
On Troy’s plains when we Grecians bent them there ;
I boast to have surpass’d all else beside,
As many as eat bread now on this earth. 220
But with a former race I won’t contend ;
With Hercules, Cæchalian Eurytus,
Who strove ev’n with the gods in archery :
So Eurytus died quickly, nor attain’d
Old age within his halls : for Phæbus wroth 225
Slew him for challenging to bend his bow :
The spear I hurl ev’n past an arrow’s shot ;
In footrace only ’tis I fear defeat,
Amongst these youths ; for sadly I’ve been tam’d,
Midst numerous waves : for not on ship-board I 230
Had constant sail ; my limbs thus lost their tone.”

Thus spake he ; all were in deep silence mute ;
 Alcinoüs replied then unto him ;
 “My guest since thou tell’st not unpleasing things,
 But wouldest shew the virtue that’s in thee, 235
 Enrag’d that this man standing near to thee
 Reproach’d thee ; since none ought to have done so ;
 Whoever knows befitting words to speak :
 Come, understand my speech that thou may’st tell
 To other chiefs, whom erst within thy halls 240
 Thou makest near thy wife and children sit,
 Calling to mind, our skill in games wherein
 The gods have granted excellence to us :
 No boxers skill’d or wrestlers fam’d are we,
 But swiftly run and most excel with ships ; 245
 The feast we love too, and the lute and dance,
 And vests for change, and warm baths and soft beds.
 Come, dancers of Phæacia now the best,
 Your movements beat, that this man may relate
 Returning home, how much we all excel, 250
 In seamanship, in footrace, dance and song :
 And let one quickly give Demodocus
 The shrill ton’d lute which in our palace lies !
 Thus spoke the king ; the herald then arose,
 To bring the hollow lute from forth the house : 255
 Then the nine stewards of the games arose,
 Made smooth the arena, circus too more wide ;
 The herald came, the lute presenting to
 Demodocus, about whom came a throng
 Of youths of ripe age well skill’d in the dance : 260
 These beat the circus with their feet ; the chief
 Admir’d the quickness of them ; wondering much :
 The minstrel struck the lute, and sang aloud :

²⁶ He sang the loves of Venus and of Mars ;
 How they in Vulcan's house join'd secretly, 265
 And much disgrac'd ²⁷ Hæphæstus' bed and couch ;
 But unto him a messenger came straight,
 The god of day ; who saw them in embrace ;
 Hæphæstus, when he heard the grievous tale,
 Went to his workshop, musing deep in mind ; 270
 Fix'd his huge anvil up, and forg'd his chains ;
 Not to be loos'd or broken, holding firm ;
 When he had wrought them, much enrag'd with Mars,
 He sought the chamber where his bed was strewed ;
 And round the bed posts turn'd the circling chains, 275
 And many hung too from the roof above ;
 Like finest spiders' webs, which none could see,
 Not e'en the gods, so cunning were they wrought :
 When all his wiles were set up round the bed,
 He unto well-built Lemnos feign'd to go, 280
 That isle far dearest of all lands to him :
 Then Mars let blindness not obscure his eyes
 When he observ'd skill'd Vulcan go abroad ;
 But set out then to go to Vulcan's house,
 Desiring union with bright Venus there ; 285
 The goddess just come from her potent sire
 Was sitting down there : Mars then went within,
 And press'd her fair hand softly speaking thus ;
 " Come hither love, let us lie on the couch ;
 Vulcan is not at home, but gone, I think, 290
 To Lemnos, to the barbarous " Sintians ;"
 It seem'd delightful to them to lie down ;
 They lay then down together, and around
 Were Vulcan's well forg'd chains with deep art spread ;

²⁶ This song is considered to bear marks of being of a much later date than the rest of ' The Odyssey :'

²⁷ Synonym of Vulcan.

They could not move or raise their limbs at all ; 295
 They knew that there was no escape for them ;
 The cunning Vulcan now approach'd to them,
 He came back ere he reach'd to Lemnos' isle ;
 The god of day kept watch and told it him :
 He went in then much troubled in his heart, 300
 He stood within, and fierce wrath seiz'd on him ;
 And cried aloud, that all the gods might hear ;
 " O father, Jove ! and all the eternal gods !
 Come ! look on deeds unbearable, absurd,
 For Venus, e'en since I lame footed am, 305
 Dishonours me, and loves the fierce god Mars ;
 Because he's beauteous—sound of foot—while I
 Am weak and lame : I blame none else at all
 But parents, faulty in begetting me :
 See where they now lie down in love's embrace, 310
 My bed ascending ; seeing it I'm griev'd !
 For brief space even, longer wont they lie,
 Though fond, I think desire will both soon leave
 For sleep ; but wily chains will hold them fast,
 Till all the bridal gifts her sire returns, 315
 I gave him for his bold fac'd daughter's sake ;
 Because that she is fair but is not chaste."
 The gods now met in hall with floor of brass,
 Earth circling Neptune, Hermes, cunning god,
 The bright far darting Phæbus also came ; 320
 The goddesses being modest, stay'd at home ;
 They stood within, dispensers of good things,
 And laughter irrepressible arose ;
 Beholding Vulcan's wily artifice :
 One who had seen it, spoke unto one near ; 325
 " Bad deeds don't prosper ; slow o'ertakes the swift :
 As Vulcan who is slow, hath taken Mars,
 Although the swiftest of th' Olympic gods ;

By wiles, being lame, detecting his amour."
 Thus these convers'd together of such things ; 330
 To Hermes then, 'far darting' Phæbus spoke :
 " O Hermes ; Jove's son, giver of good things !
 Would'st thou forsooth, compress'd by stubborn chains,
 Desire to sleep by golden Venus' side ?"
 The herald Hermes thus replied to him ; 335
 " I would 'far-darting' king, that this might be !
 Chains thrice so strong might bind on every side,
 The gods look on, and all the goddesses,
 Still would I sleep at golden Venus' side !"
 Then laughter rose amidst th' immortal gods ; 340
 But held not Neptune's sides ; he constant pray'd
 The cunning Vulcan to release bold Mars ;
 And spake these swift-wing'd words then unto him ;
 " Unbind ! his surety will I be to thee,
 That Mars redress your wrongs before the gods!" 345
 The lame god Vulcan answer'd him again ;
 " Earth circling Neptune, ask not this of me !
 For pledges weakly bind that weakness makes :
 How could I hold thee pledg'd amidst the gods,
 Should Mars depart escaping from his chains ?" 350
 Earth-shaking Neptune said to him again ;
 " If Mars indeed, escaping from his debt,
 Should flee away, I'll give redress myself."
 The lame god then made answer unto him ;
 "'Tis not for me now to deny thy prayer !" 355
 Then Vulcan's strength releas'd them from their chains :
 These when loos'd from the chain so very strong,
 Uprising quick, Mars unto Thrace was gone,
 And Venus went then unto ²⁸Cyprus isle,

²⁸ Cyprus was an island in the Mediterranean near Cilicia, where Venus was worshipped.

To Paphos, where her altar was and grove : 360
 The graces wash'd, anointing her with oil
 Ambrosial, which adornment gives to gods,
 And lovely vests to be admir'd put on.
 Of these things sung the minstrel : then the chief
 Rejoic'd in mind, and all the rest of them, 365
 Phæacian men, illustrious mariners.
 The king, Læodamas and Haliüs bade
 To dance alone, since none contend with them,
 A beauteous ball then taking in their hands,
 Of purple hue, skill'd Polybus did make ; 370
 This one toss'd upwards tow'rds the sky's dark clouds,
 While springing from the ground as he bent back,
 His comrade caught it, ere it touch'd the ground :
 When both at throwing ball had tried their skill,
 They join'd in dance upon the fertile earth, 375
 Frequently changing, while the rest applaud
 Amidst the ring ; and much loud din arose ;
 And then Ulysses spake unto the king,
 " O King, the noblest of the citizens !
 Thou told me of your dancers excellence, 380
 I see with wonder things so promptly done."
 And then Alcinous was glad in heart,
 And quickly spoke to the Phæacian men ;
 " Hear me, ye princes and Phæacian chiefs !
 Our guest most prudent seems to me to be, 385
 Let 's give the 'gift of hospitality.' "
 Over the people twelve illustrious kings
 Do rule as chiefs ; myself the thirteenth am :
 A robe and vest let each of us to him
 Bring now and eke a talent of pure gold ; 390
 Let 's quickly bring them all, that in his hands
 Them holding, he may sup right glad in heart :
 Him let Euryalus propitiate,

By words and gift, for unbecoming speech !”
 Then all of them prais'd and encourag'd him ; 395
 And each a herald sent to bring the gifts :
 Euryalus then spake thus to the king ;
 “ Thou noblest of the citizens, O king,
 I will appease our guest as thou command'st ;
 This sword I'll give, all brass, whereon 's a hilt 400
 Of silver ; a carv'd ivory sheath
 Encircles it—a precious gift to him.”
 He put then in his hand the costly sword,
 And spoke swift-pinion'd words, addressing him ;
 “ O welcome, father guest ! if rude harsh words 405
 Have fallen, may storms quickly sweep them off !
 May Jove grant thee to see thy wife and home,
 Since thou endurest griefs so far from friends !”
 The chief Ulysses then replied to him ;
 “ Much joy to thee, my friend, Jove's blessing too ! 410
 May want befall thee never for this sword
 Henceforth—thy gift—thy words appeasing me !”
 He round his shoulders plac'd the splendid sword
 The sun then set ; the gifts were brought to him :
 The heralds bore them to the royal halls : 415
 Alcinous's sons then taking them,
 Did set the gifts by their chaste mother's side :
 Alcinous then took the lead of them,
 They set them down upon the lofty seats :
 Alcinous to fair Arētē spake ; 420
 “ Bring hither, lady, now the best bright chest,
 And place the robe therein and inner vest ;
 Then heat the cauldron, make the water warm,
 That having wash'd and seeing all the gifts,
 The gifts our chiefs have hither brought for him, 425
 He may enjoy the feast and measur'd song :
 And I this splendid cup will give to him,

This golden cup, that e'er remembering me,
 He may libations pour to all the gods."
 Arētē then to her attendants told 430
 To set in haste the tripod on the fire ;
 These plac'd the tripod on the blazing fire,
 And water pour'd and burnt logs under it,
 Fire girt its belly, and the water warm'd :
 Arete for the guest the splendid chest 435
 Brought forth and plac'd the beauteous gifts therein ;
 Garments and gold which the Phæacians gave ;
 She put the loose robe too and shining vest ;
 And spoke these swift-wing'd words, addressing him :
 " Seek thou a lock now, quickly bind a chain 440
 That none rob thee, when that thou shalt again
 Sleep calm and tranquil sailing in the ship."
 And when divine Ulysses heard this speech
 He fits a lock, and quickly binds a chain
 Of cunning work, chaste Circe taught him once : 445
 The chief attendant then bade him to wash,
 Ascending to the baths ; and he with joy
 Beheld the warm baths ; not oft times his care
 Since he had left bright hair'd Calypso's cave,
 But these he car'd for as a god might do. 450
 Then the domestics wash'd, anointing him,
 And donn'd a woollen robe and inner vest ;
 He went departing to the feasting guests.
 Nausicæa the maid divinely fair,
 Stood near unto the pillars of the roof ; 455
 And spake these swift-wing'd words, addressing him :
 " Hail stranger ! that when in thy native land
 Thou think of me, to whom thou ow'st thy life !"
 Ulysses then in answer said to her ;
 " Nausicæa, fair daughter of the king ! 460
 May Jove, bright Juno's lord, ordain it now,

That I should see the day of my return,
Then pay to thee, as to a goddess, vows,
Through life ; for thou 'rt my saviour, charming maid !"
Then he sat down on throne beside the king, 465
They part the feast, and mingle now the wine :
The herald leading in Demodocus
Honor'd of all, now made him to sit down,
Midst all, by lofty column propping him :
Ulysses then unto the herald spoke ; 470
Cutting a portion of white-tooth'd boar's chine,
And much still left—rich fat surrounding it ;
“ O herald, give Demodocus this flesh
To eat now, and, though sad, I'll him embrace ;
For minstrels are partakers from all men 475
Of reverence and respect : the muse hath taught
Sweet song to them, and loves the minstrel race : ”
The herald took it in his hands and set
Before Demodocus, who ate it, glad in heart :
When they were satisfied with meat and drink, 480
Ulysses to Demodocus then spoke ;
“ O'er all men, minstrel, I admire thee much,
The muse hath taught thee, or Apollo hath,
The fated Greek's sad tale so true thy song,
Their deeds and suffering, and how much they toil'd 485
Thou must have seen or heard, from one who did ;
But come, sing now the building of that horse
Of wood, by Pallas' help, Epeüs built ;
T' ensnare the citadel Ulysses led,
First fill'd with men who raz'd proud Ilion ; 490
Should'st thou with truth of this unto me sing,
I will, when home, declare to all mankind,
The muse propitious had thy song inspir'd.”
He spake ; the minstrel then began the song,
From that time when the Greeks embarking on 495

Their ships, set sail, fire throwing on their tents ;
Those Greeks : while those around Ulysses now
Sat in Troy's market place within the horse ;
Troy's sons dragg'd it within the citadel ;
It stood there : they consult on many plans, 500
Seated around it ; three were then proposed ;
First, to cut through with brass the hollow wood ;
Or dragging it to cast it o'er the rocks ;
Or let it stand, a means t' appease the gods :
And so was this accomplishment decreed : 505
'Twas doom'd to perish when Troy should shut in,
That monstrous horse, wherein sat all the chiefs
Of Greece, to Trojans bringing death and fate :
He sang too how the Greeks laid waste the town ;
Leaving their hollow ambush in the horse ; 510
How others otherwise destroy'd proud Troy ;
But that Ulysses to the palace of
Deiphobus with Meneläus went ;
And then had he dar'd battle terrible,
And conquer'd them by mighty Pallas' aid. 515
Of these great deeds he sung : Ulysses then
Grew pale, and copious tears bedew'd his cheeks :
Like as a woman weeps, around her lord,
Who shall have fallen in his town's defence,
Warding off from its children slavery's day ; 520
Seeing him dying, gasping his last breath,
She shrieks thrown round him, while the foes behind,
Piercing through backs and shoulders with their spears
Lead men to slavery, sorrow, and to toil ;
With saddest grief her cheeks then pine away : 525
So down his cheeks Ulysses shed salt tears ;
These tears were then unseen of all the rest,
The king alone observ'd and notic'd him ;
Who sitting near had heard his heavy groans :

And forthwith spake to his oar-loving men ; 530
 “ Hear me, Phæacian chiefs and counsellors,
But let the bard refrain now from his lute,
Not with delight to all he sings these deeds :
Since supper time, when that divine song rose
Till now hath not from lamentations ceas'd 535
Our stranger guest, grief takes such hold of him :
Let him refrain, that we may all rejoice,
Both we the hosts and this our guest, as best
For our guest's sake these things have been perform'd ;
The shipping and the friendly gifts we give. 540
A guest and suppliant 's as a brother held
By him with smallest share of wisdom blest :
Conceal not then within thy cunning mind,
Whate'er I ask, 'tis better that thou tell.
Tell me the name thy parents call'd thee there, 545
And all who in and round thy city dwelt ;
For none of mortals are without a name,
Bad man or good, from his first natal day,
The parents giving birth place one on all ;
Tell me thy people, land, and city too ; 550
That so my ships may thither thee convey ;
No pilots are there to Phæacian ships,
Nor steerage helm, like other vessels have :
Men's minds and counsels here our ships do know,
The cities and the fertile lands of all, 555
Of mortal men, and swiftly cross the sea,
Veil'd in dark mist and clouds, nor is there dread
Of damage or destruction felt by them.
But this my sire related once to me,
Nausithöus, that Neptune was enrag'd 560
With us because we 're transport safe to all ;
He told that once a well-built ship of ours,
On its return o'er hazy seas, he was

About to wreck, waves casting o'er our town ;
So told he ; but the god will either do, 565
Or leave undone, just as it please his mind :
But come relate this truly unto me,
Where thou hast wander'd and what countries seen,
Their people tell of and their well-built towns,
Of those who 're cruel, barbarous, unjust, 570
And those who 're pious and benevolent ;
And tell me why thou groan'st so in thy breast,
At songs which tell proud Troy's, and Grecia's fate :
Th' immortal gods have spun destruction's web ;
For men, in after ages to be sung : 575
Did some near kinsman fall beneath those walls ?
Some stepsire, or wife's brother who most near
Unto our own blood are a care to us :
Or did some comrade fall there, whose brave soul
Knew joyous things ; almost a brother is, 580
A comrade who is blest with prudent mind ?"

Book ix.

The Narratives to Alcinous : the Cyclopead.

Ulysses then spoke these responsive words ;
 " O'er all the townsmen, chieftain most renown'd !
 Beauteous this song to hear from minstrel bard,
 E'en such as this in voice like to the gods :
 I think that nought more pleasant is forsooth, 5
 Than when the people glad and joyous are,
 And revellers all hear the minstrel song,
 In order seated ; near the tables fill'd
 With bread and meats, the bearer drawing wine
 From vessels, pours out sparkling into cups ; 10
 Truly this seems most beauteous unto me :
 But now thy mind hath bent itself to learn
 My griefs, that I may vent them more with groans :
 What first, what last, shall I relate to thee ?
 Since many cares the gods have given to me ; 15
 My name I'll tell first, that you, worthy chief,
 May know it ; then escaping fate's dark day,
 I may your host be, tho' my home is far ;
 My name 's Ulysses, I'm Laërtes' son,
 For all deep tricks, known both to gods and men : 20
 My home 's in Ithaca : a mountain 's there,
 The wooded Neritum seen far : round it
 Are numerous isles, which also peopled are ;
 Samos, Zacynthus, and Doulichium :
 But Ithaca lies highest from the sea, 25
 Towards the north, and towards the sun and east :

'Tis rugged, and good nurse of youth : I can't ;
 See aught more sweet than this my native isle ;
 Calypso, goddess fair kept me with her,
 In hollow cave, desirous to espouse : 30
 With that design did Circe keep me too,
 E'en that Æœan Circe, full of wiles ;
 But all their blandishments touch'd not my heart,
 For nought's more sweet than one's own native land ;
 And parents ; though the guest of one who 's rich, 35
 In some far foreign land, away from home :
 These things I'll tell, and of that sad return
 The gods ordain'd, when I set sail from Troy :
 The wind from Troy bore me to Ismarus ;
 Which town I sack'd, and slew the Cicones ; 40
 Their wives and much of wealth we pillaging
 Divided all, and trick'd none of his share :
 To fly thence with swift feet I then advis'd,
 My foolish comrades disobey'd my voice :
 Much wine was drunk, and many fatling sheep 45
 And trail foot oxen slain by the sea shore :
 These Cicones meanwhile brought Cicones :
 Their neighbours better and more numerous men,
 From mainland, men most skilful on their steeds,
 To fight with men, or combat them on foot : 50
 Numerous as leaves in spring time are, these came,
 At early dawn ; then Jove's dark fate stood near,
 To us ill starr'd, with dangers manifold ;
 Arraying battle, fought they by the ships,
 With spears each side the other smote in turns ; 55
 While morning was and sacred day increas'd,
 So long superior numbers we withstood,
 But when the sun had cross'd towards the west,
 The Cicones, subdued us and lay down ;
 Six of my comrades out of every ship 60

Had perish'd, death and fate the rest escap'd ;
 Troubled in heart we sail'd thence further on,
 Glad to flee death—our dear companions lost :
 Yet 'even then we put not off to sea
 Till we had thrice to each poor comrade call'd 65
 Laid on the plain, by Cicones destroy'd :
 Great Jove then rais'd a Borean wind on us,
 Driving black storms on, veiling in dark clouds,
 Both land and ocean ; dark night came from heaven :
 Oblique was our ship's course : the wind's strong force 70
 Split into three or four parts too the sails :
 There we laid down, destruction fearing now,
 And row'd to the mainland with eager zeal :
 There for two nights and two days' space we lay,
 Corroding much our minds with toil and grief : 75
 But when 'bright hair'd' Aurora brought the third,
 The masts being rear'd the white sails too drawn up,
 The wind and steersmen govern'd then our ship :
 Now we had reach'd our native land unscath'd,
 But sailing round the Malean coast, the winds 80
 Drove us, and from Cythera made us stray :
 For nine days' space did foul winds bear me thence
 O'er that fish-teeming sea : the tenth we climb
 "The Lotus-eaters' isle ; whose food is flowers ;

¹ Or "yet not even on that account."

² The Loto-phagi: there were three sorts of Lotus distinguished by the ancients: their Tree-lotus, our Zizyphus-lotus; the Marsh-lotus, which is our Nymphaea-lotus; and the Herbaceous-lotus, the birds foot trefoil of the moderns in the genus-lotus: the Zizyphus is the true Lotus of the Lotophagi: the name was altered by the Greeks from asafija, its name in the East: it is called Zizouf in Arabic: it is a prickly branching shrub, with alternate three curved leaves, solitary flowers; the fruit, a spherical drupe the size of a wild plum: it is at first green, but tinged of a saffron color when ripe, and is sweet and harmless. The Greeks supposed the people who ate the Lotus to be confined to the African northern sea coast, to an extent which included the gulfs of Syrtis. But it is found on the eastern as well as the western extremity of the African desert. Dr. Shaw found the fruit

There draw we water, having reach'd the land ; 85
 And straight our crew take dinner at the ships :
 When we had tasted both of food and drink,
 Some fellows then I landed for to seek
 (Two chosen men, a herald for the third ;)
 Who those men eating flowers for bread might be : 90
 Departing they the Lotus-eaters meet,
 Nor did these Lotus-eaters try to kill
 Our fellows, but the Lotus give to taste :
 All who the sweet fruit of the Lotus ate,
 Did wish no more to bring news, or return : 95
 But sojourn with the Lotus eating men,
 To eat the Lotus, and forget return :
 These I forc'd back unto the shore in tears
 And tied them to the benches in the ships :
 The other sailors did I then exhort 100
 T' embark with speed in the swift-sailing ships :
 But eating these flowers they forgot return :
 Then these did all embark with speed and sat
 In order, striking with their oars the sea :
 Thence sail'd we further on, much griev'd in heart ; 105
 And to the ³Cylops' land, a haughty race,

common in Barbary, sold in the markets ; cattle were fed with it, and a liquor drawn from it. Mr. Park found it very common in all the kingdoms he visited : he describes the fruit as small farinaceous berries, of a yellow colour, and delicious taste ; the natives convert them into a sort of bread, by exposing them for some days in the sun, and afterwards pounding them in a wooden mortar, until the farinaceous part was separated from the stones ; the meal is then mixed with a little water, and formed into cakes, which are dried in the sun, and resemble in colour and flavor the sweetest ginger-bread. A gum is next made from the meal which adheres to the stones. Major Rennel thinks he has seen the plant on the Ganges. It grows readily and fruits in our green houses. *Zizyphus Jujuba*, Jujubes is a native of the East Indies ; it bears a red and sweet oval fruit, eaten in the East Indies and China

³ The Cyclops were a race of gigantic beings, fabled by the Greeks to dwell in Sicily, where they assisted Vulcan in forging Jove's thunderbolts ; they had only one eye, round, and situated in the centre of the forehead. Polyphemus was the most celebrated of them : Theocritus describes his attachment to the nymph Galatea.

We came, who quite relying on the gods,
 Plough not, nor do they plant or shrub or herb,
 But all grow for them untill'd and unsown,
 Wheat, barley, fruitful vines, which bear for them 110
 Wine press'd from large black grapes, which Jove's showers swell ;
 Amongst them are no forums, and no laws,
 But all dwell on the lofty mountain tops,
 Within deep caves : each rules by his own laws,
 His wives and children : none for other cares :
 An easy cultur'd isle spreads from the port 115
 Of these Cyclope's land, not near nor far,
 A wooded isle, where flocks of goats are born,
 All wild : for men's concourse ne'er checketh them,
 Huntsmen pursue no tracks, who in the woods
 Endure sad griefs, chasing on mountain tops : 120
 There is no delving on this land, nor flocks ;
 For ploughing and for sowing there's no need
 Of husbandmen : it pastures bleating goats :
 No ships have they with prows of vermeil red,
 Nor are there skilful shipwrights who could build 125
 Strong ships, with seats of oars to carry freights
 Unto the towns of men sailing (as often times
 Men in their ships pass o'er the seas to men) ;
 Who 'for themselves till thickly peopled isles.
 The land's not bad, in season 'twould bear well ; 130
 Near the sea shore therein are grassy meads,
 Well water'd, soft : perennial vines would grow,
 The plough work well ; in season they would mow
 High crops of corn ; for very fat's the soil.
 There's a good port, where there's no need of ropes, 135
 For anchorage, nor binding rudders firm :
 Ships ent'ring may remain until desire

⁴ Or ' who might cultivate the populous isle for themselves.'

Doth rouse the sailors, urg'd by fav'ring gales.
 At this port's head, a limped water flows
 From cavern's mouth, around which poplars grow : 140
 We near'd this isle, some god our pilot was
 Through darksome night : the isle was not yet seen :
 Thick darkness shrouded us : nor did the moon
 Shine forth, the sky was quite obscur'd by clouds :
 Not one had seen that island with his eyes, 145
 Nor the vast waves, 'mid breakers, rolling on
 Towards the shore, before the ships drew nigh :
 The port being made, we drew in all the sails ;
 And soon upon the sea shore disembark'd ;
 And sleeping there Aurora did await : 150
 But when the rosy finger'd morn appear'd,
 We wander'd through this island, wond'ring much :
 And then the Nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused up
 The mountain goats, to furnish meat for us :
 We then our bows and our long-pointed spears 155
 Took from shipboard, and in three companies
 We cast our spears, and kill'd delightful game ;
 Twelve ships there were, and unto each of them
 I shared nine goats, and took ten for myself :
 Through all that day until the setting sun, 160
 We feasted on heap'd flesh, and drank sweet wine,
 Our purple wine on board was not yet drunk ;
 For much thereof in ⁶vessels each of us
 When plund'ring of the Cicones, drew out :
 We now survey'd the land, beheld the smoke, 165
 And heard their voices, and the bleating goats ;
 And when the sun was set and darkness came,
 We laid down on the sea shore for to sleep,

⁶ The Amphora was a vessel with two handles, made of leather, clay, and other materials for preserving wine, oil, &c.

For saving him, his wife, and infant child,
 Them reverencing ; he dwelt within a grove, 200
 Sacred to Phæbus ; and he gave me gifts ;
 He seven talents gave to me of gold ;
 He gave me too a cup all silver, and
 Wine he had drawn in vessels numb'ring twelve ;
 A sweet, pure, and divine drink, quite unknown 205
 To handmaids and domestics : drunken by
 His wife, himself, and housekeeper alone :
 When of this wine, as honey sweet, they drank,
 Of water twenty measures to one cup
 He pour'd ; most fragrant odour breath'd therefrom ; 210
 'Twas then not pleasant to refrain the taste :
 I took a great skin fill'd with this ; and food
 In leathern pouch : my mind did then suspect
 A man would fall on me, girt with vast strength,
 Ferocious, ignorant of laws and rights : 215
 The cave we soon approach'd, but him within
 We found not : he was pasturing his sheep ;
 Then going in, admir'd we all we saw ;
 Hampers well fill'd with cheese ; and crowded stalls
 With lambs and kids ; each class being parted off 220
 Was pent up : older ones ; then middle ag'd ;
 Then those late born ; the vessels swam with whey,
 Both pails and troughs ; into the which he milk'd ;
 My comrades then entreat me first of all,
 Some cheeses taking to return ; and then 225
 Both kids and lambs to drag forth with good speed,
 Unto the ships, and sail upon the waves :
 I hearken'd not, much better if I had ;
 I wish'd to ask him, if he would grant gifts ;
 But he was not to please them, being seen. 230
 Kindling a fire we sacrific'd ; and ate
 Some of these cheeses : and did wait for him

Within, till with his flocks he came : he bore
 A burthen of dried wood, to cook his meals.
 He flung it down outside and made loud crash ; 235
 We, frighten'd, drew back, in the cave's recess :
 He drove his sheep into the spacious cave,
 Those which he milk'd, and left the males without ;
 Outside th' enclosure, both he goats and rams :
 Lifting, he plac'd a huge door 'gainst the cave, 240
 Most ponderous ; twenty waggons strong and good
 Four-wheel'd, could not have mov'd it off the ground :
 So vast a rock at that cave's mouth he plac'd :
 Sitting, he milk'd his sheep and bleating kids,
 In turn ; and put its suckling under each : 245
 Then ⁸ turn'd, to curd the half of that white milk ;
 In wicker baskets he set this aside,
 And half then stow'd in vessels for his use,
 To take and drink, and for his supper meal ;
 And when this his work was quickly done, 250
 He lit a fire, and saw, and question'd us :
 " Who are ye strangers ? whence now sail ye from ?
⁹ Fair traders are ye, or do ye now roam
 Like pirates o'er the sea, who wander far
 Their own lives risking, bearing griefs to men ?" 255
 The hearts within our breasts were broken then ;
 Scar'd at his deep gruff voice, and self so huge :
 Nathless I spake, and answer'd in these words .
 " Sad Greeks we ; back from Troy cast here and there
 By changing winds upon the sea's abyss, 260
 And ¹⁰ seeking home ; yet wrong and devious ways
 Have come ; for so the mighty Jove decreed ;

⁸ Literally 'turned' ; i.e., curdled, made into butter or cheese.

⁹ Or 'for or on business.'

¹⁰ Or 'sending ourselves in thought towards home.'

We boast king Agamemnon's men to be,
 Whose glory is the greatest under heaven ;
 So great a city hath he spoil'd ; such men 265
 Destroy'd, but we thee having found at last
 Now touch thy knees if thou wilt give to us
 The stranger's gift ; or else may'st otherwise
 Give unto us, as is the ¹¹ stranger's right ;
 Dear friend, revere the gods ! we suppliants are ; 270
 And Jove of strangers the avenger is ;
 Their friend, who watches¹² worthy strangers' steps !"
 He answer'd me with cruel mind forthwith ;
 A fool art thou or hast thou come from far,¹³
 Who bidd'st me to beware or fear the gods ! 275
 The Cyclops' heed not 'Ægis-bearing Jove,'
 Nor happy gods ! our power transcendeth theirs :
 Nor yet Jove's hatred shunning would I spare
 Thy comrades or thyself unless inclin'd :
 But tell the spot where thou hast¹⁴ moor'd thy ship, 280
 On farthest coast, or nigh, that I may learn ?"
 Thus spake he sounding ; but could not beguile
 One vers'd in tricks, and now again in turn
 I answer'd him with false and cunning words ; 285
 " My ship in pieces hath king Neptune dash'd
 Against the rocks on confine of your isle ;
 Nearing a headland ; fierce winds driving it :
 My comrades here and I escap'd sad death."
 He answer'd nought then from his cruel mind, 290
 But on my comrades rushing laid his hands,

¹¹ Or 'as is the custom towards strangers.'

¹² Or 'worthy of being reverenc'd as being under Jove's protection.'

¹³ 'And have never heard of us,' understood.

¹⁴ Literally 'held it on to or landed.'

E'en two at once, like ¹⁴whelps upon the ground,
 He dash'd them, then their brains made wet the earth,
 He dress'd for supper, limb by limb torn up ;
 Then like a lion he ate them, nor left 295
 Entrails, or flesh, or bones with marrow filled ;
 We, weeping much, did lift our hands to Jove,
 Seeing these wicked deeds : despair seiz'd us :
 When that his monstrous belly he had fill'd ;
 Eating man's flesh ; and drinking milk for wine ; 300
 He lay down in the cave between the sheep ;
 Him had I deeply then in heart design'd,
 Approaching near, the sword drawn at my thigh,
 To smite on breast, just by the ¹⁵liver's edge ;
 Feeling it out ; but new thoughts hinder'd me : 305
 For we ourselves had sadly perish'd there,
 Unable were we from the cave's high mouth,
 To push the pond'rous stone he there had set.
 So groaning deeply we awaited morn ;
 And when the queen 'born in the dawn' appear'd, 310
 He lit his fire anew, and milk'd his flock,
 In turn, and plac'd a suckling under each :
 And when he briskly had done all his work,
 Seizing two more, his breakfast he then dress'd ;
 And having ate, he drove forth his fat flocks, 315
 Lifting the huge door easily, and then
 He put it back, as some light quiver's lid :
 With whistle loud he to the mountains turn'd
 His flocks : I there was left contriving ills ;
 If so I might revenge, with Pallas' aid ; 320
 And this design appear'd to me the best ;
 Close to the sheep cote lay his mighty club,

¹⁴ Literally 'the young of any animal.'

¹⁵ Literally 'where the midriff or diaphragm surrounds the liver.'

Green, olive wood ; he cut this, that he might
 Bear it when dried : this seeing we compar'd
 In size to mast of ship of twenty oars, 325
 A ship of burden crossing ocean wide :
 So much its length, so much its thickness was :
 Off this I cut about one ¹⁷ fathom's depth,
 And placing bade my comrades polish it :
 These made it smooth : myself next sharpen'd then 330
 Its end, and charr'd it in the blazing fire ;
 I buried this well underneath the dung,
 Scatter'd abundantly about the cave ;
 I bade my comrades then to cast by lot,
 Which lifting with myself this stake should dare 335
 To ¹⁸ thrust it in his eye, when fall'n asleep :
 Those drew the lots, whom I myself desir'd,
 E'en four of them, the fifth lot fell on me :
 At even tide he with his flocks return'd,
 And drove them straight within the spacious cave ; 340
 Ev'n all ; nor left one outside the deep fence ;
 Suspecting ill, or bidden by some god :
 And when the huge door lifting he had plac'd,
 He sitting, milk'd the sheep and bleating goats,
 In turn, and plac'd a suckling under each ; 345
 And when his work was briskly done again,
 With one grasp seizing two he supper dress'd :
 I then address'd him, standing near to him ;
 With carv'd cup of dark purple wine in hand :
 "O Cyclops ! ¹⁹ take, drink of this wine, since thou 350
 Hast eaten human flesh, that thou may'st know
 How good this drink is, brought from our ship's stores :

¹⁷ Equal to six feet, or the space between the two arms extended.

¹⁸ Some read—' to churn it twice.'

¹⁹ Literally ' stretch out thy hands and take ;'

²⁰ Libations had I brought thee if thou had'st
 Sent us home kindly ; but thou ragest so !
 Hard hearted ! how can any visit thee 355
 Of men henceforth ; since thou so cruel art ?"
 He took and drank, and felt extreme delight,
 Drinking this wine, and ask'd a second cup :
 " Give to me willing—tell to me thy name,
 Now quick, that I may give a pleasing gift ; 360
 For to the Cyclops' this rich soil doth bear,
 Good wine within large grapes, fill'd by Jove's showers :
 But this is nectar and ambrosia."
 I gave him then the purple wine again ;
 Thrice gave I it ; and thrice he rashly drank ; 365
 And when at length it got into his head,
 I spoke to him with soft and honey'd words ;
 " Dost ask my name renown'd, O Cyclops ? then
 I'll tell it thee : and do thou give the gift !
 The name I bear is 'NOBODY ;' they call 370
 Me '*Nobody* ;' my parents and my friends."
 Thus spoke I ; he with savage mind replied ;
 Of all these, '*Nobody*' I'll eat the last ;
 The rest before him ; this shall be my gift !" 375
 He spoke, and staggering fell down flat upon
 His back, and lay with his thick neck thrust out :
 Subduing sleep siez'd him, and from his throat
 The wine burst up, with lumps of human flesh ;
 And then he belch'd, he was so drunk with wine.
 The stake into red cinders then I ramm'd 380
 Till it grew hot : my comrades by my words
 I cheer'd, lest any should shrink back thro' fear :
 But when the stake was in short space about

²⁰ " I would have brought thee more as libations to thee, as though thou wert a god !"

To kindle altho' green and redly glow'd,
 I drew it from the fire ; my comrades stood 385
 Around : the god then made me very bold :
 These taking up the stake insert its point
 Upon the central surface of his eye ;
 I standing over²¹ them did churn it in ;
 As when a ²²shipwright bores thro' a ships' mast, 390
 With auger, and men underneath him whirl
 It round with leathern straps ; all pulling it
 Both to and fro ; the tool runs firmly round :
 So we the stake upraising work'd it hot,
 Into the Cyclops' eye, blood flow'd around ; 395
 The vapour smok'd around his lids and brows,
 Out of his burning eyeball : with the fire
 Its nerves then crackled, as some working man
 The head of axe or hatchet dips into
 Cold water, and it hisses violently, 400
 To temper it ²³ which gives to iron strength :
 So²⁴ hiss'd the Cyclops' eye about the stake ;
 He howl'd terrific ; far the rocks resound ;
 We fled in terror ; then the stake did he
 Draw from his eyeball, deeply stain'd with blood ; 405
 And flung it from him frantic with the pain :
 The Cyclops's he call'd to with loud voice,
 Who round him dwelt in hollow caves along
 Those bleak promontories ; his shrill voice these
 Hearing stalk'd forth, each from his hiding place ; 410
 And standing round ask'd what afflicted him ;

²¹ Properly, ' Having raised myself above them.'

²² This was the ancient method of boring timber ; one turned the borer or wimble above, while others beneath turned the beam round by leathern thongs ; that the borer might work with greater power.

²³ This dipping is the strength of or gives an edge to the iron.

²⁴ 'Siz,' a word strongly expressing the sound of hissing

"Why, Polyphemus, dost thou roar so loud,
 Breaking our sleep, in this ambrosial night?
 Do some drive off thy flocks against thy will?
 Or fear'st thou to be slain by wiles or force?" 415
 Strong Polyphemus answer'd them in turn,
 "*Nobody*, my dear friends, slays me by craft;
 By strength *nobody* too:" then they again
 In answer spake these sharp words unto him:
 "If *nobody* doth harm thee being alone, 420
 Thou can'st not shun disease sent by great Jove;
 But pray to father Neptune, our sea king!"
 They then depart: my heart laugh'd inwardly,
 My name, and my device deceiv'd them so:
 But that vast Cyclops groaning with his pain 425
 Did grope about, and mov'd away the stone
 And sat in the caves mouth, both hands out spread,
 To catch us going out amongst the sheep:
 He hop'd that I such simple fool would be:
 I then consulted what should be our course, 430
 If for myself and comrades I might find
 Escape now, and I wove all arts and plans,
 For evils great were very near to us:
 And this appear'd by far the best of schemes;
 The rams well fed were, thick and long their fleece; 435
 Well shap'd and large; with wool of violet hue;
 With ox-hide thongs I these together bound,
 (On which the wicked-minded Cyclops slept)
 Joining together three; the middle bare
 A man; while other two went on each side; 440
 Three rams in this way carried thus each man:
 There was a ram, far largest in the flocks,
 This grasping by his back, I lay beneath
 His shaggy belly; then entwin'd amongst
 His thick long wool I held on with firm mind; 445

Thus we then waited till Aurora came.
 And when the 'rosy-finger'd' Queen appear'd,
 The rams unto the pasture did move forth ;
 The ewes unmilk'd yet bleated round the cave ;
 Their teats were so distended : rack'd by pains 450
 Their master groping felt the backs of all,
 Standing erect ; but, foolish, knew not this,
 That b'neath his sheep's breasts were my comrades bound :
 Hindmost of all that ram went from the cave,
 That was sore burden'd with his fleece, and with 455
 Me deep in thought. But having felt him last
 Thus did strong Polyphemus speak to him ;
 " Why dearest ram, mov'st thou for me thus last
 From out the cave ? last of the flock ? before 460
 Ne'er camest thou behind the sheep ; but first
 Of all did crop the grass's tender flowers !
 Stalking along ; and first did gain the stream ;
 And sought to come the first back to the stalls
 At even tide ; but now quite last of all !
 O dost thou miss thy master's eye, which now 465
 A bad man hath depriv'd me of, leagu'd with
 Vile comrades, first o'er coming me by wine,
 That *Nobody*, who wont shun cruel death.
 If thou could'st think as I, and speech could'st gain,
 To tell me where the wretch hides from my rage, 470
 Then round the cave, both here and there, his brains
 Would on the ground be sprinkled, and my heart
 Might rest from ills, that *Nobody* caus'd me !"
 The ram he then sent forth from out the cave :
 We just escaping pass'd the outer fence, 475
 I free'd myself, and set my comrades loose ;
 With speed the sheep then stretching wide their legs,
 We drove, led round about, until we came
 Near to the ship ; we warmly welcom'd were,

Who death escap'd ; the rest they much bewail'd ; 480
 Adverse to this, I them²⁵ by frowns forbad
 To weep ; but bade them shipping now with speed
 Some bright fleec'd sheep, to traverse the salt waves.
 These straight embark'd and on the benches sat,
 And sitting struck the white sea with their oars : 485
 When not too far for shouting to be heard,
 I to the Cyclops spake these taunting words ;
 " No coward's comrades wert thou now about
 To eat by violence in thy hollow cave ;
 Thy deeds are destin'd to²⁶ recoil on thee, 490
 Inhuman ! daring to devour thy guests
 Within thy house : so Jove hath punish'd thee !"
 He then was more enrag'd within his heart ;
 The top of lofty mountain breaking off,
 He hurl'd it in advance of our dark ship ; 495
 (It very nearly struck the rudder's point :)
 The sea was then much troubled by that rock,
 The reflux waves brought back the ship tow'rds land ;
 A pregnant swell of sea which²⁷ forc'd it near :
 I grasping then a long pole with my hands ; 500
 Shov'd it from shore ; and cheering bade my men
 To lay on with their oars, and danger shun,
 Beckoning to them : they leaning forward row'd :
 When we had pass'd o'er twice as much of sea
 I to the Cyclops shout ; my comrades now 505
 Restrain'd me by their soft persuasive words :
 " O perverse chief ! why stir so fierce a man ?
 Who hurling this vast mass just now, did lead

²⁵ Not daring yet to speak to them.

²⁶ Or ' to follow after thee ; ' ' to follow thee up.

²⁷ Literally, ' Prescrib'd to it as a law.'

Our ship back to the land, so danger fraught :
 Had he heard any shouting out loud then 510
 Our heads and shipbeams had he shatter'd quite,
 Casting a rock at us ; he hurls so far !"
 Thus spoke they : but persuaded not my mind ;
 In vengeful mood I call'd to him again ;
 "Thou Cyclops ! if troth any one should ask 515
 Hereafter of that blindness of thine eye,
 Tell them the brave Ulysses blinded thee ;
 Laertes' son, who dwells in Ithaca."
 He howling, with this speech replied to me ;
 "Good gods ! an ancient prophecy comes home ! 520
 A prophet once was here, both good and great,
 Ev'n Telêmus, excelling in that art ;
 And prophesying midst us did grow old ;
 Who told me all this would hereafter be,
 That that man's hands would me deprive of sight ; 525
 But I e'er thought some great and handsome man,
 Was to come hither, with vast strength endow'd ;
 But now one small, and weak and '*Nobody*,'
 Hath thrust mine eye out, conquering me with wine :
 But come thou here, that I may give to thee ; 530
 And urge king Neptune to convoy thee home,
 For I'm his son : he boasts to be my sire !
 And should he wish, he'll cure me, and none else
 Of gods immortal, nor of mortal men !"
 So spake he : and I thus replied to him ; 535
 "O, that depriving thee of soul and life !
 I could thee send within grim Pluto's realms !
 So that e'en Neptune would not heal thine eye !"
 The Cyclops pray'd unto king Neptune then,
 Extending wide his monstrous hands to heav'n : 540
 "Hear me, 'earth-circling' Neptune, 'blue-hair'd' god !
 If I am truly thine, and thou'rt my sire !

Grant that Ulysses ne'er return safe home !
 (Laertes' son who dwells in Ithaca !)
 But if 'tis fated him to come back safe 545
 Unto his halls and his dear native land,
 Let him come late—disastrous—comrades lost !
 In some strange ship, and find things adverse there !"
 The 'blue-hair'd' god his voice heard, praying thus :
 Then lifting a far greater rock on high, 550
 Whirling, he hurl'd it with his utmost strength ;
 He cast it then behind the dark prow'd ship,
 And all but touch'd the keel's extremest point :
 The sea was troubled much by that vast rock ;
 The wave now bore us forward²⁸ unto land, 555
 And when we reach'd the island where the rest
 Of our ships wait, and our dear comrades sat
 Around in grief, awaiting our return ;
 We haul'd the vessel out upon the sands ;
 And we upon that shore then disembark'd : 560
 The Cyclops' sheep then taking from the ship,
 We part, that none might filch'd be of his share,
 But that big ram my men for special gift
 Gave unto me, which on the sea shore then
 I sacrific'd to 'cloud-compelling' Jove : 565
 Mine offering that god regarded not,
 But ponder'd then by what means might be lost
 These ships of ours, and well-selected mates :
 Through all that day until the setting sun,
 Feasting on flesh and drinking wine we sat : 570
 But at sunset, when darkness cast her shade,
 We lay us down to sleep upon the shore ;
 But when the queen 'born of the dawn' appear'd,

²⁸ The second rock falling behind the ship, drove it forward to the shores of the small island, where their comrades were left behind.

Rousing my comrades, I commanded them
 To loosen the ship's moorings, and embark :
 These straight embark'd and on the benches sat ;
 And sitting struck the white sea with their oars :
 We sail'd on then, afflicted in our hearts,
 Yet glad t' escape death's jaws, our comrades lost.

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Book x.

Adventures with Æolus, and the Læstrygonæ, and Circe.

We reach'd then soon Æolia's isle, wherein
 Dwelt Æolus,¹ lov'd by th' immortal gods ;
 On floating island, girt round by a wall
 Of brass, most strong, and also a smooth rock :
 Twelve children had been born to him therein, 5
 Six daughters, and six sons near puberty :
 These daughters gave he to his sons for wives.
 These at their mother's side and sire's belov'd
 Do banquet ; meats are in profusion spread.
 The house sweet savor'd in its halls resounds 10
 All day : beside of their chaste wives they sleep
 On cushions, and on well air'd beds of nights :
 Unto this isle and beauteous house we came :
 One month he feasts me, asking every thing,
 Of Troy, the Greek ships, and the Greeks' return : 15
 And I these things told faithfully to him.
 But when I ask'd a freight, and urg'd of him
 To send us, he complied, providing all :
 He skinn'd a nine-year ox, gave me the hide,
 And bound therein the paths of all the winds : 20
 For of the winds comptroller Jove him made ;
 Either to hush or raise them at his will.
 With cord he bound them in the hollow ship,
 A silver cord, to keep their breath safe in.

¹ Æolus the king of the winds was fabled to have reigned in the Æolian islands, during the Trojan war, contiguous to Sicily.

Zephyrus' breath he let out for to blow 25
 And bear us onward now, but his design
 Quite fail'd ; we were by our own folly lost ;
 For nine days space we sail'd both day and night ;
 The tenth we sighted our dear native land,
 We saw them kindling fires, they were so nigh : 30
 Sweet sleep fell on me then, worn out by toil ;
 For I was ever steersman, to none else
 I trusted, that we soon might reach our home.
 My sailors then discours'd among themselves,
 And said I carried gold and silver home, 35
 Gifts which the generous Æolus had given :
 And one with eyes turned to another spake ;
 " Good gods ! how this man is belov'd by all
 Of mortal men whose land he cometh to ;
 From Troy he brings things beautiful and rich, 40
 His spoils, but we who that same voyage made
 Are sailing home, with empty hands hung down ;
 And these things now to him, beside good cheer,
 Gave Æolus ; let's see quick what they are,
 What gold, what silver's in that leathern bag ?" 45
 Thus spake they ; and their evil thoughts prevail'd :
 The bag untied they ; all the winds rush'd out ;
 The storm swift driving bore them o'er the sea,
 All bath'd in tears ; home far off ; I myself
 Arous'd from sleep, did ponder much in mind 50
 If I should dive, and perish in the sea,
 Or bear in silence with the living still.
 I waited and myself quite covering o'er
 I lay me down : that dire storm bore the ships
 Back to the Æolian isle ; my comrades groan'd : 55
 And there we disembark'd, and water drew ;
 The sailors quickly din'd beside the ships :
 After partaking both of meat and drink,

With one companion and the herald, I
 Walk'd on to Æolus' bright house, and found 60
 Him feasting by his wife and children's side ;
 Entering, we sat down on the ground nigh to
 The door posts : they amazed much questioned me ;
 " How com'st thou back ? what dæmon urgeth thee ?
 When we so kindly sent thee on to reach 65
 Thy native land, if such is dear to thee ?"
 They spoke ; I answer'd them sore griev'd in heart ;
 "'Tis my vile comrades, fault, my sleep near them
 Hath hurt me ; heal us friends ! for you have pow'r !" 70
 I try'd to coaxe them by these honey'd words,
 But they were mute ; the king at length replied ;
 " Depart this isle quick, vilest wretch alive !
 I have no power to take care of, or freight,
 That man who's hateful to the blessed gods !
 Go, get thee gone ! since hateful thou com'st here !" 75
 He sent me groaning deep thus from his halls :
 We sail'd on further thence, sore griev'd in heart,
 Our spirits by hard rowing were sore vex'd,
 'Twas all by folly : home was no more seen.
 For six days space we sail'd on day and night, 80
 To Lamus' city on the seventh came ;
 High Læstrygon,² where herdsman driving in,
 Calls to one driving out who answers him ;
 A sleepless labourer double wages earns,
 Both herding oxen, feeding white fleec'd sheep : 85
 The paths of day and night are near therein :
 When we reach'd their fam'd harbour round the which
 A lofty rock rose like unbroken wall ;
 And bold shores one another opposite

² The city of Læstrygon or Læstrygonia, built by Lamus, was near Formice in Latium; there was another Læstrygon in Sicily.

Stand at its mouth ; its entrance narrow quite : 90
 Within this port the rolling ships were moor'd :
 The vessels inside of this hollow port were bound
 Nigh to each other ; waves ne'er swell'd within,
 Nor great nor small : a calm was round the place :
 My dark prow'd ship alone I kept without, 95
 With ropes I moor'd it to the rock outside :
 I then ascended an abrupt high ground ;
 No works of oxen or of men were seen,
 Nought else but smoke uprising from the earth :
 Some of my fellows sent I on to learn 100
 Who these were eating what the soil produced :
 Selecting two, the herald for the third.
 These travell'd a smooth road where waggons had
 Drawn wood unto the town from lofty hills.
 A damsel water going to draw they met, 105
 The king Læstrygon's daughter was this maid ;
 She sought the spring whose waters limpid are,
 Artacia, fountain which supplied the town ;
 Standing around her they enquir'd of her,
 Both who the king, and who his people were : 110
 Her father's house she promptly show'd to them ;
 Ent'ring this house they found a woman there,
 Big as a mountain's top ; they look'd aghast ;
 She from the market place Læstrygon call'd,
 Her husband, who plann'd cruel death for them : 115
 Catching one up straight he his dinner cook'd ;
 The others took to flight back to the ships :
 He rais'd a shout then, and from every part
 Læstrygones stalk'd forth at his loud voice :
 Ten thousand, not to men, but giants like. 120
 Huge murderous stones torn from the rocks they hurl'd
 At us ; then horrid din rose at the ships,
 Of dying men and broken ships confus'd :

A cruel feast they bear off, pierc'd like fish ;
 While they were slaying those poor men on shore, 125
 Myself drew forth my sharp sword from my thigh,
 And with it cut the cables of the ship :
 Then quickly did I cheer my comrades on
 To ply their oars, to shun disasters great :
 The rest themselves threw headlong in the sea, 130
 My ship escap'd the rocks conceal'd beneath ;
 But all of my companions ships were lost :
 Griev'd in our hearts, we sail'd on further then
 Yet glad to escape death's jaws, our comrades lost :
 We reach'd *Æëa*'s³ isle next, wherein dwelt 135
 The bright-hair'd *Circe*, whose sweet song could charm ;
 Own sister of *Æëtës* too was she,
 Both born of *Sol*, who giveth light to men,
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begot.
 Our ship drew near in silence to the shore, 140
 And enter'd a wide port, led by some god :
 Then disembarking, two whole days and nights,
 We lay there wearing both with toil and grief :
 But when *Aurora* usher'd the third day,
 I took my spear and my short sharp sword knife, 145
 Ascending briskly to a rising ground :
 If I might see men's works and hear their voice ;
 Mounting a steep watch tower I then stood still,
 And saw the smoke uprising from the ground,
 Thro' forests of oak trees in *Circe's* house : 150
 And then I ponder'd, much within my breast,
 Of seeking news since I beheld black smoke ;
 Thus while I ponder'd, this way seem'd the best,
 First going down to swift ship by the shore
 I should send men, first dining them, as scouts ; 155
 But when I drew near to the rolling ship,

³ *Æëa* or *Æëe*, was an island near Italy, towards Sicily.

Some god then pitied me, being quite alone ;
 Who made an antler'd stag to cross my path ;
 It sought the stream from pastures in the woods
 To drink : the sun's fierce heat had urg'd him down : 160
 Amid the back I smote him coming near,
 Upon the spine ; the spear right through him pass'd ;
 He groaning fell ; life fled away from him :
 I standing on him then drew forth my spear,
 From out the wound ; he fell then on the ground ; 165
 I went and pluck'd both twigs and osier rods,
 With these a rope I plaited six yards long,
 And twisting bound the monster's feet quite tight ;
 Then bore it on my neck down to the ships ;
 Held on my spear ; since on my shoulder I 170
 Could not with both hands bear so "vast a beast :
 I threw it by the ship ; and cheer'd my men
 With honey'd words near standing to each man ;
 "Don't let us, friends, tho' griev'd in heart, descend
 To Pluto's house, ere fate's dark day shall come ; 175
 But while there's meat and drink within our ship,
 Let us now feast, nor be by hunger vex'd :"
 They quickly were persuaded by my words :
 Doffing their coverings, on wide ocean's shore,
 They gaz'd in wonder at so vast a beast ; 180
 When they had pleas'd their sight beholding it,
 They with their hands prepar'd a glorious feast ;
 So then all day, until the setting sun,
 We sat down eating flesh and drinking wine ;
 At set of sun, night's mantle covering all 185
 We laid us down on ocean's sandy shore,
 And when morn's rosy-finger'd queen appear'd,
 I call'd them to me, thus addressing them ;
 "Comrades, hear ye my words, though suffering much ;
 We know not where the west is, where the east, 190

Nor where the sun descends beneath the earth,
 Nor where he mounts, but let's consult with speed,
 If there be counsel, but I think there's none !
 For mounting a steep high ground I beheld
 An island girt on all sides by the sea ; 195
 Low lies the ground ; but smoke amidst thereof,
 O'er dense oak thickets did mine eyes behold."
 The poor dear hearts were broken in their breasts,
 Calling to mind Læstrygon's cruel deeds ;
 And that huge Cyclops' 'man-devouring' strength : 200
 They loudly sobb'd, tears rolling down their cheeks ;
 But progress none arose from this loud grief :
 In two divisions all my comrades then
 I number'd, with a captain unto each :
 Myself led one, and one Eurylochus ; 205
 The lots in brazen helmet then we shake ;
 And from it leapt that of Eurylochus ;
 He went ; and two and twenty went with him ;
 All bath'd in tears ; we loudly weeping—left :
 They 'mid the wooded vale found Circe's house ; 210
 Built of smooth stones upon a lofty site ;
 And round her, wolves and long-man'd lions were,
 Whom she had charm'd by drugs of magic power :
 These rush'd not on those men, but rose up then
 And met them fondling with their circling tails ; 215
 As round a king return'd from feast, the dogs
 Do fawn, he bearing soothing charms with him ;
 So did the wolves and lions round these men
 Fondle ; they trembled when they saw such beasts :
 They stood still in the goddess' vestibule ; 220
 And Circe heard, who sung with syren voice,
 Whilst weaving fabric large, such as those are
 Of goddesses, fine, splendid, beautiful :
 Polites first began discourse to them,

Dearest to me and most rever'd of all. 225
 "Some one that's weaving, friends, a web within,
 Sings sweet, the pavement echoes to her notes;
 Goddess or woman; let's with speed call out!"
 So spake he: they call'd out aloud to her:
 Unfolding her bright doors, she came in haste, 230
 Inviting them: they in their folly went:
 Euryloclus alone stay'd, fearing some deceit:
 She made them sit on couches and on thrones,
 And mix'd new honey, cheese, and meat for them,
 With Pramnian wine; and mingled in the bread, 235
 Pernicious drugs, to cause forgetfulness;
 When they had ate and drunk of this, then straight
 Smote by her rod, she shut them in her sties:
 Bristles and voice and heads of pigs had they,
 And bodies: but their minds sound as before: 240
 Much weeping were they shut in; Circe then to them
 Cast acorns, ⁴ holly berries, ⁵ cornel fruit,
 For food; such as pigs wallowing always eat:
 Euryloclus came hurrying to the ships,
 To tell the news of his poor comrades' fate: 245
 Nor could he speak one word, though eager much;
 His heart was so much griev'd; his eyes likewise
 Brimfull of tears, he felt so prone to weep:
 But when we asking news stood round amaz'd,
 He told of his poor comrades' woeful fate: 250
 "The wood we pass'd through as thou bade us chief,

⁴ *'Akulos'* the berry of the Ilex or holly: of which genus, *Ilex aquifolium* (from *acveei* a point in celtic,) is the common species.

⁵ *'Keaneia'* cornus: the modern genus '*cornus*' is the dog wood, from cornu, a horn, the wood being very hard: the '*cornus mascula*' a 'European species, bears handsome fruit, formerly used in tarts; the highlanders call it *sueica susachrasis*, (plant of gluttony) its berries were eaten by children to create appetite.

And found a palace built amidst the vale ;
On lofty site, of highly polish'd stones :
Therein one, weaving, beautifully sung,
Goddess or woman ; then they call'd aloud : 255
She came unfolding her resplendent doors,
Inviting them : they in their folly went :
I staid behind, suspecting some deceit :
All vanish'd then, nor did a single one
Appear in view ; long time I look'd for them." 260
My silver studded sword I threw round
My shoulders, brazen, vast : my bow likewise ;
And bade him quick conduct me that same path :
But grasping firm my knees he begg'd of me,
Venting his anguish in these swift wing'd words : 265
"Take me not there unwilling ! leave me here !
Thou neither wilt return I know, or bring
One comrade back ; but let's now quickly fly,
With these still here ; we yet may shun dark fate."
I making answer thus replied to him ; 270
Eurylochus, do thou stay in this place,
Eating and drinking, nigh unto the ship !
But I will go ! necessity's on me !"
Thus speaking, I ascended from the sea ;
But as I pass'd then onward through the vale, 275
To reach the house of Circe, vers'd in charms,
Then Hermes met me with his golden rod,
When near the house, in shape of a young man,
Just reaching puberty, in joyous youth ;
Who kindly press'd my hand and said to me : 280
Whither, unhappy, goest thou o'er these hills,
A stranger here ? thy comrades are confin'd
In Circe's house in close sties, like to pigs :
Com'st thou to free them ? I don't think thou wilt
Thyself return, but with thy comrades stay : 285

But come, I'll save thee from these wicked spells ;
 Take in thine hand this wholesome drug and go
 To Circe's house, 'twill save thee from dark fate :
 I'll tell to thee all Circe's deadly deeds ;
 She'll make a drink and in thy food put drugs ; 290
 But these will charm thee not ; the wholesome herb
 I give thee won't permit ; I now tell all :
 When she shall strike thee with her lengthy rod,
 Then do thou with thy sharp sword drawn take heed
 To rush on her, as though to slay her, quick ; 295
 She frightened then will ask thee to her bed,
 And do thou by no means refuse her couch ;
 That she may feast thee, and thy friends set free :
 But urge her on to swear that oath of gods,
 That she'll devise none other plot for thee, 300
 Nor change thy form to vile and naked brutes.
 Thus Hermes spake, and digging it from earth,
 Gave me the drug and show'd its properties :
 The root was black, but white as milk its flowers ;
 'Tis Mylla call'd by gods, for men 'tis hard 305
 To dig it up ; gods master every thing :
 To Olympus top then Hermes wing'd his flight
 High o'er that isle : while I to Circe's house
 Did wend my way, deep pondering as I went :
 I stood within the goddess' vestibule ; 310
 And cried aloud : the goddess heard my voice :
 She came in haste forth through her splendred doors ;
 And ask'd me in ; I follow'd, griev'd at heart :
 She seated me on silver studded throne,
 Of carv'd work, beauteous, with footstool beneath ; 315
 She mix'd a potion in a golden cup,
 A drug infusing ; planning evil things :
 Then handing it, when drunk it charm'd me not ;
 And smiting me with her long rod she spoke ;

"Go to the pigsty, where thy comrades lie ;" 320
 So spake she ; drawing my sharp sword then,
 I rush'd on Circe, feigning her to kill :
 She screaming ran and clasp'd me by my knees,
 And spoke these words to me with piteous wail :
 "Who ? whence art thou ? thy city where ? 325
 Me wonder holds ; these drugs have charm'd thee not !
 None other man this potion had endur'd,
 Who let it pass the wall fence of his mouth :
 But thou dost bear a counter charm within,
 Cunning Ulysses art thou, who to me 330
 By Hermes ever was foretold to come ;
 From Troy returning in his dark prow'd ship ;
 Come sheath thy sword and afterwards let us
 Ascend to my soft couch, that we there join'd
 In love, may lie in one another's arms !" 335
 So spake she ; and I said this unto her ;
 "How askest thou that I be kind to thee
 Who here hast chang'd my comrades into swine ?
 Myself too keeping, ask'st thou me with craft,
 Entering thy chamber to ascend thy bed, 340
 Transforming me to vile and grovelling brute ?
 I would not willing lay upon thy couch,
 Unless thou swear a mighty oath to me
 That thou will not devise another spell."
 She swore forthwith the oath which I desir'd : 345
 When she had sworn and had confirm'd her oath,
 I then ascend to Circe's splendid bed ;
 Her maids meanwhile within the chamber wait,
 Four of them who were handmaids unto her ;
 Born of the fountains and the groves these are, 350
 And sacred streams which flow towards the sea :
 One of them threw bright coverings o'er the seats ;
 The top-most purple, linen white beneath ;

Another then the tables did set forth
 Of silver, with gold canisters thereon ; 355
 A third in silver goblet mingled wine,
 Sweet flavour'd, pour'd out into golden cups :
 The fourth brought water, kindling a great fire
 Beneath a tripod, and the water warm'd :
 And when in cauldron of bright brass it boil'd, 360
 She led me to the bath,⁶ and wash'd me there ;
 Sweet water pouring o'er my head and arms,
 Till she remov'd the stiffness from my limbs :
 When she had wash'd, anointing me with oil,
 And put on me a woollen robe and vest, 365
 She made me sit on silver studded throne,
 Of skilful work, with footstool underneath :
 The chief domestic then did set on bread,
 With various meats drawn largely from her stores ;
 And bade me eat, but this pleas'd not my mind : 370
 I thoughtful sat ; my mind's eye look'd on woes :
 When she saw that I put not forth my hands
 To eat the bread, but plung'd in deepest grief ;
 She spoke these words, close standing by my side ;
 "Why sitt'st thou down thus like to a dumb mute, 375
 Thy spirits low, nor touching meat or drink ?
 Thou dost suspect more fraud, but there's no need
 For fear ; I've sworn now by a mighty oath."
 So spake she : I this answer made to her ;
 "Circe ! what mortal man, that would be just, 380
 Could in his mind endure to taste of food,
 Ere he had freed his friends, their faces seen ?
 But if a true heart bids me eat and drink,
 O set them free, that I may look on them !"

⁶ '*Asaminthos*,' literally 'a large open vessel or basin,' Latine '*labrum*,' wherein the ancients washed themselves, baths not being yet invented.

I spake ; then Circe pass'd out through the house ; 385
 With rod in hand, and opened wide the sty,
 And drove those out, like unto nine year swine :
 They stood before her : Circe passing on
 Did smear on each another of her drugs :
 The bristles dropt, which that pernicious herb, 390
 Which Circe gave, had made to sprout before.
 They now seem'd younger men than heretofore,
 More handsome and of larger stature too !
 They knew me and each warmly press'd my hand :
 Then cries burst forth from all ; the spacious house 395
 Resounded loudly ; Circe pitied them ;
 And this most fair of goddesses thus spoke ;
 " Ulysses, vers'd in craft, Laertes' son !
 Do thou go to thy ship and to the shore ;
 And haul then first a vessel on the land, 400
 And stores and arms deposit thou in caves ;
 Then quick return, thy comrades dear with thee."
 Her soft persuasion mov'd my generous mind ;
 I started for the shore then, and the ship ;
 I found my comrades by the fast going ship, 405
 Lamenting much, tears streaming from their eyes :
 As when in pastures calves around the cows,
 Seeking the yard, when satisfied with grass,
 All playful frisk, nor do the' fences now
 Restrain them, but they lowing will run round 410
 Their dams ; so these all round me press'd
 When seen, much weeping, their mind seem'd to be
 The same as if they had arrived at home
 In rugged Ithaca, where they were born.
 And venting grief they spake swift words to me : 415

7 'Sekos,' literally 'septum,' a fold : and thence derivatively, 'stable or fence.'

"We're pleas'd as much at thy return, O chief,
 As if we had reach'd our dear Ithaca,
 But of our comrades tell us now the fate."
 I answer'd them with soft and gentle words ;
 The ship we first will haul up on the land, 420
 And into caves remove our wealth and arms ;
 And hasten that ye all may follow me,
 Your comrades to behold in Circe's house ;
 Both eating plenteous food and drinking wine.
 They quickly were persuaded by my words ; 425
 Only Eurylochus would keep them back ;
 Who thus address'd and spoke swift words to them ;
 " Ah wretched, whither go ye ? seeking grief,
 To Circe's house—who will each one of you
 Transform to hogs, to lions, and to wolves ; 430
 Whom she may force to keep watch round her house :
 As did the Cyclops when our comrades reach'd
 The sheepfold, when Ulysses went with us ;
 They perish'd by the madness of this man."
 So spake he : and I ponder'd deeply then, 435
 (Drawing my sword by my brawny thigh),
 Of casting on the ground his sever'd head,
 Altho' so near kin ; but my comrades then
 Prevented me by kind and soothing words ;
 " We will permit if thou command this man 440
 Both to stay here and keep guard o'er the ship ;
 And do thou be our guide to Circe's house !"
 Thus speaking they ascended from the ship,
 Nor was Eurylochus then left behind,
 But follow'd, fearing much my dread reproof. 445
 Those others, meantime, Circe at her house
 Had kindly wash'd anointing with fat oil ;
 And had put round them woollen robes and vests :
 We found them feasting choicely in her hall,

But seeing us they thought of all things past, 450
 Then wailing wept: their deep groans echoed far;
 And standing near, the goddess Circe spoke;
 "Ulysses vers'd in wiles, Laërtes' son,
 No more grieve deeply; I myself do know
 What sorrows great you've borne upon the sea, 455
 And what thy cruel foes have caus'd on land;
 But come eat food and drink the pleasant wine,
 Until ye take new courage in your hearts;
 Such as when first you left your native land
 Of Ithaca; you're worn now and cast down; 460
 Wailing your wandering: never is your mind
 In joyful mood: such griefs ye have endur'd!"
 Our generous minds persuaded were by her,
 On every day for one whole circling year
 We sat down feasting upon flesh and wine: 465
 (^eAfter one year, when circling hours came round,
 The month consuming, all the days fulfilled:)
 My comrades having called me forth thus spake;
 "Think noble chief now of thy native land,
 If 'tis thy fate in safety now to come 470
 Back to the house and land where thou was born:"
 (My generous mind persuaded was by them,
 And all that day until the setting sun
 We sat down feasting upon flesh and wine;
 And when the sun set, darkness veiling all, 475
 In gloomy chambers lay they down and slept.)
 I going to fair Circe's splendid bed,
 Her knees being clasp'd implor'd her, and she heard;
 And I these swift-winged words did speak to her;

^e The lines in brackets in this and other places, are repetitions in the text of lines that have been written before: many of them are probably interpolations.

“ Circe ! fulfil the pledge thou gavest me,
To send me home ; my mind impels me now,
And comrades urge, who waste my heart away,
In tears around me, when thou absent art.”
The lovely goddess then straight answer’d me.

“ Ulysses, vers’d in wiles, Laertes’ son !
No longer tarry here against thy will,
But you must first another voyage sail,
Down into Hades’ realms and Proserpine’s
Theban, Teiresias’s shade there to consult,
The old blind prophet, and his mind is sound,
To whom, when dead, the goddess Proserpine
Gave wisdom, midst the shadows fitting there.”

The dear heart now quite broken was in me ;
Then wept I sitting on her couch, nor did
I wish to live and see the sun’s light more.
When I had turn’d enough about and wept,
I then in these words answer’d unto her ;

“ Who on this voyage will my pilot be ?
None have to Hades sail’d in dark ship yet .”
The goddess, most divine, again replied ;

“ Ulysses, vers’d in wiles, Laertes son,
Let not the want of pilot trouble thee !
Raise thou the mast, unfurl then the white sails,
Sit down, and Boreas’ breath will bear it on.
But when o’er ⁹ocean thou shalt reach the shore
Which leads thee to the groves of Proserpine,
Where poplars and where willows lose their fruit :
Ev’n there in ocean draw thy vessel up,
Descend thou then to Hades’ squalid house,

⁹ The ancients supposed ‘ocean’ to be a mighty river, surrounding the habitable world ; and that all beyond it was supernatural and dreary.

Where ¹⁰Phlegethon flows into Acheron, 510
 And that ¹¹Cocytus, out of Stygian lake;
 There is a rock where join these sounding streams :
 Advancing near these, chieftain, as I tell,
 Dig there a trench, one ¹²cubit every way,
 And pour libations round to all the dead. 515
 The first of ¹⁴hydromel, sweet wine the next,
 The third of water ; white meal sprinkle o'er.
 Make many vows unto the shadowy dead,
 That going home, thou'lt offer in thy house
 A barren cow, and fill the pyre with gifts. 520
 A sheep slay for Teiresias apart,
 All over black, excelling midst your flocks :
 Prayer rendered to the fam'd tribes of the dead,
 Then sacrifice a ram, and black ewe sheep,
These facing Erebus, *thou* turn'd away, 525
 Thine eyes cast on the streams ; and to that place
 Will many spirits of dead mortals come.
 Then rouse thy comrades ; give command to them
 To burn the sheep, when skinn'd, which lies slain by
 Thy brass, and bid them make vows to the gods ; 530
 To Hades and illustrious Proserpine :
 Do thou thyself, thy sword drawn from thy side,
 Sit down, nor let the shadows of the dead
 Come near the blood, ere thou consult the sage :

¹⁰ The "Pyriphlegethon," or Fiery Phlegethon, was a burning river in the infernal regions.

¹¹ The Styx was a lake or water of the infernal regions : Styx was a nymph and daughter of Oceanus and Thetis dwelling in a rock palace in the infernal regions, from whence the river issued forth.

¹² '*Kokytos*,' literally 'the river of lamentation : ' so Acheron was literally the river of sorrow from '*Achos*' sorrow.

¹³ The cubit was a lineal measure, equal to the length of the arm from the elbow to the end of the middle finger—averaging 18 English inches.

¹⁴ '*Melikreton*,' 'Hydromel,' a simple admixture of honey and water ; a similar mixture after vinous fermentation was Mead.

Tiresias will come straight to thee, O chief, 535
 And tell the path and measures of the way,
 And thy return, that thou may'st cross the sea."
 She spake ; and golden-thron'd Aurora came :
 Round me she put a woollen robe and vest,
 And threw around herself a splendid robe, 540
 Graceful and fine ; a girdle round her loins,
 Splendid, of gold ; a chaplet round her head :
 Going thro' the house I rous'd my comrades up
 With soothing words, and stood by each man's side ;
 "No longer now take hold of pleasant sleep, 545
 But let us go ! Circe advises me :"
 Their generous souls at once persuaded were ;
 But not e'en now I led them safe from thence,
 Elpēnor youngest of them, and not much
 In battle valiant, nor of steady mind, 550
 Who from his comrades all apart within
 Seeking cold air, lay down oppress'd by wine ;
 But hearing tumult when my comrades mov'd,
 Rush'd forth on sudden, and in mind forgot
 To seek the ladders, and descend thereby : 555
 So fell he headlong, his neck broken at
 The vertebræ ; to Hades went his soul.
 Then coming to the rest, I them address'd :
 "You think, perchance, you're now about to go
 Back home, but Circe plans for us a way 560
 To realms of Hades and of Proserpine ;
 There to consult Tiresias's ghost."
 The dear heart then was broken in their breasts ;
 And sitting down they wept and tore their hair,
 But this bewailing them advantag'd not. 565
 But when unto the swift ship on the shore
 We came in grief, tears pouring down our cheeks,
 Circe herself going down thereto meanwhile,

Bound tight with cords a ram and black ewe sheep ;
Passing us covertly : whose eyes can see 570
A god or goddess, when 'tis not their will ?

Book xi.

Ulysses visits the shades of the Dead.

And reaching now the dark ship and the sea,
 We first drew down the ship into the deep,
 And set the masts and sails upright therein,
 We next embark'd the sheep; then we ourselves
 Ascend in sorrow, shedding copious tears. 5
 The charming songstress, potent Circe, then
 Did kindly send behind the dark prow'd ship
 A favouring wind, companion very good :
 The ship's equipments being set to rights,
 The wind, as pilot, now directs our course : 10
 Crossing the sea our sails were spread all day ;
 The sun set, all our path was then obscur'd,
 Our ship had reach'd deep-flowing ocean's bounds ;
 The city of ¹Cimmerian men is there ;
 In clouds and darkness veil'd ; on them no time 15
 Does Phœbus look down with his piercing beams ;
 Neither when he ascends the starry heaven,
 Nor when he turneth back towards the earth ;
 But noxious nights spread o'er the wretched there.
 We moor'd the ship arriving, and took out 20
 The sheep ; and travell'd on by ocean's side,
 Unto the place which Circe told us of :
 There Perimedes and Eurylochus

¹ The name of Cimmerian was transferred to the shores of the ocean in the vicinity of this approach to the Infernal Regions, from the circumstance of the atmosphere of the Cimmerian Bosphorus being dark and thick ; the Cimmerian Bosphorus is now called the Straits of Caffa ; and is different from the Thracian Bosphorus, near Constantinople.

The victims held, I drawing my sharp sword ;
Then dig a trench one cubit every way, 25
And pour'd libations round to all the dead ;
The first of Hydromel sweet wine the next,
The third of water, white meal sprinkled on ;
I made then vows unto the shadowy dead,
That going home I offer in my house, 30
A barren cow, and fill the pyre with gifts,
A sheep slay for Tiresias apart ;
All over black, excelling in my flocks :
And now when prayer to all the tribes of dead
Was made, I cut the throat then of the sheep 35
Into the trench, and dark blood flow'd ; then came
Shades of the dead up out of Erëbus ;
(Betroth'd brides, youths, old men that had borne griefs,
And virgins too cut off, while care was young ;
Many with wounds from brazen-pointed spears, 40
Men slain in war, their armour stain'd with blood :
These wandered round the trench from every side,
With clamour shrill, pale fear took hold of me.)
Cheering my comrades I then order'd them
To skin and burn the sheep, which lay there slain 45
By cruel brass, and make vows to the gods,
To potent Hades, and to Proserpine ;
But I myself, first drawing my sharp sword,
Sat down, nor let the shadows of the dead
Come near the blood, Tiresias yet unseen. 50
First came Elpenor's spirit, now just dead,
For he was not yet buried under earth,
But we his body left in Circe's house,
Unwept, unburied ; fresh toils urg'd us on.
I wept for him, and pitied him at heart ; 55
And spake these swift-wing'd words addressing him ;
" Elpenor, how reach'd thou this darksome place ?

Thou'rt sooner here on foot than I by ship !"
 Bewailing much he answer'd in these words ;
 " Ulysses, vers'd in wiles, Laertes' son !
 The demon hurt me, and excess of wine,
 For having laid me down I heed took not
 By means of the long ladder to descend
 But headlong fell, my neck was broken at
 The vertebræ ; my soul to Hades came.
 I pray thee now by all those left to thee ;
 By thy dear wife, thy sire who nurtur'd thee,
 And by thy son whom thou didst leave at home ;
 For well I know that leaving Pluto's house
 Thou wilt steer back unto *Æëa's* isle ;
 And there, O king, do thou remember me,
 And leave me not unburied and unwept,
 Departing, lest I bring Jove's wrath on thee ;
 But do thou burn me and mine armour too,
 And raise a mound to me upon the shore,
 That future times may learn my hapless tale ;
 Do this and fix mine oar upon the tomb,
 With which in life, I midst my comrades row'd."
 So spake he : and I thus replied to him ;
 " These things, ill-fated man, I'll do for thee !"
 We talking then in sad and mournful words
 Sat down ; my sword uplifted o'er the blood,
 My comrade's shade convers'd of many things.
 Next came then my departed mother's shade,
 Anticlea,—child of Autolycus,
 Left still alive, when first I went to Troy :
 Her I beholding, pitied much and wept ;
 But though much sorrowing, I permitted not
 That she approach before Tiresias ;
 Tiresias 'soul, once Theban, came the next,

²The ancients considered that the condition of the soul after death was

Holding his sceptre ; knowing me, he spake ;

“ Ulysses, vers'd in wiles, Laertes' son,

Why hapless man coms't thou down from the light

Of day, to view the dead and their drear place ?

But draw back from the trench, hold off thy sword, 95

Till I drink blood and tell the truth to thee.”

So spake he, and I stepping back, replac'd

My sword in sheath : he drank the purple blood ;

And that true prophet spake these words to me ;

“ Ulysses ! thou art seeking sweet return ! 100

The gods will that make rough for thee, thou'lt not,

Be hid from Neptune, who points wrath at thee ;

Enrag'd that thou depriv'd his son of sight !

But you may still reach home though suffering griefs ;

If you'll restrain your own and comrades' minds ; 105

When you shalt first your ship bring near unto

Trinacria's isle, fast sailing on the sea ;

There grazing shall you find the herds and flocks

Of Phœbus, who both sees and hears all things :

If you leave these unhurt and think of home, 110

You may, through dangers, yet reach Ithaca :

But hurting them, destruction I foretell

To ship and comrades, if thyself escape :

In sad plight thou'lt go back, thy comrades lost,

In foreign ship, and troubles find at home ; 115

Proud haughty men thy substance who devour,

Wooing thy wife and giving bridal gifts,

But thou'lt revenge their insults, coming home :

And when by craft or sword thou shalt have slain

that of a mere shadow of the human soul, requiring some animal nutriment before it could see or judge of things ; therefore the ghosts taste the blood before they know Ulysses or converse with him : Tiresias was a Theban Prophet, endowed with the power of foresight and discernment even after death.

Those daring suitors, revelling in thy halls ; 120
 Taking thy skill-built oar up, do thou sail
 Till thou reach men who 're ignorant of the sea ;
 Who ne'er taste food that mingled is with salt,
 And nothing know of vessels with red prows ;
 Or skill-built oars which are the wings of ships : 125
 I tell a sign most clear which wont lie hid,
 Whene'er a traveller having met with thee
 Says thou hast on thine arm a winnowing fan ;
 Then fixing in the ground thy well-built oar,
 And offering to king Neptune sacrifice, 130
 A ram, bull, and wild boar who mates with sows,
 Return and pay the splendid hecatombs
 Unto those gods in-dwelling spacious heaven,
 E'en all ; then shall death from the sea come weak,
 And powerless to thee ; slaying thee at last 135
 By³ happy old age quite worn out : round thee
 A people blest : these things I truly tell."
 So spake the prophet : then I said to him,
 "These then Tiresias, are the gods' decrees ;
 But come this thing with truth relate to me ; 140
 I see here my departed mother's shade,
 She sits in silence, nor hath dar'd at all
 To speak or look on her son standing near ;
 O tell me how to make her know me such :"
 He said forthwith in answer unto me : 145
 "With ease I'll tell and put it in thy mind ;
 What shade soever thou dost now permit
 T' approach the blood, will speak truth unto thee,

³ This foretells a gentle death in his old age : according to later traditions, he was killed by Telegonus his own son by Circe, who had been sent out by his mother, in search of his father ; and was cast by a storm upon the coast of Ithaca ; where he was attacked while plundering the country, by Ulysses and Telemachus.

But those refus'd in silence will retire :
 This soul went back then into Pluto's house, 150
 Tiresias's having prophesied :
 I waited firmly till my mother's came,
 And drank dark blood : she knew me then forthwith,
 And wailing deeply spake these words to me :
 "How cam'st thou to this darksome place, my son, 155
 Still living? for 'tis difficult to reach !
 (Vast rivers are between ; dread torrents too,
 Vast ocean's floods, impossible to pass
 For one on foot ; unless in well built ships :)
 Wanderest thou hither on return from Troy, 160
 Long time on board thy ship, nor yet come back
 To Ithaca ; nor seen thy wife at home ?"
 So spake her shadow ; I replied to her ;
 "Necessity, dear mother, brought me here ;
 'Twas to consult Tiresias's soul ; 165
 I've come not yet near Greece, nor reach'd unto
 My native land ; but wander'd far about
 E'er since I follow'd Agamemnon first
 To Ilion, to fight with Trojan men ;
 But come, tell truly this thing unto me ; 170
 What fate of death's long sleep hath thee subdued ?
 A slow disease ? or hath Diana's bow
 Approaching, slain thee with her gentle darts ?
 Tell me of sire and son I left at home ;
 Have they my wealth, or doth some other man 175
 Possess it, saying that I shan't return ?
 Tell me the mind too of my dowried wife,
 If near my son she keeps things safe at home,
 Or if the boldest Greek hath married her ?"
 So spake I, and my mother answer'd straight : 180
 "She waits most patient with enduring soul,
 Within thy chambers : to her bath'd in tears,

Both days and nights do wane brimfull of grief;
 None yet the land possesses, but in quiet,
 Telemachus still tills the ground, and feasts 185
 On equal banquets, as are worthy him,
 For all invite him ; but thy sire remains
 Upon his land, nor comes into the town ;
 Nor has he mattress, bed with coverlets,
 But sleeps in winter where his menials do, 190
 Among the embers, with vile garments on ;
 When summer comes and fruitful autumn time,
 Then beds are strew'd for him of leaves now shed,
 On rich spots of his vineyard everywhere ;
 Here lies he groaning, grief grows in his mind, 195
 Lamenting thee ; sad old age vexes him :
 I too have perish'd thus and reach'd mine end ;
 Nor hath Diana, skilful archer tak'n
 My life with gentle arrows in my house ;
 Nor did disease befall me, which so oft 200
 With painful wasting takes life from the limbs ;
 But fond desire and care for thee, my son,
 And memory of thy kindness wasted me."
 So spake she ; and I thoughtful then desir'd
 To take hold of my mother's shade though dead ; 205
 Thrice I advanc'd and thrice to embrace her tried ;
 Thrice like to shadows or to dreams she fled,
 From out my hands ; I felt more poignant grief ;
 And spake these swift-wing'd words, addressing her ;
 " Why, mother, stay'st thou not for my embrace ? 210
 That ev'n in Hades in each others' arms,
 In lamentations we may both indulge ;
 Or hath the goddess Proserpine this form
 Call'd up for me that I may grieve still more ?"
 My venerable mother answer'd me ; 215
 " Alas me, O unhappiest of men !

Queen Proserpine deludes thee not at all,
 This is the state decreed to mortals dead,
 For then their nerves have flesh or bones no more,
 But them the rage of fiercely blazing fire, 220
 Consumes when life first leaveth the white bones ;
 And taking wing the soul flies like a dream :
 But quickly seek the light, rememb'ring well,
 Of all these things to tell them to thy wife : "
 Thus held we converse : other women then 225
 Came near, for Hades' queen now call'd them up ;
 Chiefs' wives and daughters when they were in life,
 And these were gather'd round the purple blood ;
 I pondered then how I might question each,
 And this did seem the wisest to my mind, 230
 My sword first drawing from beside my thigh,
 I would not let all drink the blood at once :
 They one by one approach'd and each of them
 Told of her race for I enquir'd of all :
 My eyes first look'd on Tyro, nobly born, 235
 Of Sælmoneus she the daughter was,
 * Wife too of Critheus sprung from Æolus,
 She, Enipeüs (river god) once loved,
 The clearest far of all the streams of earth ;
 She then resided by its crystal floods ; 240
 King Neptune having then assum'd his form,
 Did lie beside her at the river's mouth ;
 The azure wave surrounds them, mountain like,
 Incurv'd, and hid the woman and the god :
 (His Zone unclaspt, pouring soft sleep on her.) 245
 And when the god had done his deed of love,
 He press'd her hand and spake these words to her ;

* Cretheus was the son of Æolus and Enarete, brother of Sisypheus, and founder of Iolcus.

" Enjoy this love ! and when a year comes round
 Thou'lt bring forth noble sons ! for fruitful are
 Of gods the beds ! protect and nourish them ! 250
 Go home ; keep silent ; do not mention me !
 But I to thee 'earth-shaking Neptune' am !"
 This said, he plunged beneath the swelling sea ;
 She Pelias and Neleus⁶ then brought forth,
 Who both became brave servants to great Jove ; 255
 Iolcus' wide plains Pelias dwelt upon,
 Rich herdsman ; Neleus sandy Pylos rul'd :
 Tyro did Othus to Critheüs bear,
 Pheretes, Amathaon, Æson too :
 Æsopus' child, Antiope, came next, 260
 She boasted to have slept within Jove's arms,
 And Zethus and Amphion brought she forth ;
 The first did build the seven-gated Thebes,
 With strong towers flanking it, for without them,
 They could not dwell in wide Thebes, though so brave : 265
 Amphitryon's wife Alcmena came the next,
 Who bare strong Hercules with lion heart,
 Joining in love within the arms of Jove ;
 Then great soul'd Creon's daughter, Megara,
 Who wife was to Amphitryon's⁷ matchless son ; 270
 Œdipus' mother⁸ Epicasta fair I saw,
 Who in her folly did a monstrous deed,
 In wedding her own son ; he married her,
 Killing his sire ; the gods divulg'd the deed :

⁶ Neleus was father of Nestor ; some call Neleus, son of Hippocoon instead of Neptune, or Cretheus ; Æson was the father of Jason.

⁶ Antiope was daughter of Nycteus and Polyxo according to Propertius ; Æsopus was probably the river god. Amphion, her son, was husband of Niobe, and a celebrated musician.

⁷ Amphitryon was son of Alcæus, King of Thebes, and of Hippomane.

⁸ Epicasta, or Jocasta ; she goes by the latter name in the tragedies of Œdipus.

He bearing many griefs, in lovely Thebes 275
 Rul'd through the direful counsels of the gods ;
 While she to Hades with strong gates went down,
 First hanging from the roof by rope herself ;
 Forc'd by her grief : deep sorrows unto him,
 She left ; the furies many caus'd to both. 280
 Chloris sweet maid I saw, whom Neleus once
 Married for beauty, giving her rich gifts ;
 Amphion's youngest child Iason's son ;
 Who once did bear rule in Orchomenus ;
 In Pylos bare she noble sons to him, 285
 Chromius, Nestor, Periclymenus ;
 She bare chaste Pero too, admir'd by men,
 Woo'd too by many ; her would Nestor give
 To none who could not trail foot oxen drive
 From Phylæce, in Iphicles' domain, 290
 Wild stubborn beasts : these one ⁹ man only pledg'd
 To drive away ; but Jove's will hindered him ;
 And rustic herdsmen and strong stubborn bands :
 But when accomplish'd had been days and months
 Of one whole year, and hours came round again ; 295
 The strength of Iphicles did set him free,
 Relating prophecies ; Jove's will was done ;
 Next Leda¹⁰ came, the wife of Tyndareus,
 Who to her husband did bring forth two sons,
 Castor for steeds,—Pollux for boxing fam'd ; 300
 Both living still the nutrient earth retains ;
 They honor'd even under ground by Jove,
 Live every other day in turn, and then
 So die, thus honor'd equal with the gods.

⁹ Melampus.

¹⁰ Leda was daughter of Thespius, and mother of Castor, Pollux, Clytemnestra and Helen ; her husband Tyndareus was King of Laconia.

Iphimedeia, ¹¹ Aloëus' wife, I next 305
 Beheld, who said she shar'd in Neptune love ;
 And bare two sons but they were of short lives,
 Otus and Ephialtes, far renown'd ;
 Nourish'd by earth to stature tall the most ;
 After Orion, but more handsome far, 310
 For at nine years these youths nine cubits spann'd,
 In breadth, and measur'd fathoms nine in height ;
 These with th' Olympic gods ev'n threatened then,
 To wage stern battle of tumultuous war ;
 Mount Ossa they upon Olympus wish'd 315
 To raise ; on Ossa, Pelion ; to reach
 To heaven ; and would, if they had manhood reach'd :
 But Jove's son, by Latona, slew them both
 Before the hair upon their cheeks begun
 To flourish, and their chins be cloth'd with down : 320
¹² Phædra and ¹³ Procris, Ariadne fair,
 Stern Minos' child I saw ; whom Theseus once
 From Crete to the fertile Athens led ;
 Enjoying not ; Diana slew her first,
 On sea girt Dias ; doom'd by Bacchus' proofs : 325
 Clymene, Mæra, vile ¹⁴ Eryphile
 Who for gold's lure betray'd her lord,—I saw ;
 I won't tell all, nor mention all the names
 Of wives of chiefs, and daughters whom I saw.
 Night would be spent first, 'tis e'en now the hour 330

¹¹ Aloeus was one of the giants.

¹² Phædra and Ariadne were both daughters of Minos King of Crete ; Minos was son of Jupiter and Europa, and husband of Pasiphoë.

¹³ There was a Procris daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, and wife of Cephalus.

¹⁴ Eryphile was daughter of Talaus (son of Dias and Pero), by Lysimache, and wife of Amphiaras ; she betrayed her husband, who wished not to engage in the Theban war ; he was a celebrated soothsayer and father of Alcmaeon, Amphilochus, and Eurydice (wife of Orpheus.)

Of sleep, to me departing to my ship
 Or here ; but you will care for my return.¹⁴
 All of them had profoundest silence kept,
 Kept in the dusk by words that sooth'd their ears :
 Arete then among them did discourse ; 335
 " How chiefs, doth this man seem to you to be
 In stature, comeliness, and mind within ?
 He is our guest, but you the honour share ;
 Then send him not in haste, and curtail not
 The gifts he needeth ; for to you there is 340
 Through the gods' bounty, great wealth in the house."
 That old chief Echineus also spake,
 Oldest in birth of all Phæacian men :
 " Not from the mark or void of dignity
 Speaks now our queen to us, a worthy guide ; 345
 But on the king depend both word and deed."
 Alcinous in answer said to him ;
 " After such manner be this word, if I
 Do rule Phæacian men, expert with oars ;
 And let our guest sustain, though courting home, 350
 To tarry till tomorrow, when the gifts
 Will all be ready ; the convoy, a care
 To all men, most to me, the people's strength."
 The cunning chief Ulysses, answer'd him ;
 " O king, of all these people most renown'd ! 355
 If for a year you bid me tarry here,
 And would'st a convoy give and splendid gifts,
 I should be willing, great gain would it be ;
 To go with fuller hands to my dear home ;
 And I more dear and honorable should be 360
 To all who see me back in Ithaca."

¹⁴ Ulysses here breaks off his narrative to gain breath ; the guests then resume discourse for a term ; the Arabian nights were interrupted at a certain hour every evening.

Alcinous replied to him again ;

“ We looking, do suspect thee not at all,
 A rogue or an impostor, such as earth
 Doth nourish many, wide dispers'd thereon ; 365
 And who concoct deceit, where least suspect ;
 But there's a harmony of speech in thee,
 And with a minstrel's skill thou'st told thy tale ;
 The sad griefs of the Grecians and thyself ;
 But now with truth relate this thing to me, 370
 Sawest thou any friends who unto Troy
 Did journey with thee, and there found their fate ?
 The night is long now, nor is't yet the time,
 Of sleeping here ; then tell those wondrous deeds !
 Even to morn could we hold on whilst thou 375
 Sustain to tell of thy sad griefs the tale.”
 Ulysses said in answer then to him ;

“ O king ! the most renown'd in all the land,
 There's time for long discourse, and time for sleep ;
 But if thou'lt listen still I'll not refuse 380
 To tell of other griefs more piteous yet,
 My comrades which befell, who later died !
 Who had escap'd the war with Trojan men,
 And perish'd by a wicked woman's will.
 When Proserpine had here and there dispos'd 385
 The souls who were of woman's softer race,
 King Agamemnon's shade came after them,
 In grief ; and gather'd round as many as
 Grim death and fate slew in Ægisthus' house :
 He knew me straight when he had drunk the blood, 390
 And wept aloud, profusely shedding tears ;
 Holding his hands forth eager to embrace,
 But could not ! nerves in him were firm no more ;
 As they had once been in his active limbs :
 I wept, beholding him, and pitied him ; 395

And then did speak these swift words unto him ;
 " Most glorious ¹⁶Agamemnon ! king of men !
 What fate of death's long sleep hath conquer'd thee ?
 Hath Neptune overcome thee in thy ship,
 Stirring opposing winds, ¹⁷unmeasur'd blasts ? 400
 Or have men hurt thee in some foreign isle,
 When seizing their black herds and flocks of sheep ;
 Or going to battle for their towns and wives ?"
 He said forthwith in answer unto me ;
 " Ulysses vers'd in craft, Laertes' son ! 405
 Neptune hath not o'ercome me in my ship,
 Stirring opposing winds' unmeasur'd blasts ;
 Nor stern foes hurt me in some foreign isle,
 But vile Ægisthus, planning death for me,
 Leagued with my murderous wife me slew, sat down 410
 To supper in his hall, fell'd like an ox :
 So died I death most foul, and those with me
 Were soon despatch'd like unto white-tooth'd swine
 Which at a marriage or a ¹⁸symbol feast,
 Are slain within the halls of some rich man : 415
 Thou witnessedst hath the death of many men
 In single combat or in stubborn war,
 But us thou most had'st pitied in our death,
 As round the goblets and the feast of meats
 We lay, while all the pavement ran with blood : 420
 I heard the sad voice too of Priam's child,
 Cassandra, whom vile Clytemnæstra slew
 About my corpse ; I lifting up my hands

¹⁶ This is precisely the form of line in which the chiefs address Agamemnon in the Iliad: one argument in favor of identity of authorship; so of Ulysses, &c.

¹⁷ *Æmegarton*, literally, 'no envied or stinted proportion of.'

¹⁸ '*Erannon*' a feast of symbols, where each guest contributed his share, termed (a symbol).

Grasp'd at my sword tho' dying as I was,
 But that abandon'd woman then retir'd, 425
 Not caring, though to Hades I was going,
 To close mine¹⁹ eyes and shut my fallen mouth :
 Naught is more horrible and cruel than
 A woman who contriveth such base deeds ;
 Like as this woman's most disgraceful crime, 430
 Plotting her ²⁰ husband's murder : I had thought
 To have come back most gladly welcom'd by
 All in mine house ; but she in dark deeds vers'd,
 Hath both herself disgraced and women that
 Hereafter shall be born ; ah ! ev'n the good !" 435
 So spake he : and I then replied to him ;
 " Great gods ! forsooth Jove all of ²¹Atreus' race
 Hath on account of woman hated much,
 Long time past ; many fell for Helen's sake,
 To thee thy wife, when far off, plotted frauds." 440
 So spake I ; he forthwith did answer then ;
 " Be thou not willing to be wholly kind,
²² To woman ; nor reveal all things to her ;
 But tell part, and let part be held from her ;
 But thou wilt not be murder'd by thy wife, 445
 For prudent is, and counsels good doth know,
 The chaste Penelope, Icarius' child :

¹⁹ These are duties which should be performed to the dead, the moment life has departed from the body.

²⁰ '*Kouridios*' epithet applied to a husband, whom his wife married, being still a virgin:

²¹ The poet here alludes to the counsels of Aerope the wife of Atreus, and mother of Agamemnon, who being corrupted by Thyestes, involved the whole family in the greatest calamities.

²² Some interpret '*gunaike*' here, women generally, or 'the sex;' '*oi*' in the next line agrees better with an individual. The word three lines lower certainly means Ulysses' wife.

We left her then a new and youthful bride,
 When going to Troy : her infant boy she had
 Upon her breast, who sits down now with men, 450
 Most happy ; for his father will him see,
 And he'll embrace his sire, a custom good.
 But that wife of mine gladden'd not mine eyes,
 By my son's face ; but slew us cruelly.
 Another thing too turn thou in thy mind ; 455
 By stealth, not open, to thy native land
 Draw near, since faith in woman can't be plac'd :
 These things too truly now relate to me ;
 Hast thou heard of my son being still alive,
 On Pylos' sandy shore or in Orchomenus ; 460
 Or Sparta's realm, at Menelaus court,
 Divine Orestes, not yet dead on earth ?"
 So spake he : and I then replied to him ;
 " Why ask'st thou this ? I do not know at all,
 Of thy son's state ; to speak vain things is wrong." 465
 We thus conversing in unhappy words,
 Stood sorrowful, tears pouring down our cheeks :
 And next the shadow of ²³ Achilles came,
 Patroclus too, and brave Antilochus,
 And Ajax noblest, both in height and form, 470
 Of all the Greeks, except old Peleus' son :
 The soul of swift Achilles knew me then,
 And with sad lamentation spake to me ;
 " Ulysses, vers'd in wiles, Laërtes' son !
 Unhappy ! how build'st thou up this great deed, 475
 How dar'st thou enter the dead's dwelling—hell ?
 All void of knowledge, *all* their labours done."
 So spake he and I answered then to him ;
 " O my Achilles, bravest of the Greeks,

²³ For the tale of Achilles, see note A at the end of the 12th Book.

I came to ask Tiresias for to tell, 480
 Some plan for reaching rugged Ithaca ;
 For I've not come near Greece, nor reach'd unto
 My native land, still griev'd : none ever was,
 Nor shall be henceforth happier than thou :
 In days gone by, we honor'd like to gods 485
 Thee living, and thou rulest well these souls,
 Being here : then grieve thou not that thou art dead !"
 So spake I ; and he answered me again :
 " Ulysses ! do not comfort death to me !
 I'd rather as a rustic serve for hire,²³ 490
 A poor man, wanting the good things of life ;
 Than govern those on earth once, but now here :
 But tell to me news of my noble son,
 Whether he went to fight in war's front ranks ;
 Tell me, of good old Peleus, if thou'st heard ; 495
 If honor'd still by many Myrmidons,
 Or if in Phthia they dishonour him,
 Because old age holds both his hands and feet.
 For I'm a staff to him no more on earth ;
 Being such as once upon the plains of Troy, 500
 I slew the bravest, fighting for the Greeks :
 Could I, being such, for brief space come to him,
 My strong hand would I then make terrible,
 To those who spoil him and dishonour him."
 Thus spake he : and I then replied to him : 505
 " Of Peleus have I heard no news at all ;
 But as to thy dear²⁴ son will I relate
 A truthful tale, now as thou biddest me :
 For I convey'd him in my hollow ship

²³ So Virgil ; " Quam vellent æthere in alto Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores."

²⁴ Neoptolemus.

From Scyros' isle to join the well greav'd Greeks ; 510
 Such time as we held councils fronting Troy.
 E'er spoke, he spoke first, ²⁶not erring in his words;
 None spake like him but Nestor and myself;
 And when we fought upon the plain with spears,
 He stood not in the multitude of men, 515
 But in bold courage far outstript them all ;
 And many brave men slew he in the fight ;
 But all of them I will not name to thee ;
 I'll tell how he slew Telephus's son,
 Eurypylus ; and round him many brave 520
²⁶Cetæan men ; for sake of ²⁷woman's gifts :
 He next to Memnon was the handsomest :
 And when the last of all the Greeks went down ²⁸
 Into the horse, and I had charge of them,
 (Both for to open and shut ambush in ;) 525
 The other chieftains of the Grecians then
 Both wip'd off tears, and trembled in their limbs ;
 But him mine eyes beheld not in the least,
 Or to grow pale, or tears that wet his cheeks
 To wipe away : but he much begg'd of me 530
 To let him out, and grasp'd his sword's hilt,
 And lance, thirsting to fight the Trojan men ;
 But when Troy's walls we had in ruins laid,
 He went on shipboard with good spoil and prize,
 Unscath'd : not smote by spears in distant fight, 535
 Nor wounded in close combat, as oft times,

²⁶ "Non aberrabat a verbis dicendis;" i.e. recte dicebat dicenda; or, "did he not miss speaking"

²⁶ The Cetæans were a people of Mysia : some translate Keteioi great of stature; from Kete

²⁷ Alluding to Priams' promise of one of his daughters to Eriphylus.

²⁸ 'Katebainomen;' by this one word says Quintilian, Homer shews the magnitude of the 'horse.'

Befalls in war ; for fickle is Mars' rage."
 I spake : the shadow of Achilles stalk'd
 With lengthen'd strides o'er meads of asphodel ;
 Glad, since I told him of his son's renown : 540
 Then other shades of chiefs departed stood,
 In anguish, and each told to me his tale :
 Only the soul of ³⁰Ajax Telamon,
 Did stand aloof being anger'd that I won
 The prize from him, contending in the lists, 545
 About Achilles' arms ; which Thetis sent :
 (The sons ³¹ of Troy, and Pallas judgment gave :)
 O that I had not in that contest won,
 When such a man earth cover'd for its sake !
 E'en Ajax, who in stature and in deeds, 550
 Except Achilles, all our chiefs excell'd :
 This shade I then address'd in gentle words ;
 " O Ajax Telamon ! wilt then thou not
 In death forget thy wrath for sake of those
 Pernicious arms ? heaven's curse unto the Greeks ! 555
 In that thou died, such tower of strength to them :
 As deeply as for Peleus' son, the Greeks
 Do grieve thou'rt gone ; nor any one is there
 To blame ; 'twas that Jove our great warriors
 So deeply hated, bringing fate to thee : 560
 But draw near, chief, that thou mayst hear or speak ;
 And, O subdue thine anger and thy mind."
 I spake : ³²he answer'd not a word, but went
 Towards the other shades in Erebus :
 He would have spoken there, or I to him, 565

³⁰ For the story of Ajax see Note B. at the end of the 12th Book.

³¹ Ovid more invidiously refers the judgment to the Greeks

³² This silence of Ajax was much admired by the ancients ; Longinus quotes it as an instance of true sublimity of thought.

But that the mind within my breast desir'd
 To see the souls of others once on earth.
 I next saw Minos, son renown'd of Jove,
 With golden sceptre, judge unto the dead;³³
 And seated; while those round him causes plead;³⁴ 570
 Some sitting and some standing, in that house:
 The giant vast Orion,³⁵ next I saw
 Beasts driving on o'er meads of asphodel
 Which he had slain, on desert mountain tops;
 With brazen spear, in hand which none could break; 575
 Tityus³⁶ I saw, the son of glorious earth,
 He lay nine acres space upon the ground;
 Two vultures perch'd upon his liver prey'd;
 Piercing his entrails; none could drive them off:
 Latona, Jove's wife, did he violate, 580
 Through³⁷ Panopeus unto Pythos going:
 Tantalus³⁸ saw I suffering bitter griefs,
 Standing up to his chin within the lake;
 He stood ³⁹quite parch'd with thirst, but could not drink,

³³ So Virgil. "Quæsitur Minos urnam movet ille silentium
 Consilium qui vocat, vitas qui et crimina discit."

³⁴ Eustathius distinguishes those standing as "the pleaders" and those sitting as those for whom they pleaded, but both are named as "speaking."

³⁵ 'Orion' was a huntsman, and attendant upon Diana, he was of large stature, and changed into the constellation which bears his name.

³⁶ Tityus was the son of Jupiter and Elara. Virgil says of him

"Necnon et Tityon, Terræ omniparentis alumnum,
 Cernere erat: pertota novem cui jugera corpus
 Porrigitur; rostro que immanis vultur obunco
 Immortale jecur tondens, fœcundaque pænis
 Viscera, rimatur que epulis habitatque sub alto
 Pectore; nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.
 Æmid lib vi.. v., 595,600.

³⁷ A town of Phocis.

³⁸ Tantalus was son of Jupiter; husband of Dione, and father of Pelops and Niobe.

³⁹ *Steuto*: the poet here wishes to express extreme distress and eagerness in his attitude.

For oft as he stoops down desiring drink,
 So oft the water dried up ; round his feet
 Black earth came back ; the river god was dry :
 The trees their fruits shed freely from their tops,
 Pear trees, pomegranates, apples with red fruit, 585
 The luscious figs and bright green olive drupes ;
 Whene'er to pluck them he stretch'd forth his hands,
 The wind dispers'd them in the shadowy clouds ;
 I look'd on ⁴⁰Sisyphus sustaining griefs,
 With both hands pushing on a rock's huge mass ; 590
 He straining with his hands and with his feet,
 Pushed on towards the top, but when about
 To cast it o'er, strong force, this done, then back
 Repell'd ; the saucy stone retrac'd the plain :
 With out-stretch'd arms he drove it back ; the sweat 595
 Run down his limbs : dust rose above his head.
 I next perceiv'd the strength of Hercules ;
 A shadow here : but he amidst the gods
 Delights in banquets ; where bright Hebe waits,
 Child of gold-sandal'd Juno and of Jove : 600
 Round him the dead made clangour like to birds ;
 On all sides troubled ; he like to dark night,
 Holding his bow with arrow in the string,
 With aspect dread seem'd always going to strike ;
 Circling his breast a most terrific belt ; 605
 With golden ⁴¹girth ; works wondrous wrought thereon,
 Rough bears, grim lions, and wild forest boars,
 Battles and slaughterings, homicides, close fights.
 He ne'er ⁴²design'd one like, nor will again,

⁴⁰ Sisyphus, son of Æolus and Enarite ; husband of Merope, and king of Corinth ; he infested Attica with robbers, and was killed by Theseus.

⁴¹ The Scholiast interprets '*aortes*' the pensile belt from which the proper sword belt (*telamon*) hung.

⁴² Not he who having designed this—having designed nothing like it before can design anything like it afterwards.

Who by his cunning art this girdle wrought ! 610
 He knew me when his eyes beheld me, straight ;
 And pitying, spoke these swift-wing'd words to me ;
 " Ulysses, vers'd in wiles, Laertes' son !
 Ah wretched ! bear'st thou too some cruel fate
 Such as I've borne beneath the sun's bright rays ? 615
 Saturnian Jove's son am I, yet I had
 Hard toils enough : unto much weaker men
 Was I subdued : hard labour who impos'd :
 And also sent me to bear off hell's "dog.
 He thought there was none left more hard than that ; 620
 I brought it off, from out the gates of hell ;
 But Hermes and Minerva were my guides ;
 This said, he vanish'd swift through Hades' house ;
 I firmly stood ; if any yet might come,
 Of heroes perish'd in the days of yore, 625
 I long'd to see those kings of olden time,
 Peirithous and " Theseus, sons of gods,
 But ere I could, ten thousand tribes came round
 With loudest clamour, pale fear seiz'd on me ;
 Lest Proserpine should out of Hades send 630
 The monster Gorgon with his horrid head ;
 I went straight to the ship, my comrades bade
 T' embark and loose the cables from the shore ;
 They swift embark'd and on the benches sat,
 Down ocean's river flood waves bore the ship, 635
 With oars at first, and then a fav'ring gale.

⁴³ The dog Cerberus : Hercules was reputed the son of Jupiter by Alcmena ; his true father was Amphitryon ; the story of his twelve labours is well known : one of them was to cleanse the stable of Augeas, king of Elis, in one day.

⁴⁴ Theseus, king of Athens, was son of Ægeus by Æthra ; Peirithous, son of Ixion (son of Jupiter by Dia, according to others) : king of the Lapithæ ; husband of Hippodamia, the story of his descent into the infernal regions with Theseus is well known ; he was a native of Larissa.

Book xii.

The Sirens, Scylla, Charybdis, the Oxen of the Sun.

When our swift ship had Ocean's river left,
 And had arriv'd amongst the wide sea's waves,
 And at *Æëa's* isle, where is the home
 Of Sol's arisings, and Aurora fair,
 We haul'd the vessel out upon the sands, 5
 Ourselves too disembark'd upon the shore ;
 Then lying down we for Aurora wait ;
 And when the rosy-finger'd goddess came,
 I sent my comrades on to Circe's house,
 To bear the dead Elpenor's body off ; 10
 And cutting boughs, upon the highest shore,
 We buried him in grief, midst copious tears ;
 And when his body and his arms were burnt,
 Rasing a mound and monument thereon,
 We on the summit fix'd his well wrought oar : 15
 These things we did, nor yet from Circe now,
 We hid were leaving hell, but soon she came,
 Herself attiring first : domestics brought
 Abundant bread and flesh, and purple wine ;
 Standing amidst us, thus the goddess spoke ; 20
 " Unhappy men, who have whilst still in life
 Gone down to Hades' house, thus dying twice ;
 Whilst other mortals only die but once !
 But come now eat, and drink the purple wine,
 Throughout the day, and with the dawning morn 25
 Shall ye set sail, and I will shew the path,
 And each thing point out, that ye may'nt endure,
 By bad advice, more griefs on sea or land."

These words persuaded then our generous minds ;
 Throughout the day until the setting sun, 30
 We feasted on abundant meats and wine ;
 At setting sun, when darkness shaded all,
They slept beside the moorings of the ship ;
 Circe *me* taking by the hand then made
 To sit apart, and ask'd me of each thing ; 35
 I told in order all things unto her ;
 Then Circe spoke in these words unto me ;
 " So hast all this been done, but hearken now,
 To what I tell ; and Jove will make thee think !
 The Sirens first thou'lt reach, who do ensnare 40
 All mortals coming to them, by their charms ;
 Whoever near approaching, hears the voice
 Of them, shall ne'er returning home, his wife
 And infant children welcome with glad heart ;
 For these deluding Sirens charm with their 45
 Sweet song, while sitting on the grassy mead ;
 There lies around them a vast heap of bones
 Of putrid men, and shrivell'd skins thereon ;
 Sail thou past these ; anoint thy comrades' ears,
 First softening bees wax, that not one may hear 50
 Of all the rest ; but if *thou* wish to hear
 Let them by hands and feet thee bind quite tight,
 The mast ¹hole standing in, tied firm by ropes ;
 So that these Sirens' voices you delight ;
 But should'st thou beg thy comrades thee t' unloose, 55
 Let them with more bands heed to fasten thee !
 But when past these they shall have steer'd the ship,
 I can't tell clearly unto you which way
 To steer thy course from thence, but take thou heed

¹ *'Istopede'* the block or the hole in the inferior part of the ship, into which the mast was inserted.

To ponder it ; of both sides will I tell : 60
 For here are dangerous rocks against the which
 The blue-fac'd Amphitrite's rolling waves
 Do hoarsely sound ; these rocks do happy gods
 The 'Wanderers' name ; past them do neither fly
 The swift-wing'd birds, nor yet the timid doves, 65
 Which unto Jove do bear ambrosial food ;
 The slippery rock from these e'er taketh some ;
 Yet Jove still others sends in place of them :
 No ship of men hath yet escap'd from thence,
 But both ships' timbers and men's bodies too 70
 The waves sweep off, and storms of deadly fire :
 That ship alone 'sea-traversing' hath past,
 Fam'd Argo, sailing from Æetas' isle ;
 Her too the waves had dash'd upon the rock,
 Had Juno not steer'd her for Jason's sake : 75
 Two rocks there are ; one reaches to wide heav'n,
 With pointed top ; grey clouds do compass it ;
 This misty veil disperses not, nor is
 It clear in summer or in autumn time,
 Ascend could no man, or descend from her, 80
 E'en tho' he twenty had both hands and feet ;
 So smooth this rock is, as tho' polish'd o'er :
 In midst of it there is a gloomy cave,
 Westward t'wards Erebus ; by which take care
 To steer your ship, Ulysses 'far renown'd !' 85
 An arrow ²shot from bow by one who's young
 From off the ship should not reach to this cave ;
 Within this cave dwells Scylla, who squalls out
 Most terribly ; her voice resembles much
 A new-born ³whelp's : but she is in herself 90

² Signifying that Ulysses was to keep that distance out at sea.

³ *Skulax*, 'a whelp or kitten or young of other animals.

A wicked monster ; nor would any one
 Rejoice, e'en if a god fell in with her :
 Twelve feet has she and all of them 'deform'd ;
 Six necks too, very long, on each of them
 Terrific head, three rows of teeth therein ; 95
 Most thickly set ; all venom'd with black death ;
 Up to her middle she's within the cave,
 But outward doth protrude her heads forth from
 The dreadful gulf ; and glancing thence all round,
 She fishes both for dolphins and sea dogs, 100
 And chances oft to capture a big whale,
 Of which shrill Amphitrite thousands feeds ;
 But sailors ne'er have boasted of escape
 On ship board scathless from her ; upon every head
 She bears a man, borne off from blue-prow'd ship. 105
 That other rock, less lofty, thou'lt behold ;
 But near an arrow would this distance tell ;
 Therein, a fig tree large all green with leaves,
 B'neath which Charybdis 'sucks black water in ;
 Thrice in each day she throws it up ; and thrice 110
 'Sucks she it in most horrible : may'st thou
 Not pass her when she draws it in ; for then
 E'en Neptune could not keep destruction off :
 But having near'd the rock of Scylla, steer
 The vessel past, since it much better is 115
 To lose six comrades than the whole at once."
 So spake she : then said I this unto her ;
 " If things are so, tell this with truth to me :
 If I the fell Charybdis can escape,
 And beat off Scylla, when assaulting us ?" 120

⁵ 'Aoroi' ugly or deformed ; from 'a' and 'ora' grace ; or 'Aoroi' 'unfit for motion' from a and 'oro' impetum facere.' ⁶ With a hissing voice.

"Imo barethri ter gurgite vastos
 Sorbei in abruptum fluctus, rursus que sub auras
 Erigit altemos." Virgil.

"Ter licet apotum, ter vomit ille fretum." Ovid.

This lovely goddess answer'd me forthwith ;
 " Unhappy ! car'st thou still for warlike deeds,
 And toil also ? nor wilt yield e'en to gods ?
 Not mortal's she, but an immortal ill !
 Dreadful and fierce, not to be fought against ! 125
 Nor is there help ! 'tis best to flee from her :
 If thou stay near the rock, in armour clad,
 I fear lest she forth rushing pounce on thee,
 With her so many heads, each snatching one ;
 But sailing briskly to Cretæis' call, 130
 Dread Scylla's mother, who bare her a curse
 To men : she'll hinder her from rushing on !
 Trinacria's isle thou'lt come to next ; therein
 Feed many oxen of the sun, and flocks
 Of fatling sheep ; seven herds of oxen, and 135
 Seven beauteous flocks of sheep ; fifty in each ;
 Their ewes bring forth not, never do they die ;
 But goddesses tend ever upon them.
 Their shepherdesses, nymphs, with golden hair,
 Lampetia and Phaethousa, whom 140
 Nææra bore to Sol Hyperion :
 These their chaste mother fondly nourish'd up,
 And took to dwell in that Trinacrian isle,
 To guard the sheep and oxen of their sire :
 If these thou leav'st unhurt, and think of home, 145
 You may, toil worn, arrive in Ithaca.
 But should'st thou hurt them, I foretell black fate,
 To ship and sailors : should'st thyself escape
 Thou'lt come in sad plight : all thy comrades lost !"
 So spake she ; and Aurora came forthwith ; 150
 The goddess then departed thro' the isle.
 Seeking the ship, my sailors I exhort
 To go on board and set the cables loose ;
 They did with speed and on the benches sat :

(And sitting, struck the white sea with their oars :) 155
 Then unto us behind the blue-prow'd ship,
 She sent a prosperous gale, which fill'd the sails,
 E'en Circe, goddess dread, with charming voice ;
 With toil adjusting the ship's tackle now,
 We sat ; both wind and pilot govern'd it : 160
 And then, much griev'd, I to my comrades spoke ;
 " My friends, for 'tis not meet that one or two
 Alone should know the prophecies, which now
 Circe divine hath told me ; I'll reveal
 Them now, that you them known, may either die, 165
 Or else escape from death, avoiding them :
 She first of all enjoineth me to shun
 The sirens' dulcet voice and flowery meads :
 She bade me by myself to hear their voice,
 But ye must bind me firmly in strong bands 170
 At the mast base erect, with ropes girt round,
 And should I bid you to unloosen me,
 You then must bind me down with stronger bands."
 Each of those things I to my comrades told ;
 The ship, meanwhile, arriv'd with great speed at 175
 The sirens' isle ; a fair gale urged it on :
 The wind then ceas'd, and there was now a calm,
 Upon the sea ; the pow'rs had lull'd the waves :
 My sailors fold the sails together then
 And place them in the ship, and at their oars 180
 Sat down : the polish'd fir made white the sea :
 I with my sword in small bits having cut
 A cake of wax did knead well in my hands :
 The wax soon soften'd great strength urg'd it so,
 And Sol's warm rays, the king Hyperion ; 185
 I then anoint my comrades' ears in turn :
 These bound me then both by my hands and feet,
 Upright unto the mast ; with ropes around ;

They, sitting, beat the white sea with their oars :
 But when as far off, as shouts might be heard, 190
 Fast sailing, our ship was not hid from them ;
 But' they began their shrill-ton'd song to sing :
 " Ulysses, glorious Greek, arriving here !
 O stay thy ship, that thou mayst hear our voice !
 For none hath ever sail'd past this our isle, 195
 Ere the sweet voice from forth our mouths he heard ;
 But he departs when charm'd ; and knowing much ;
 For we know all things that in spacious Troy,
 The Greeks and Trojans by Jove's will endur'd ;
 And all things on the fertile earth we know." 200
 So spake their charming voice, and then my heart
 Desir'd to hear ; I bade them loosen me ;
 Above mine eyebrows nodding ; they row'd on :
 Then Peremedes and Eurylochus,
 More bands bound round me, more restrained me : 205
 But when we had row'd past them, and no more
 We of these charming Sirens heard the voice,
 Then straight my comrades took away the wax,
 I smear'd their ears with, and unloos'd my bonds.
 When we had left the isle, e'n then forthwith 210
 I saw a smoke, a vast wave too, and heard

⁷ The Sirens were fabled to be the daughters of the river god Achelous, and the Muse Melpomene; there were originally two, but the number was increased to three; they were half human and half birds, and represented by artists, with the feathers and wings of birds; they dwelt on the shores of Sicily and so charmed passing mariners, that they forgot their homes and remained there till they perished of hunger. It was feigned that they threw themselves into the sea for vexation at the escape of Ulysses; an oracle having predicted that they should live only as long as their strains had power to arrest all who heard them: according to other poets they threw themselves into the sea from rage and despair at hearing the more melodious song of Orpheus: their names are given with great variety by poets; Pausanias says they were urg'd by Here, to contend with the Muses; who conquered them and tore off their wings: 'Ulysses bound to his ship' is represented on many ancient gems. Their name is probably derived from *seira*, a chain.

A dreadful crash : the oars fell from their hands,
 For they were panic-struck ; all things resound,
 Now thro' the waters, but the ship stood still,
 Since their sharp oars their hands no longer urg'd. 215
 But I then cheer'd my comrades passing through,
 With kind words, standing near to each one's side ;
 " My friends ! we are nowise untried in ills ;
 No greater this ! than when the Cyclops vast
 Shut us in cave by his gigantic strength ; 220
 But e'en from thence my wits and valour did
 Achieve escape, you'll sometimes think of it !
 But come, be now persuaded by my words :
 With your oars cleave the deep waves of the sea
 Still sitting, if so Jupiter by chance 225
 May grant avoidance and escape from death ;
 As pilot thus I speak, but you must well
 Consider, since you now do steer the ship :
 Beyond all this dark smoke and misty wave
 Direct the vessel, looking to the rock, 230
 Lest you lose sight of her^s approaching near,
 And into ruin thou should'st cast us all !"
 They quickly were persuaded by my words,
 But not of Scylla, ill incurable
 Had I told them, lest terrified they should 235
 Cease rowing for me, and should hide themselves
 Within the hold : and likewise I forgot
 Fair Circe's sad injunction, for she bade
 That I by no means arm myself, yet I
 Did put on armour, taking in my hands 240
 Two lances of great length, and did ascend
 Upon the prow ; whence thought I first to see

^s The vessel.

The rocky, Scylla, who destroy'd my friends :
 But I could see her not, and mine eyes toil'd
 Looking all round towards the mist crown'd rock. 245
 We shedding tears sail'd thro' the narrow strait,
 Scylla on this, Charybdis on that side
 Suck'd in with horrid noise the salt sea wave ;
 When she did vomit forth she murmur'd loud,
 As doth upon large fire, a cauldron troubled much ; 250
 The scatter'd foam⁹ fell o'er the rocks' high peaks ;
 But when she suck'd waves in with hissing noise,
 All troubled seem'd within ; the rock around
 Roar'd loud with horrid sounds ; the ground beneath
 Appear'd with its blue sands ; pale fear seiz'd all : 255
 We look'd towards her, fearing to be lost ;
 But Scylla meanwhile seiz'd from out my ship,
 Those sailors who excell'd in skill and strength ;
 I looking to the ship, and after them,
 Soon saw the feet and hands of them above, 260
 Rais'd high in air ; they loudly call'd on me
 By name, for the last time, griev'd sore in heart ;
 As with long rod an angler on some rock,
 Nice savory food as bait for small fish press'd
 Within an ox horn, throws it in the sea, 265
 And soon the gasping fish casts on the shore ;
 So these were drawn up gasping on the rock :
 There in the cave's mouth Scylla ate them, still
 Loud crying, with their hands outstretch'd to me :

⁹ Scylla was a poetical monster, half man, half dragon ; inhabiting the territory of the Bruttii, in lower Italy, opposite to Charybdis ; it is a poetical type or figure of the rock of that name which is there situated ; the fable tells that the body of the daughter of Phorcus, was changed into this rock ; Phorcus was a son of Neptune, or of Pontus by the Earth ; and father of the Gorgons and the Grææ ; the modern town of Scylla or Squillace, stands near the cave, dreaded by early navigators, as the habitation of this monster ; Charybdis was a dangerous whirlpool in the straits of Sicily ; nearly opposite to Scylla ; Cape Pylorus stands immediately opposite to Scylla.

Mine eyes beheld now far most piteous this 270
 Of all the ills I'd borne upon the sea.
 When we had pass'd the rocks, dread Scylla and
 Charybdis ; to ¹⁰ that fair isle of the god,
 We came straight ; where those beauteous oxen were
 With faces broad ; and Sol Hyperion's flocks : 275
 I being still on board of my blue ship,
 Heard both the oxen lowing at their stalls,
 And bleating sheep : then those prophetic words
 Of that blind seer Tiresias came to mind,
 And Circe's, who enjoin'd me very much 280
 To shun that island of 'men-cheering' Sol ;
 I spoke then to my comrades griev'd in heart ;
 " Hear ye my words, my friends, tho' suffering much !
 While I relate Tiresias' prophecies,
 And Circe's, who enjoin'd me very much 285
 To shun the island of 'man-cheering' Sol :
 Or else sad ills would happen unto us ;
 Steer now the vessel onward past this isle !"
 Then each man's heart was broken in his breast ;
 Eurylochus replied with bitter words ; 290
 " Thou'rt cruel, O Ulysses, strength in thee
 Abounds, nor dost thou toil aught in thy limbs ;
 All is of iron fram'd in thee, who dost
 Not suffer thy companions, worn with toil,
 O'ercome by sleep, to go forth on the land ; 295
 Where on a sea-girt island we might now
 Prepare a supper : rashly bidding us
 To wander through swift night, far from this isle,
 In these dark misty seas ; for of black night
 Those driving winds, destruction of the ships, 300

¹⁰ Trinacria ; 'treis' three, 'akroies' points or promontories, was an island on the coast of Sicily.

Do spring : how could a man shun pending death,
 If sudden should a storm of wind come on,
 A south or west wind blowing hard, which most
 Ships wreck and shatter, 'gainst the will of Jove !
 But let us now obey black night forsooth, 305
 And cook a supper, tarrying by the ship !
 And in the morn we'll row her out to sea !"
 So spake he ; and his comrades prais'd his speech !
 I knew then well, the god devised some ill !
 And then I spoke these swift words unto him ; 310
 " You urge me much because I am alone ;
 But swear ye now a solemn oath to me,
 If any herd or numerous flock of sheep,
 We find ; none by his wicked folly shall
 A trail-foot ox, or woolly sheep e'en kill ; 315
 But eat the food which Circe gives to you !"
 They sware forthwith, as I encourag'd them ;
 When they had sworn and ratified their oath,
 We moor'd our ship within a hollow port ;
 Near to sweet water ; and my sailors then 320
 All landed and their supper did prepare ;
 When they had quench'd desire for meat and drink,
 They wept then for their comrades, (call'd to mind,)
 Whom Scylla had devour'd, snatch'd from the ship :
 O'er them did come while weeping, soothing sleep ; 325
 In night's third part and when the stars declin'd
 Then Jove did cause a violent wind to rise,
 With hurricane and black clouds covering o'er,
 Both land and sea ; night rose from out the heav'ns :
 And when Aurora 'sprung from morn' appear'd, 330
 We haul'd the ship and dragg'd to hollow cave ;
 Where joyous Nymphs delighted us with dance ;
 Calling my men, I spoke amidst them all ;
 Both meat and drink there is in our swift ship,

From these herds let us keep, lest ills befall ; 335
 Oxen and flocks belong to a dread god,
 To Sol, who seeth and who hears all things."
 The generous mind persuaded was in them ;
 The south wind blew unceasing one whole month,
 None blew, besides the south and ¹¹south-east winds ; 340
 Yet while both bread and purple wine remain'd
 So long they from those oxen kept their hands ;
 But when the whole ship's victuals were consum'd
 They wandered then and follow'd after prey,
 Fishes and birds whatever came to hand 345
 With curving hooks ; their stomachs hunger gnaw'd ;
 I through the isle depart that I may pray
 Unto the gods ; if one might render help ;
 When I had stray'd far, strolling through the isle ;
 And washing where was covert from the wind, 350
 I pray'd to all of high Olympus' gods ;
 And these pour'd on mine eyes a soothing sleep :
 Eurylochus then gave this bad advice ;
 " Hark ye my words, friends, tho' enduring griefs !
 All deaths are sad to wretched men indeed, 355
 But hunger's death most piteous of all !
 Come, driving off the best now of Sol's herds,
 We'll sacrifice unto th' immortal gods !
 And if we should to Ithaca return,
 We'll build a shrine to Sol Hyperion, 400
 And offerings make, both numerous and good :
 But if he for his oxen, quickly wroth,
 Should wish to wreck us, join'd with other gods,
 Gulping the waves, I wish to die at once,
 Not pine and waste upon a desert isle." 405
 Thus spake he ; and his comrades prais'd his speech ;

¹¹ 'Euros,' the south east wind, but often meaning 'poetice,' the east wind.

Straightway the choicest oxen of the sun,
 They drive in ; for not far off from the ship
 These trail-foot oxen with broad faces fed ;
 They round them stood, and made vows to the gods, 410
 Cropping the tender leaves of branching oaks,
 (White barley was not in their well-built ship ;)
 Their vows first made, they slaughter'd them, then skinn'd
 And cut the thighs off, covering them with lard,
 Two layers, and then raw bits, plac'd on them ; 415
 No wine had they to pour on them when burnt ;
 But pouring water, they the ¹²entrails roast,
 Tasting the inner parts, the thighs being burnt,
 They cut the rest in small bits, spitting them.
 Then from mine eyelids was sweet sleep remov'd ; 420
 I now depart unto the shore and ship ;
 But when the rocking ship I near approach'd,
 The savour reach'd me from the roast meat's steam,
 And loud bewailing cried I to the gods !
 " O, father Jove, and all ye blessed gods ! 425
 Much to my ruin have ye lull'd me now
 In cruel sleep, while my companions have
 A great crime plotted, tarrying behind !"

Lampetia then with message swiftly came,
 Unto bright Sol, that we had slain his kine ; 430
 And midst the gods he spoke, enrag'd in heart ;
 " O, father Jove : and all ye blessed gods !
 Ulysses' crew make expiate their sin,
 Who in their insolence have slain my kine,
 Which gladden'd me ascending up the sky, 435
 And back returning thence towards the earth :
 If recompense they pay me not for them,

¹² 'Splachna ;' viscera ; exta ; the intestines ; in the widest sense all parts in the body, except the muscles and bones ; but more especially the heart, lungs, liver, &c.

To Hades going, I'll shine among the dead !"
 Then Jove in answer spoke thus unto him ;
 " O Sol ! do thou shine bright amidst the gods, 440
 And upon men, who till the fertile earth ;
 While I their ship with red hot thunderbolt,
 Will cleave, and shattering, wreck amidst the sea."
 This afterwards I from Calypso heard,
 Who said the herald Hermes told it her. 445
 And when I came down to the ship and sea,
 I one and other did upbraid, but we
 Could find no remedy ; the kine were dead.
 But now the gods shew'd prodigies forwith ;
 The skins did crawl, and round about the spits 450
 The flesh did low ; the roasted and the raw ;
 'Twas as it were those oxen's voice in life !
 For six days' space my chosen comrades did
 Feast well upon the choice kine of the sun :
 But when Jove caus'd the seventh day t' appear, 455
 The wind then ceas'd to rage with hurricane ;
 And we with speed push'd out upon the sea,
 Raising the mast and spreading wide the sails.
 But when we left that isle, and no land else
 Appear'd in sight, naught else but sea and sky, 460
 Then Jove did cause a dark blue cloud to hang
 Above the ship, the sea was dark beneath ;
 Not long it hover'd, for there swiftly came
 A whistling west wind and strong hurricane,
 The mast stays by the wind ¹³were snapt in twain 465
 The mast fell backward, sails and rigging all,
¹⁴Bilge water fell into ; then falling on the stern,

¹³ 'Protonos:' the rope which supports the mast and leans forward, is called the 'the stay': 'epitonos' the rope from topsail to stern which leads aft is called the 'back stay,' while those abreast are call'd 'shrouds,' or, 'breast back stays.'

¹⁴ 'Antlon:' the bilge water, or the hold of the ship containing it.

It struck the steersman on his head, and broke
 To fragments his skull bones ; then diver like
 He fell out from the ship ; his spirit fled : 470
 Jove, thundering, hurl'd his bolt against the ship ;
 And she was warp'd, that hot bolt striking it ;
 And fill'd with sulphur ; many dropt from her :
 These like ¹⁵ sea choughs around the blue ship's sides,
 Were borne on waves : the god denied return ! 475
 Then wander'd I about the ship, until
 The waves did part her sides quite from the keel ;
 The wave bore on this riven keel ; the mast
 Was cleft quite at its base ; and upon this
 The mast's back stay, of tough bull's hide, was thrown : 480
 With this I keel and mast together bound ;
 And sitting down was borne on by the winds.
 Then did the west wind cease from raging with
 Fierce hurricane ; a south wind quickly came,
 Grief bringing to my mind that I again 485
 Should 'danger fraught' Charybdis measure back ;
 All night was I borne on ; with rising sun
 I dread Charybdis reach'd and Scylla's rock :
 Already was she sucking in salt waves,
 But to the fig tree¹⁶ raising up myself, 490
 Bat like, I clung thereto, but I could not
 My feet firm fix, nor upwards mount thereon :
 Its roots were far off ; and its branches high :

¹⁵ 'Korone;' the 'Korone phornikorugnos (red bill'd crow) Belon considers to be the Cornish chough, or red bill'd crow, of the moderns ; (corvus Graculus of Linnæus.)

¹⁶ The fig tree is remarkable for the spreading of its roots and branches ; Marsden speaks of a Banyan 'ficus Indica,' growing at Mengas, twenty miles west of Patna in Bengal, which was 370 feet in diameter ; circumference of its shadow at noon 1116 feet ; and with 50 or 60 stems ; It is called the priests' tree, and the Gentoos hold in as much abhorrence the lopping of its branches, as the breaking of a cow's leg.

Both long and vast, quite over-shadowing
Charybdis, yet I constantly held on, 495
Till she should vomit back the keel and mast ;
To me desiring them, they came at last ;
Such time as men from forum go to sup,
Who judge the cause of those who litigate,
E'en then those beams of wood again came forth ; 500
I dropt my feet and hands just over them,
And sitting, row'd them onwards with my hands :
But Scylla did no more great Jove permit
To look on me ; for so had I been lost :
Nine days was I borne on ; the tenth 505
At night, the gods did bring me safe unto
Ogygia's isle, where fair Calypso lives,
That goddess dread, who hath a charming voice ;
Who entertain'd and cherish'd me ! but why
Repeat this tale here now, for yesterday 510
Did I forsooth relate it in this house,
Both unto thee and thy good wife ; and 'tis
Not pleasing unto me to tell a tale
A second time, which hath been clearly told.

NOTES TO BOOK XI.

NOTE A.

The tale of Achilles, as carried out in the *Iliad*, ends with the begging of Hector's body, by the aged Priam; the manner of his death is variously told; some make him to fall in battle; it is to be inferred from a passage in the last Book of the *Odyssey* (the genuineness of which Book has been disputed on good grounds, by some ancient and modern critics, that he fell under the walls of Troy: others say, that he was treacherously slain in a temple, on the occasion of his nuptials with Polyxena, daughter of Priam; but it is now generally agreed that he was killed by Paris, Apollo aiding him, and directing the arrow: He was entombed on the promontory of Sigæum, and a mighty barrow raised over his remains, which still rivets the attention of travellers; though it must always be doubtful whether this mound is really his sepulchre or not: it was Ulysses, who was sent by the Greeks to fetch him to the war from the court of Lycomedes, king of Scyros; whither he had been removed by his mother, Thetis, in the disguise of a girl; and where, though but only a year there, he became enamoured of the king's daughter, Deidamia, and was the father by her of his son Neoptolemus, or Pyrrhus: Ulysses found him there disguised as a woman; he had been betrothed to Iphigenia, Agamemnon's daughter.

NOTE B.

Ajax, son of Telamon, was third in a direct male line from Jupiter: later poets make him invulnerable; but this, as in the case of Achilles, is not found in Homer: Pindar relates the story, (Isthmian Games, 6.): Hercules going to Ægina to invite Telamon to assist him in besieging Troy, found the hero at table: being offered a cup of wine, he pray'd to Jupiter that Telamon, who was then childless, might be gifted with a son whose body should be as invulnerable as the skin of the Nemean lion; an eagle

appeared on the instant, an omen that the prayer was heard; and he directed that the child should be named Aias (Ajax) from the Greek '*aietos*' an eagle: returning to Ægina after the child's birth, Hercules made him invulnerable by wrapping him in the lion's skin, which he always wore. One place, however (as with Achilles), remained unprotected; where there was a hole in the skin, thro' which Hercules slung his quiver. Telamon being banished from Ægina by his father Æacus, for killing his brother Phocus, retired to the island of Salamis, where he was chosen king: Ajax led the forces of Salamis to Troy, in conjunction with those of Athens: though some consider line 558 of Iliad 2, an interpolation by Pisistratus to strengthen there the claims of Athens to Salamis. Ajax was blunt in manners, rugged in temper, and somewhat dull in intellect; his strength and stubborn courage made him a valuable soldier, but no favorite; his confidence in his valour led him to despise divine aid, by which he increased the anger of Minerva. After Achilles' death, that hero's armour was to be given to him as a prize who had deserved best of the Greeks: Ajax and Ulysses alone renewed their claims: the former depending on his eminence in arms, the latter on the services which his own inventive genius had rendered; the assembled princes (according to Homer the sons of Troy) awarded the splendid prize to Ulysses: (see Ovid, &c.): Ajax was so mortified at this that he went mad; and in his fury attacked the flocks and herds of the camp, mistaking them for the Grecian leaders by whom he thought himself so deeply injured; on recovering his senses and seeing to what excesses he had been transported, he slew himself; and it was observed by the superstitious Greeks that the gifts which Ajax and Hector interchanged after their duel had proved fatal to both. Hector gave Ajax a sword which was the instrument of his death, and Ajax gave Hector an embroidered belt with which Achilles bound him to his chariot. The hyacinth is said to have sprung up from his blood, as before from that of Hyacinthus: and in the spot of the flower could be traced the words *Ai, Ai*; signifying Ajax, Ajax: this catastrophe forms the subject of the Ajax, the 'scourge bearer' of Sophocles, so named because its hero is described as cruelly scourging a ram, which he mistakes for Ulysses, before putting him to death. This rivalry is cited at length in 14th Book of Ovid Metamorphosis. The circumstances of his death are told differently by others: the Greeks honored him with a splendid funeral and raised a vast tumulus on the promontory of Rhætium, corresponding in position with that of Achilles on the opposite promontory of Sigæum. Sigæum is the modern Yenishêkr: the coast between these promontories was the naval station of the Greeks during the Trojan war (Strabo): the mouth of the united rivers of Simois now the Mendue-Chai, and Scamander or Xanthus,

was also there: (the burning of Troy is plac'd by chronologists about B.C., 1184.) Ajax left a son named Eurysaces who succeeded Telamon on the throne of Salamis: Miltiades was descended from Ajax thro' Philous son of Eurysaces; the *Æacidæ* were revered as demi gods by the Athenians. One of their tribes was named Aigantes after Ajax, whom they invoked at the battle of Salamis; and believed that he obeyed the call: the poet of the lesser Iliad says that Ajax's body was not burnt in the usual manner, but that it was deposited in a coffin, on account of Agamemnon's anger: (Cyclic fragments). The following appears in the Cyclic fragments concerning that contention for Achilles' arms. Agamemnon bawaring lest he should seem to be gratified with either of those who contended for the arms of Achilles, sending for the Trojan captives, asked of them from which of the two heroes they had most grievously suffered: the captains then naming Ulysses, that he manifestly was the chief, who had troubled his enemies with most evils, he immediately gave the arms to Ulysses. This history is from the Cyclic poets.



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